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THE NEW

HYMN AND TUNE BOOK

"God is Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth"

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BOSTON
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION

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PREFACE

IN 1868 the American Unitarian Association published a hymn book known as "The Hymn and Tune Book." In 1877 another edition of this book was published, revised by Rev. Rush R. Shippen, then secretary of the Association. This revised edition of 1877 has for many years held an important place in the worship of the liberal churches of this country. Since its publication, however, there has been a large production of new and excellent hymns and tunes. On September 13, 1910, therefore, the Directors of the American Unitarian Association appointed an Editorial Committee, consisting of Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, D.D., Chairman, Rev. Rush R. Shippen,* Rev. Lewis G. Wilson and Rev. Henry Wilder Foote, Secretary, to prepare a new edition of the Hymn and Tune Book. On September 12, 1911, the Board of Directors appointed, to assist the Editorial Committee in its labors, an Advisory Committee consisting of the following persons: Mr. W. S. Allen, Mrs. C. B. Beatley, Rev. G. H. Badger, Prof. Clayton R. Bowen, Mrs. D. H. Ferrell, Mr. Arthur Foote, Rev. P. R. Frothingham, Mr. P. H. Goepp, Rev. E. A. Horton, Rev. F. L. Hosmer, Rev. A. W. Littlefield, Miss L. P. Loring, Mrs. E. M. Marsh, Rev. C. F. Russell, Rev. E. R. Shippen, Rev. and Mrs. T. C. Williams, and Mr. B. L. Whelpley. The Editorial Committee is under great indebtedness, not only to these persons, but to many others whose advice and assistance have been invaluable, and who have generously given much time and thought to the preparation of the new book.

The book which is here offered reflects the great changes in religious thought which have taken place since the publication of the edition of 1877. A large proportion of the material included in that book has fallen into disuse, but the Editorial Committee has sought carefully to preserve such of the hymns included therein as are vital expressions of the religious life of today, basing its selection upon a widespread inquiry as to which hymns are still actually used. As a result, out of the 885 hymns contained in the edition of 1877, 242 are retained in the present book. To this nucleus a large number of new hymns has been added, with a selection of chants, a few of which were included in the earlier book. In making its selection of new material the Editorial Committee has sought to find lyrical expressions of modern currents of thought and aspiration, especially along the lines of public service and social righteousness. The Committee recognizes that the collection here offered is larger than will be needed by any one minister or congregation, but no two ministers or congre-

* Deceased June 18, 1911.

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The Publisher

gations ever make quite the same selection of hymns, and the Committee has endeavored to provide a collection in which individuals of great diversity of temperament and outlook may find the hymns needed to express the varying religious impulses of many hearts. The Committee's ideal has been a hymn book which should be broad and inclusive in spirit, reverent in tone, and yet a prophetic utterance of the forward-looking religious idealism of our time.

In preparing the text of the hymns for the present book the authors' original readings have been followed wherever practicable, but it has not been felt necessary to adhere absolutely to them, to the extent of rejecting all variations. It is not always possible to ascertain the original form of a hymn. Not infrequently authors have themselves altered and revised their hymns, or some variations from the original text have been long established in common use. In yet other cases some modification may be necessary to make a hymn singable at all. The Committee has, therefore, sought to present the hymns in the form best adapted for practical use. Where there is a variation from the author's text, except in a few cases where such variation is long established and generally accepted, the fact is indicated in connection with the author's name. A slight alteration is noted by an asterisk after the name. More considerable variations are indicated by the word "Adapted" or "Arranged." Where many hands have given a hymn its present form the hymn is signed "Composite." Where practicable the Committee has used the author's own title to the hymn. In such cases the title is enclosed in single quotation marks. Where the hymn is a translation, the first line of the original is given for convenience of reference. Where the hymn is clearly based upon some passage in the Scriptures, that fact is indicated in the title. Titles not included among the above have been assigned by the editors of the book. The dates affixed to hymns and tunes are those of composition when known, otherwise of first publication.

The edition of 1877 contained 300 tunes, of which 102 are retained in the present book. The Committee has endeavored to preserve the familiar association of hymn and tune wherever such actually exists, though associations do, as a matter of fact, vary a good deal according to locality and usage. The Committee has retained all the old tunes which are known to be widely cherished, and has commonly set the new tunes to the new hymns, besides making a large provision for the use of alternative tunes. While the book contains a few tunes available only, or chiefly, for choir use, the Committee has endeavored primarily to produce a book adapted to congregational singing.

The book is offered to all who love perfect liberty in pure religion, with the prayer that within its covers may be found for our age some worthy utterance of the faith and hope and aspiration which in the days of our fathers uplifted the heart of the Church Universal in immortal song.

Boston. February 2, 1914.

Sing unto the Lord a new song.

PSALM 149.1

Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

PSALM 67.3

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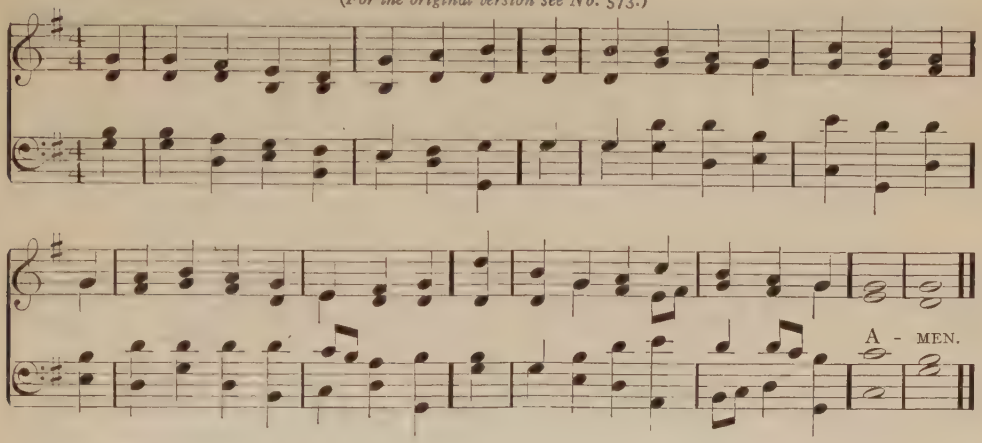
"In the hymn-book is the true key to the doctrine of the communion of saints; for here the saintly ones of all ages meet in their saintliest mood."

OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M.

GENEVAN PSALTER, 1552

(*For the original version see No. 573.*)



1. *Doxology.*

Be thou, O God! exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

NAHUM TATE &
NICHOLAS BRADY.

2. *Psalm C.*

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

The Lord ye know is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his folk, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

WILLIAM KETHE, 1561.

3. *Doxology.*

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

ISAAC WATTS, 1718.

4. *'Gott ist gegenwärtig.'*

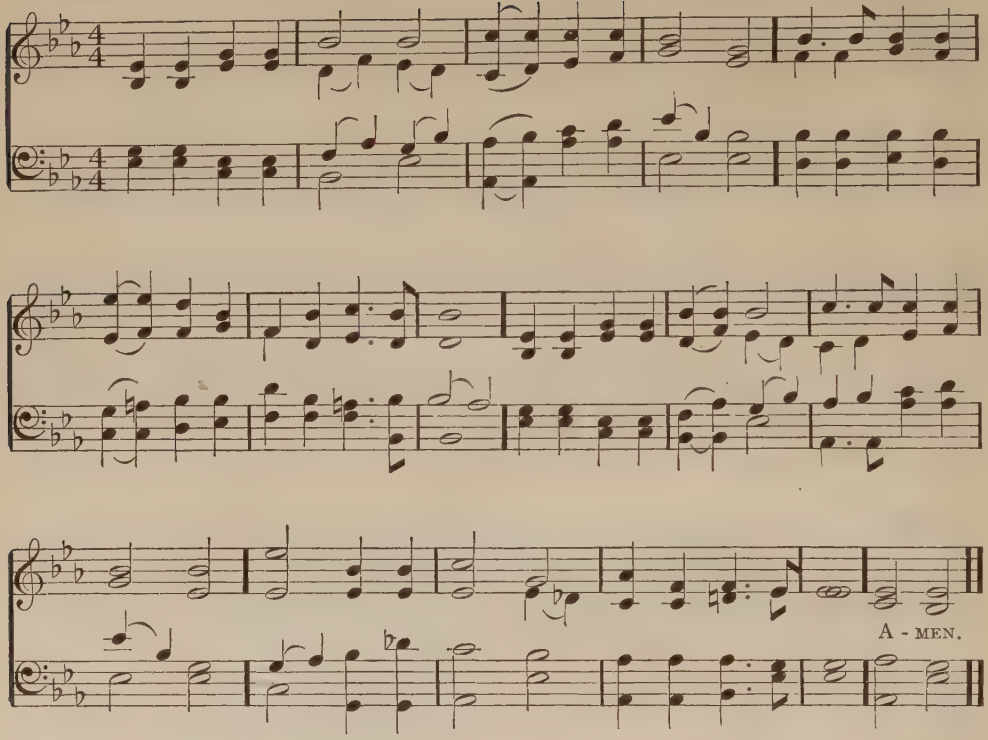
Lo, God is here! let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face;
Let all within us feel his power,
Let all within us seek his grace.

Lo, God is here! him, day and night,
United choirs of angels sing;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.

Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1729.
Trans. JOHN WESLEY,* 1739.

NICAEA. 11.12.12.10. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1861.



5. *'They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.'* Rev. IV. 8.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty!
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! Though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee
Perfect in power, in love and purity!

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty!
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

REGINALD HEBER, 1826.
Arranged.

6.

'Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.'

Bring, O morn, thy music! Night, thy starlit silence!
Oceans, laugh the rapture to the storm-winds coursing free!
Suns and planets chorus, thou art our Creator,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Life and death, thy creatures, praise thee, Mighty Giver!
Praise and prayer are rising in thy beast and bird and tree:
Lo! they praise and vanish, vanish at thy bidding, —
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Light us! lead us! love us! cry thy groping nations,
Pleading in the thousand tongues, but naming only thee,
Weaving blindly out thy holy, happy purpose, —
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Life nor death can part us, O thou Love Eternal,
Shepherd of the wandering star and souls that wayward flee!
Homeward draws the spirit to thy Spirit yearning, —
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

William Channing Gannett, 1893.

7.

'Calling.'

Father, thou art calling, calling to us plainly;
To the spirit comes thy loving message evermore;
Holy One, uplift us, nor forever vainly
Stand calling us and waiting at the door.

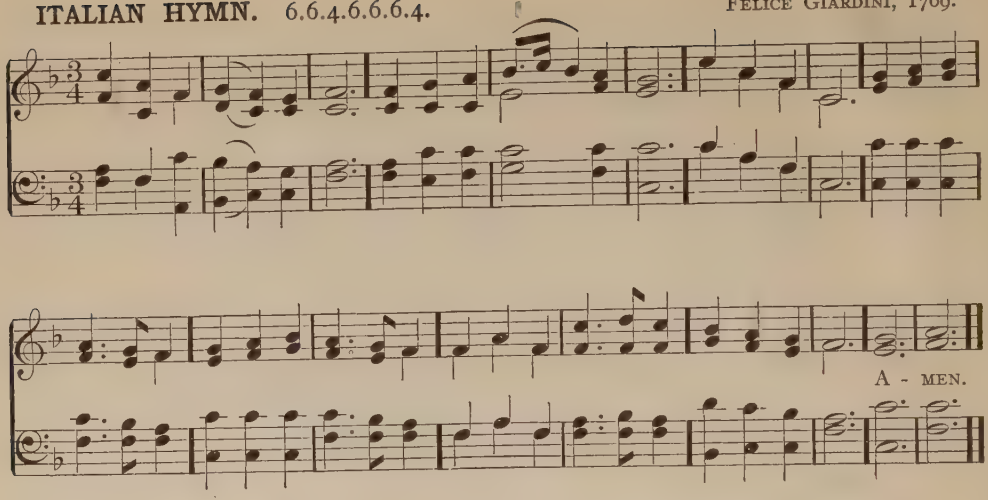
In the whirling tempest and the storm thou livest,
In the rain, and in the sweetness of the after-glow;
Summer's golden bounty, winter's snow, thou givest,
And blooming meadows where sweet waters flow.

Clearer still and dearer is thy voice appealing,
Deep within the spirit's secret being speaking low:
Enter, O our Father! truth and life revealing;
From every evil free us as we go.

In thee living, moving, unto thee uprearing
All the hope and joyfulness and trust that fill the soul,
Father, we adore thee, asking naught nor fearing;
We cannot wander from thy dear control.

James Vila Blake, 1880.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6.6.4.6.6.4. FELICE GIARDINI, 1769.



8.

Invocation.

Come, thou Almighty King!
Help us thy name to sing;
Help us to praise!
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!

Come, thou all-gracious Lord,
By heaven and earth adored!
Our prayer attend!
Come, and thy children bless;
Give thy good word success;
Make thine own holiness
On us descend.

Never from us depart;
Rule thou in every heart,
Hence, evermore.
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

ANON. before 1757.*

9.

Strength, Love, Light.

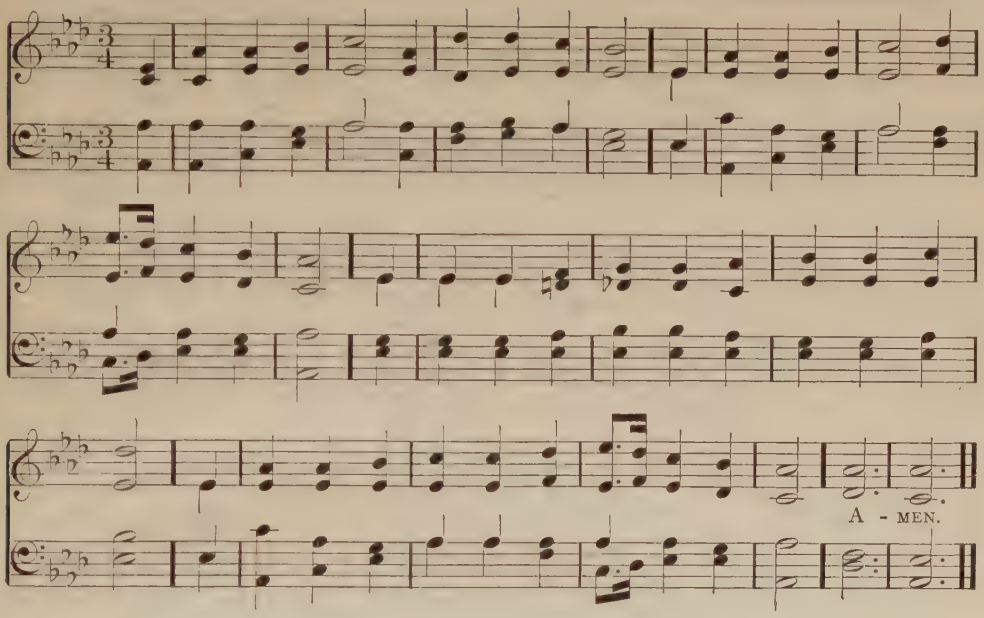
Come, thou Almighty Will!
Our fainting bosoms fill
With thy great power:
Strength of our good intents,
Our tempted hour's defence,
Calm of faith's confidence,
Come, in this hour!

Come, thou most tender Love!
Within our spirits move,
Their sweetest guest:
Extinguish passion's fire,
Exalt each low desire,
To deeds of love inspire,
Quickener and Rest!

Come, Light serene and still!
Our darkened spirits fill
With thy clear day:
Guide of the feeble sight,
Star of grief's darkest night,
Reveal the path of right,
Show us thy way!

Hymns of the Spirit, 1864.

LYONS. 10.10.11.11. Arr. from JOHANN MICHAEL HAYDN.



10.

Psalm CIV.

O worship the King, all glorious above,
O gratefully sing his power and his love,—
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space.
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

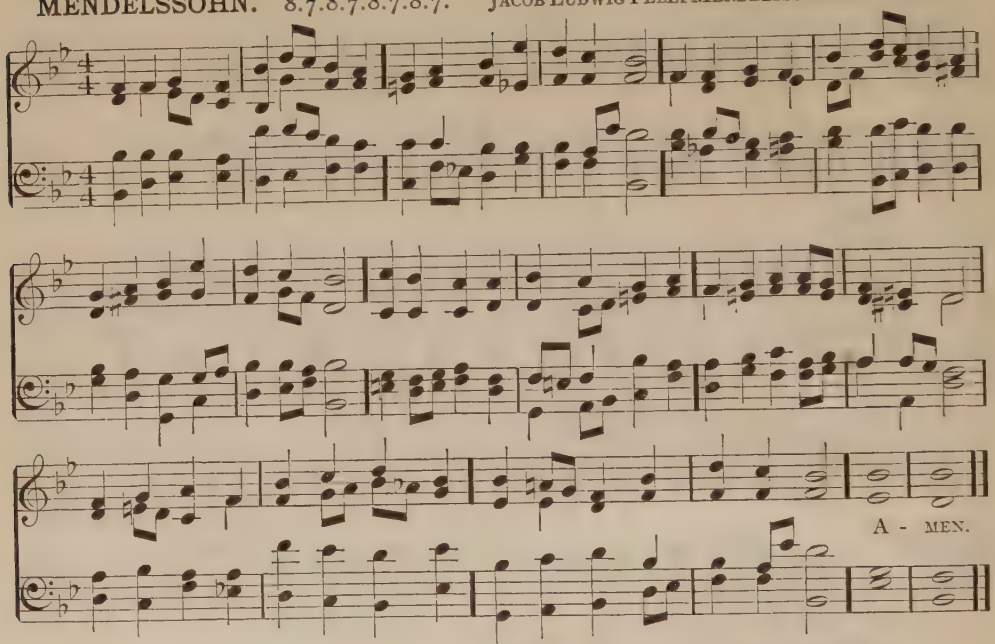
This earth, with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power hath founded of old;
Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

ROBERT GRANT, 1833.

MENDELSSOHN. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7. JACOB LUDWIG FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.



II. *Psalm CXLVIII.*

Praise the Lord; ye heavens adore him;
Praise him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

Worship, honor, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer unto thee,
Young and old, thy praise expressing,
In glad homage bend the knee.
As the saints in heaven adore thee,
We would bow before thy throne;
As thine angels serve before thee,
So on earth thy will be done.

ANON., 1796.
Third stanza by EDWARD OSLER.

12. *Psalm XCI.*

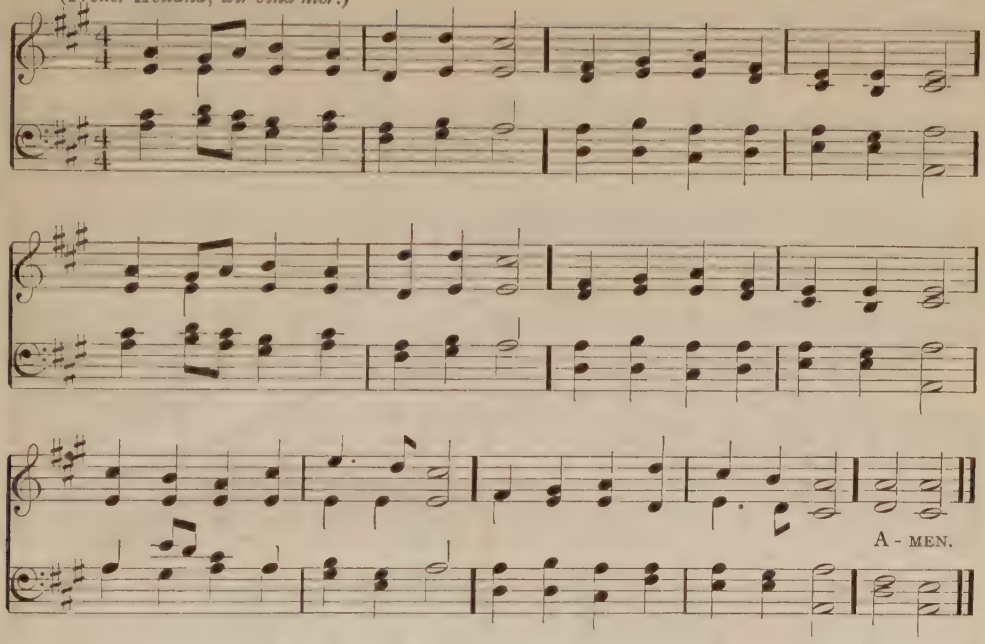
Call Jehovah thy salvation;
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed;
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

He shall charge his angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.
Since, with pure and warm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

DIX. 7·7·7·7·7·7.
(*Treuer Heiland, wir sind hier.*)

CONRAD KOCHER, 1838.



13. *Praise.*

For the beauty of the earth,
For the splendor of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies;
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This, our hymn of grateful praise.

For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight;
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This, our hymn of grateful praise.

For each perfect gift of thine,
Unto us so freely given,
Graces human, Grace divine,
Peace on earth, and joy in heaven;
Lord of all, to thee we raise
This, our hymn of grateful praise.

FOLLIOTT SANDFORD PIERPONT,* 1864.

14. *'Thanksgiving for Daily Mercies.'*

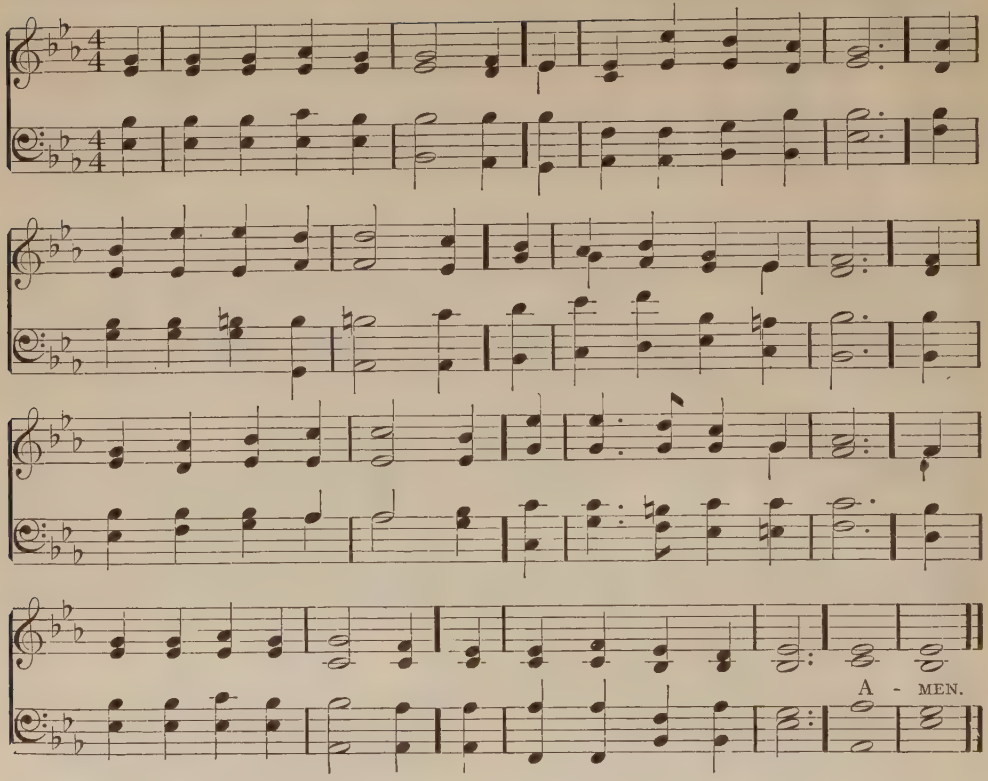
O give thanks to him who made
Morning light and evening shade!
Source and Giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food!
Quickener of our wearied powers,
Guard of our unconscious hours!

O give thanks to nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing!
His our warm and sentient frame;
His the mind's immortal flame;
O, how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the Eternal Mind!

O give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are his workmanship,
And all creatures are his care;
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed; — but who can
Speak the Father's love to man!

JOSIAH CONDER, 1836.

AURELIA. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, 1864.



15.

O day of rest and gladness.

O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

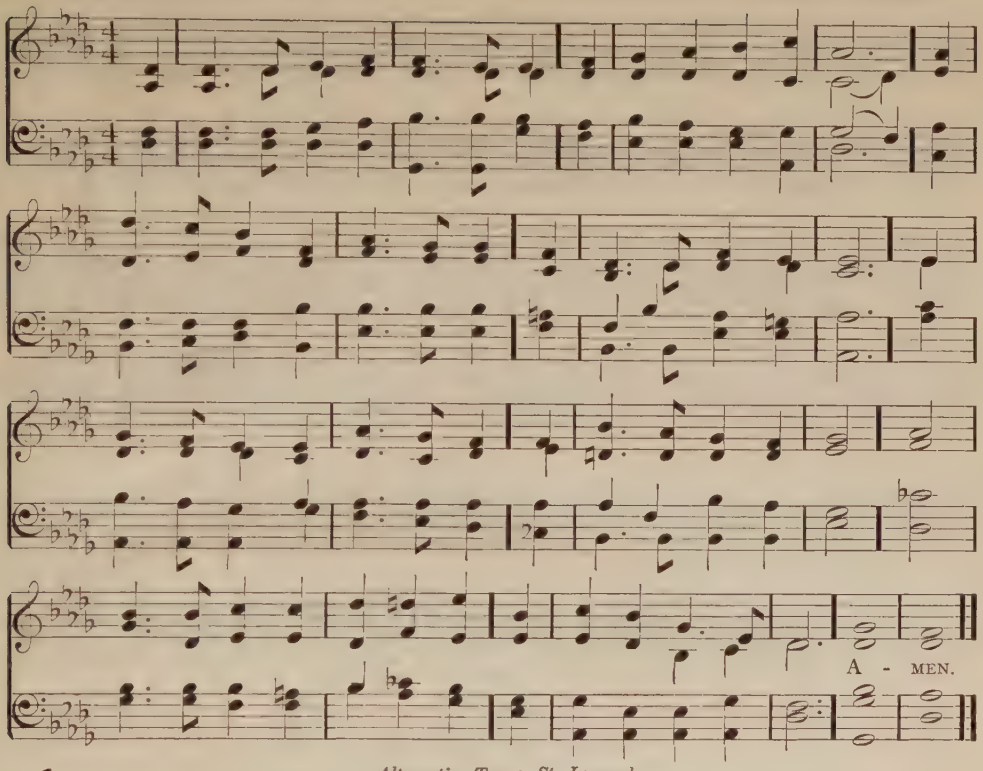
To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

A day of sweet reflection,
A day of holy love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above;
New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH,* 1862.

ASPIRATION. C. M. D.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1867.



16.

Alternative Tune: St. Leonard.
'The Holy Day.'

By law from Sinai's clouded steep
A toiling world was blest;
And still the listening nations keep
The day of sacred rest.
Renewed to peace and power and joy,
Man's soul is free this day,
Nor task nor care our minds employ,
We need but love and pray.

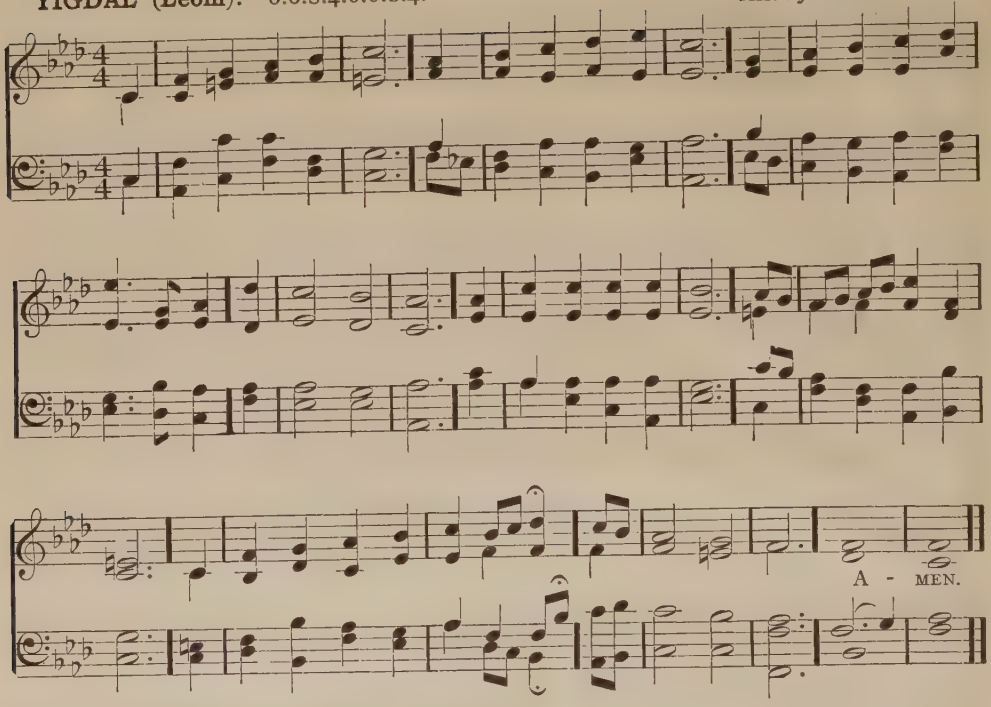
Let wheel and anvil silent stand,
Leave furrow, field, and mart;
Give rest to weary head and hand,
And lift to heaven the heart;
Be life upborne by light and love,
As tides enlarge the sea;
Let grief and sin see God above,
And all men brothers be.

Man may not live by bread alone,
Him angel hands sustain;
But gifts from heaven are not our own
Till God within us reign:
So on this holy day of days,
With free, fraternal mind,
We bring thee, Lord, our hymn of praise,
And leave the world behind.

THEODORE CHICKERING WILLIAMS.

YIGDAL (Leoni). 6.6.8.4.6.6.8.4.

JEWISH MELODY.
Arr. by MEYER LYON.



17.

יִגְדַּל אֱלֹהִים חַי וְיִשְׁתַּבַּח

Praise to the living God!
All praiséd be his Name,
Who was, and is, and is to be,
For aye the same!
The One Eternal God
Ere aught that now appears:
The First, the Last, beyond all thought
His timeless years!

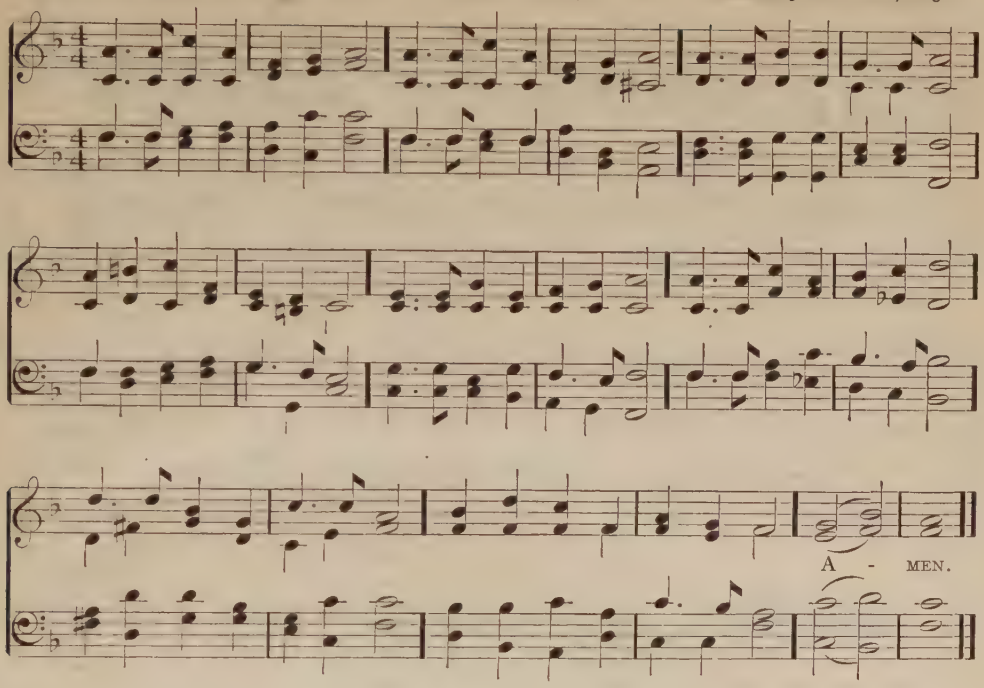
Formless, all lovely forms
Declare his loveliness;
Holy, no holiness of earth
Can his express.
Lo, he is Lord of all!
Creation speaks his praise,
And everywhere, above, below,
His will obeys.

His Spirit floweth free,
High surging where it will:
In prophet's word he spoke of old, —
He speaketh still.
Established is his law,
And changeless it shall stand,
Deep writ upon the human heart,
On sea, or land.

Eternal life hath he
Implanted in the soul;
His love shall be our strength and stay,
While ages roll.
Praise to the living God!
All praiséd be his Name
Who was, and is, and is to be,
For aye the same!

Revised version of the Yigdal of DANIEL BEN JUDAH, 14th Cent.

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. 7·7·7·7·7·7·7·7. GEORGE JOB ELVEY, 1858.



18.

Universal praise.

Come, O come in pious lays,
Sound we God Almighty's praise;
Hither bring, in one consent,
Heart, and voice and instrument.
Strike the viol, touch the lute;
Let no tongue nor string be mute,
Nor a creature dumb be found
That hath either voice or sound.

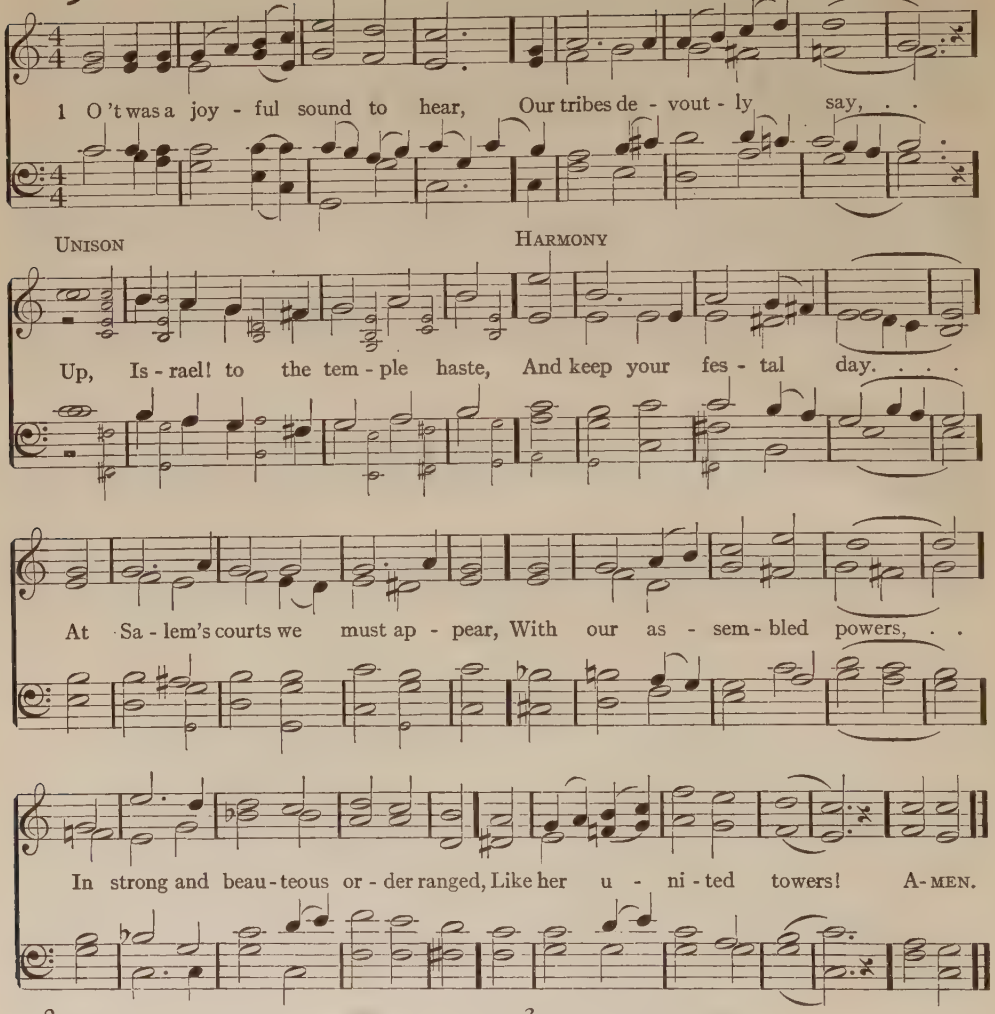
Come, ye sons of human race,
In this chorus take your place:
And amid the mortal throng,
Be you masters of the song.
Let, in praise of God, the sound
Run a never-ending round,
That our song of praise may be
Everlasting, as is he.

So this huge wide orb we see
Shall one choir, one temple be;
And our song shall over-climb
All the bounds of place and time,
And ascend from sphere to sphere
To the great Almighty's ear.
Then, O come in pious lays,
Sound we God Almighty's praise.

GEORGE WITHER, 1641.
Arranged.

MOUNT SION. C. M. D. (First Tune) HORATIO WILLIAM PARKER, 1886.

19. *Psalm CXXII.*


1 O 't was a joy - ful sound to hear, Our tribes de - vout - ly say, . .
UNISON
HARMONY
Up, Is - rael! to the tem - ple haste, And keep your fes - tal day. . . .
At Sa - lem's courts we must ap - pear, With our as - sem - bled powers, . .
In strong and beau - teous or - der ranged, Like her u - ni - ted towers! A - MEN.

2

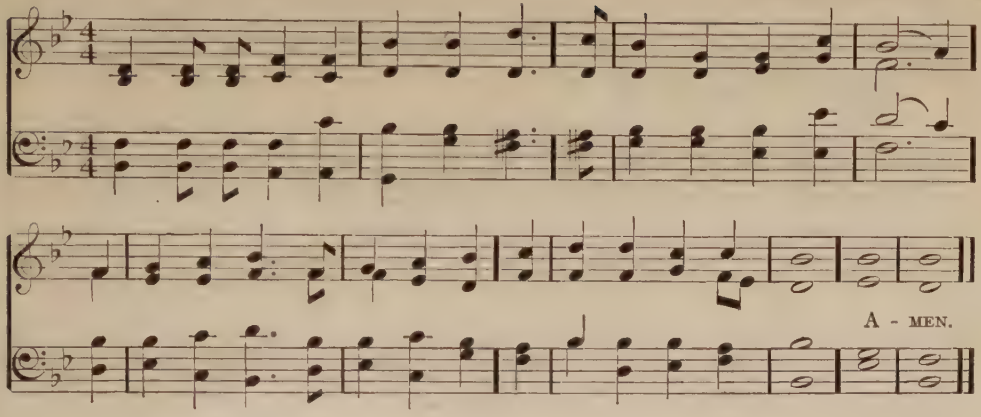
O ever pray for Salem's peace;
For they shall prosperous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.
May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found;
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crowned.

3

For my dear brethren's sake, and friends
No less than brethren dear,
I'll pray, May peace in Salem's towers
A constant guest appear.
But most of all I'll seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

NAHUM TATE & NICHOLAS BRADY, 1696.

NATIVITY. C. M. (Second Tune) HENRY LAHEE, 1855.



19.

Psalm CXXII.

O 't was a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
Up, Israel! to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day.

At Salem's courts we must appear,
With our assembled powers,
In strong and beauteous order ranged,
Like her united towers.

O ever pray for Salem's peace;
For they shall prosperous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.

May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found;
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crowned.

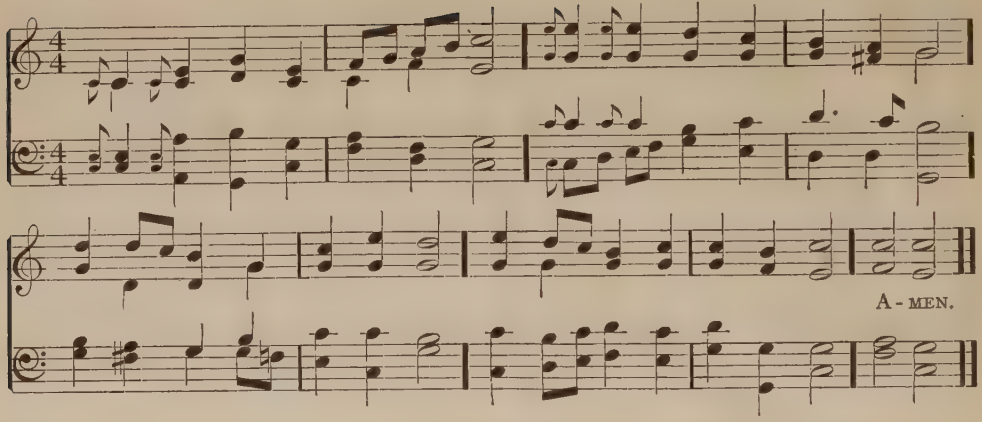
For my dear brethren's sake, and friends
No less than brethren dear,
I'll pray, May peace in Salem's towers
A constant guest appear.

But most of all I'll seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

NAHUM TATE &
NICHOLAS BRADY, 1696.

MONKLAND. 7.7.7.7.

ANON.
Arr. by JOHN BERNARD WILKES, 1861.



20.

Psalm CXXXVI.

Let us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of Gods he is the God:
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Who by his all-commanding might
Did fill the new-made world with light:
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

And caused the golden-tresséd sun
All the day long his course to run:
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

The hornéd moon to shine by night
Amongst her spangled sisters bright:
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercy shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

JOHN MILTON, 1623.

21.

Psalm XCII.

Thou who art enthroned above,
Thou in whom we live and move,
Thou who art most great, most high,
God from all eternity!

O how sweet, how excellent
'T is when tongues and hearts consent,
Grateful hearts, and joyful tongues,
Hymning thee in tuneful songs!

When the morning paints the skies,
When the stars of evening rise,
We thy praises will record,
Sovereign Ruler, mighty Lord!

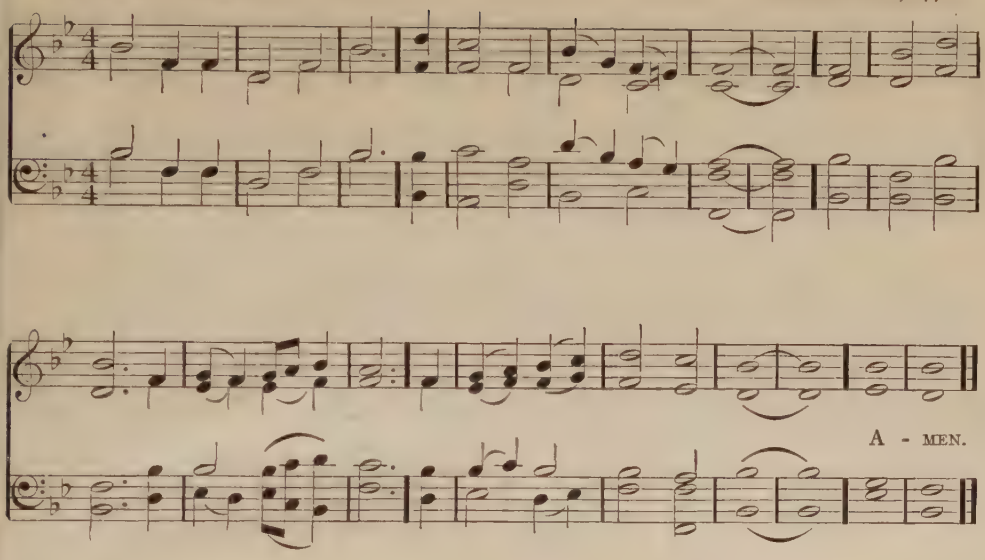
Decks the spring with flowers the field?
Harvest rich doth autumn yield?
Giver of all good below,
Lord, from thee these blessings flow.

Sovereign Ruler, mighty Lord!
We thy praises will record:
Giver of these blessings, we
Pour the grateful song to thee.

GEORGE SANDYS, 1636

SILVER STREET. S. M.

ISAAC SMITH, 1770.



Alternative Tune: St. Michael.

22. *Stand up, and bless the Lord.*

Stand up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud and magnify?

O for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And raise to heaven our thought!

Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

23. *Psalm XCV.*

Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

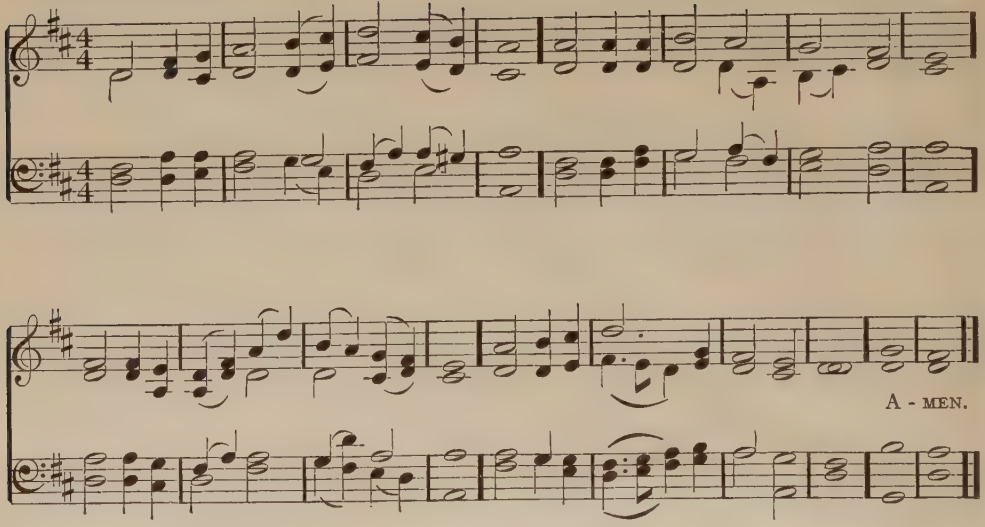
He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his work, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

DUKE STREET. L. M. JOHN HATTON, 1793.



24. *Dedication.*

Unto thy temple, Lord, we come
With thankful hearts to worship thee;
And pray that this may be our home
Until we touch eternity: —

The common home of rich and poor,
Of bond and free, and great and small;
Large as thy love for evermore,
And warm and bright and good to all.

And dwell thou with us in this place,
Thou and thy Christ, to guide and bless!
Here make the wellsprings of thy grace
Like fountains in the wilderness.

May thy whole truth be spoken here;
Thy gospel light for ever shine;
Thy perfect love cast out all fear,
And human life become divine.

ROBERT COLLYER, 1873.

25. *'The Truth as it is in Jesus.'*

Great God, the followers of thy Son,
We bow before thy mercy-seat,
To worship thee, the Holy One,
And pour our wishes at thy feet.

O grant thy blessing here to-day!
O give thy people joy and peace!
The tokens of thy love display,
And favor that shall never cease.

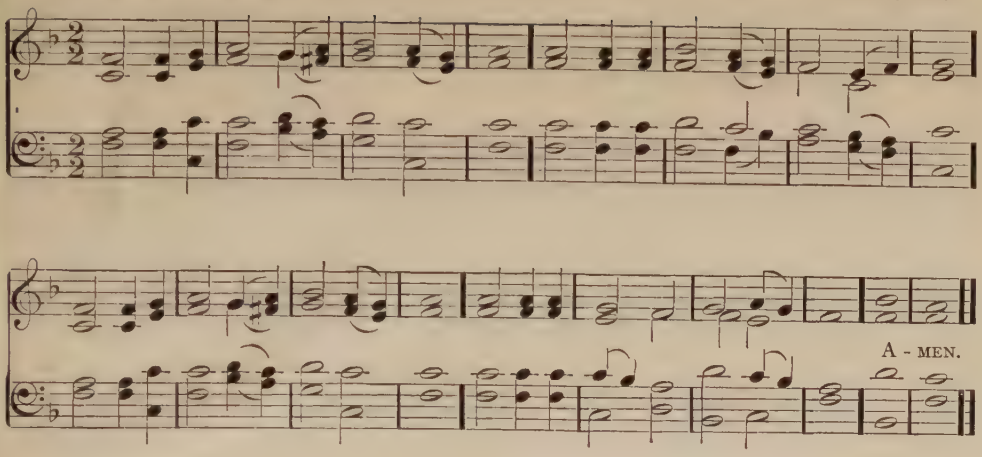
We seek the truth which Jesus brought;
His path of light we long to tread:
Here be his holy doctrines taught,
And here their purest influence shed.

May faith and hope and love abound;
Our sins and errors be forgiven;
And we, in thy great day, be found
Children of God and heirs of heaven!

HENRY WARE, JR., 1819.

HAMBURG. L. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1824.



26.

Acting as seeing him who is invisible.
Heb. XI. 27.

Eternal and immortal King,
Thy peerless splendors none can bear;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
When God with all his luster's there.

Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see;
And with its tremblings mingle joy,
In fixed regards, great God, to thee.

Then every tempting form of sin,
Shamed in thy presence, disappears;
And all the glowing, raptured soul,
The likeness it contemplates, wears.

O ever conscious to my heart,
Witness to its supreme desire,
Behold, it presseth on to thee,
For it hath caught the heavenly fire!

This one petition would it urge, —
To bear thee ever in its sight;
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Its only portion and delight!

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

27.

Psalm C.

Nations, attend before his throne
With solemn fear and sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

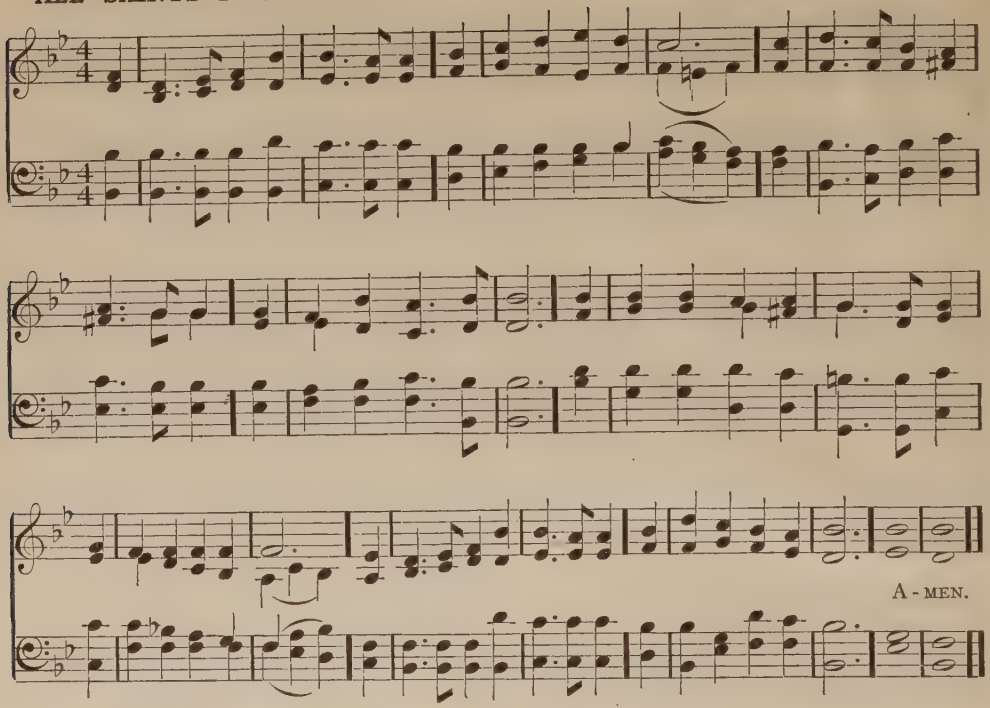
We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

ISAAC WATTS, 1705

ALL SAINTS NEW. C. M. D. HENRY STEPHEN CUTLER, 1872.



Alternative Tune: Coronation.

28.

The Lord of all.

Sing forth his high eternal name
Who holds all powers in thrall,
Through endless ages still the same, —
The mighty Lord of all.
His goodness, strong and measureless,
Upholds us lest we fall;
His hand is still outstretched to bless, —
The loving Lord of all.

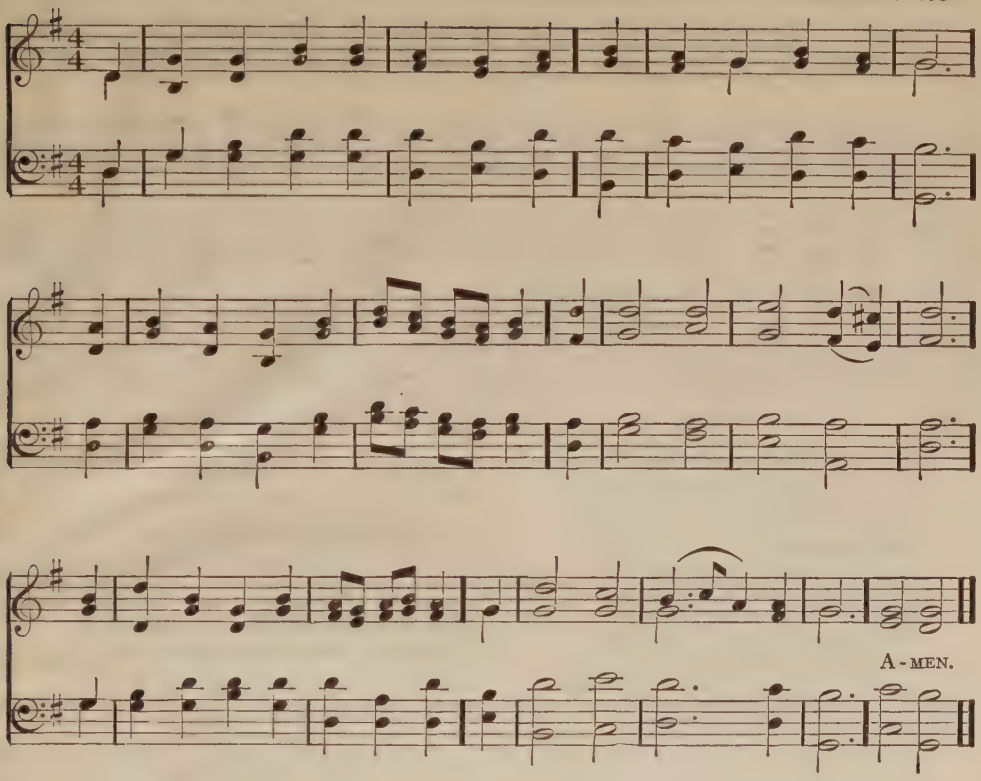
His perfect law sets metes and bounds,
Our strong defense and wall;
His providence our life surrounds, —
The saving Lord of all.
He every thought and every deed
Doth to his judgment call;
O may our hearts obedient heed
The righteous God of all.

When, turning from forbidden ways,
Low at his feet we fall,
His strong and tender arms upraise, —
The pardoning Lord of all.
Unwearied he is working still,
Unspent his blessings fall,
Almighty, loving, righteous One,
The only Lord of all.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN, 1793.



29.

This latter day.

Our God, our God, thou shinest here,
Thine own this latter day;
To us thy radiant steps appear,
Here goes thy glorious way!

We shine not only with the light
Thou sheddest down of yore;
On us thou streamest strong and bright,
Thy comings are not o'er.

The fathers had not all of thee,
New births are in thy grace;
All open to our souls shall be
Thy glory's hiding-place.

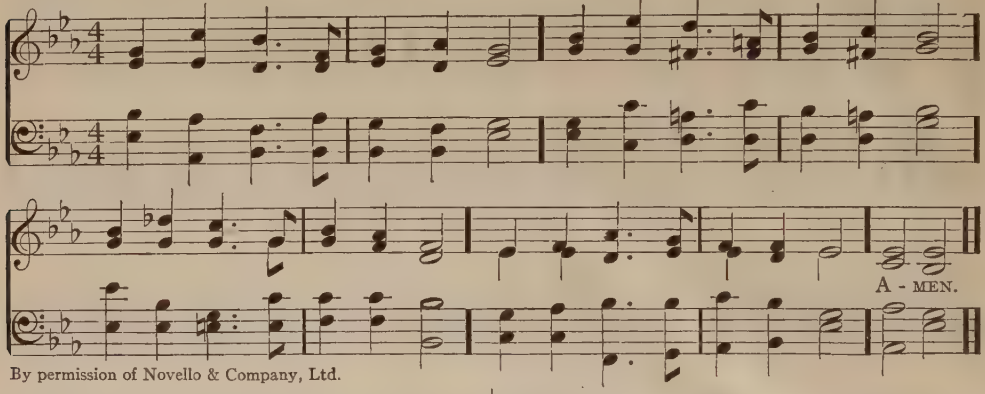
We gaze on thy outgoings bright;
Down cometh thy full power;
We, the glad bearers of thy light,
This, this thy saving hour!

On us thy spirit thou hast poured,
To us thy word has come;
We feel, we bless thy quickening, Lord!
Thou shalt not find us dumb.

Thou comest near; thou standest by;
Our work begins to shine;
Thou dwellest with us mightily, —
On come the years divine!

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL. 1846.

FORGIVENESS. 7.7.7.7. **(Consecration.)** (First Tune) GEORGE MURSELL GARRETT, 1872.



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30.

'An Invocation.'

Sovereign and transforming Grace!
We invoke thy quickening power;
Reign the spirit of this place,
Bless the purpose of this hour.

Holy and creative Light!
We invoke thy kindling ray;
Dawn upon our spirits' night,
Turn our darkness into day.

To the anxious soul impart
Hope all other hopes above;
Stir the dull and hardened heart
With a longing and a love.

Work in all; in all renew,
Day by day, the life divine;
All our wills to thee subdue,
All our hearts to thee incline.

FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE, 1829.

31.

'At the portals of thy house.'

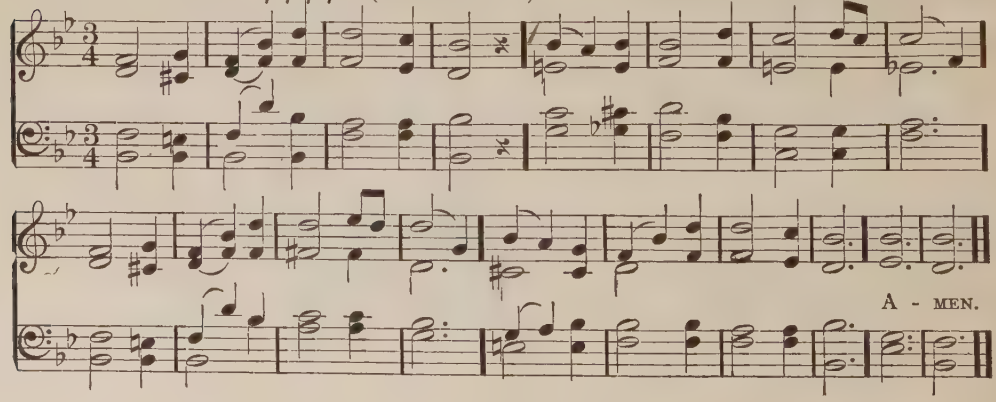
Lord, before thy presence come,
Bow we down with holy fear:
Call our erring footsteps home,
Let us feel that thou art near.

Wandering thoughts and languid powers
Come not where devotion kneels;
Let the soul expand her stores,
Glowing with the joy she feels.

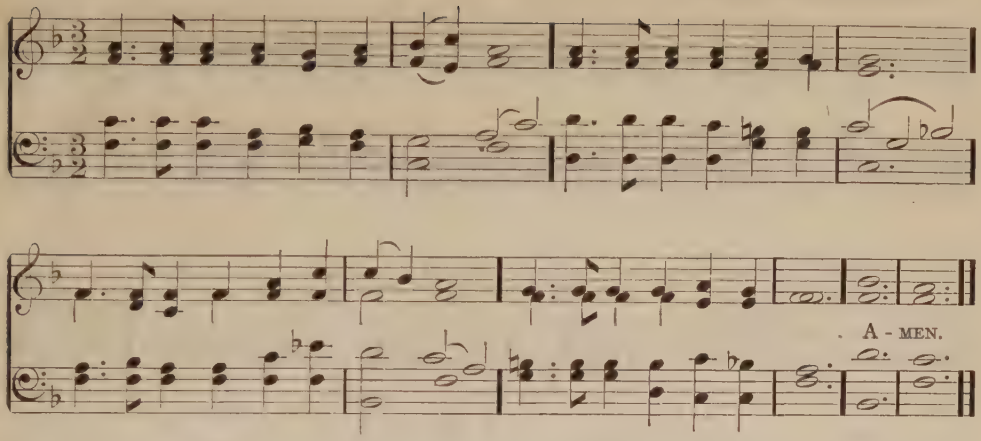
At the portals of thine house,
We resign our earth-born cares:
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers.

JOHN TAYLOR, 1802.

GOTTSCHALK. 7.7.7.7. (Second Tune) Arr. from LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK.



ST. SYLVESTER. 8.7.8.7. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1862.



32. *The Lord is in his holy temple.*

God is in his holy temple:
Earthly thoughts, be silent now,
While with reverence we assemble,
And before his presence bow.

He is with us now and ever,
When we call upon his name,
Aiding every good endeavor,
Guiding every upward aim.

God is in his holy temple, —
In the pure and holy mind;
In the reverent heart and simple;
In the soul from sense refined.

Then let every low emotion
Banished far and silent be,
And our souls in pure devotion,
Lord, be temples worthy thee!

Hymns of the Spirit, 1864.

33. *The salutation of peace.*

Peace be to this congregation!
Peace to every heart therein!
Peace, the earnest of salvation;
Peace, the fruit of conquered sin;
Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver;
Peace, to worldly minds unknown;
Peace, that floweth, as a river,
From the eternal Source alone.

O thou God of Peace, be near us,
Fix within our hearts thy home;
With thy bright appearing cheer us,
In thy blesséd freedom come.

Come with all thy revelations,
Truth which we so long have sought;
Come with thy deep consolations,
Peace of God which passeth thought!

Composite: adapted from CHARLES WESLEY.

34. *Evening hymn.*

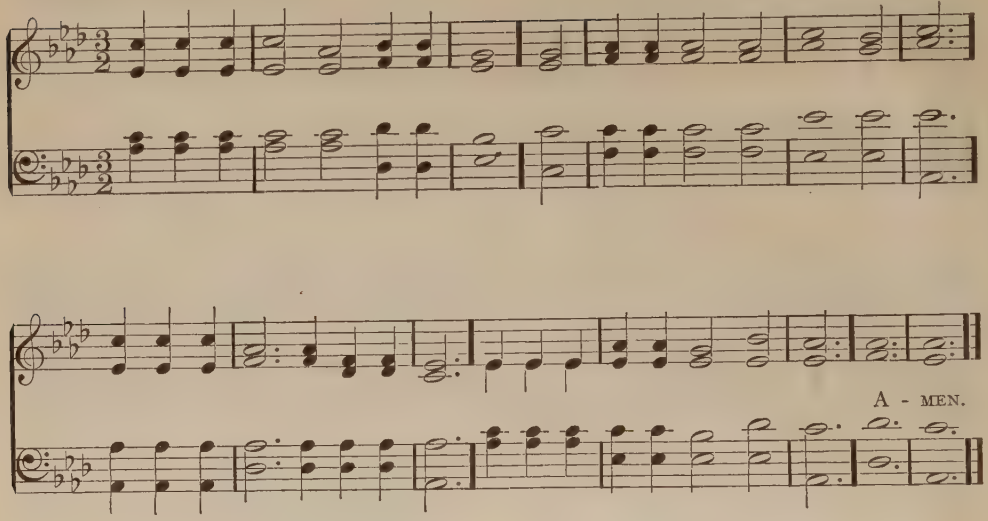
Lo! the day of rest declineth;
Gather fast the shades of night:
May the Sun that ever shineth
Fill our souls with heavenly light.

While thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing,
Father, give thine evening blessing;
Fold us safe beneath thy wing.

CHANDLER ROBBINS, 1845.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

HEINRICH CHRISTOPH ZEUNER, 1832.



35.

Temple worship.

Where ancient forests widely spread,
Where bends the cataract's ocean-fall,
On the lone mountain's silent head,
There are thy temples, God of all!

All space is holy, for all space
Is filled by thee; but human thought
Burns clearer in some chosen place,
Where thine own words of love are taught.

Here be they taught; and may we know
That faith thy servants knew of old,
Which onward bears, through weal or woe,
Till death the gates of heaven unfold.

Nor we alone: may those whose brow
Shows yet no trace of human cares
Hereafter stand where we do now,
And raise to thee still holier prayers.

ANDREWS NORTON,* 1833.

36.

A pillar of fire by night.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.

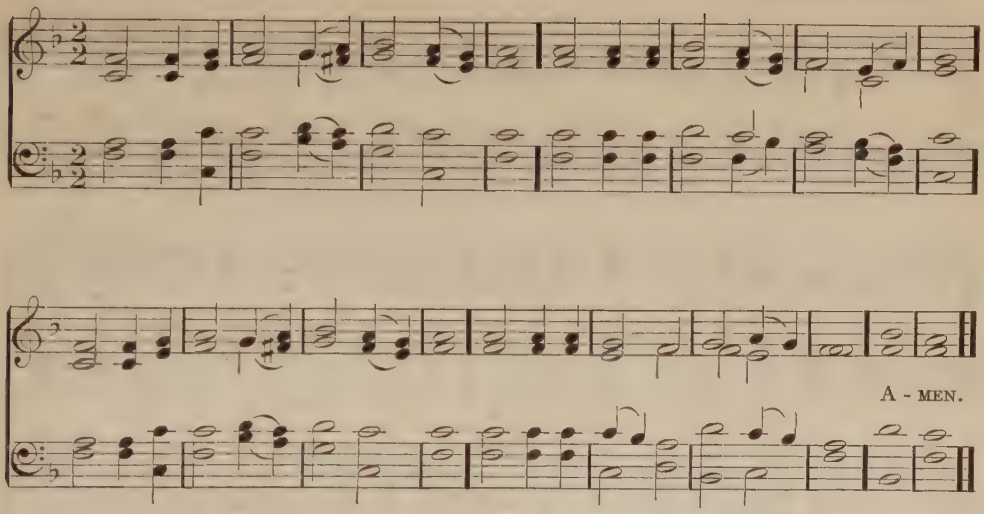
By day, along the astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.

And O! when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

WALTER SCOTT,* 1819.

HAMBURG. L. M. LOWELL MASON, 1824.



37. *'The Chapel of the Hermits.'*

O sometimes gleams upon our sight
Through present wrong the eternal right;
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man, —

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common, daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore:
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER,* 1851.

38. *'Matin Hymn.'*

O God, I thank thee for each sight
Of beauty that thy hand doth give, —
For sunny skies and air and light:
O God, I thank thee that I live.

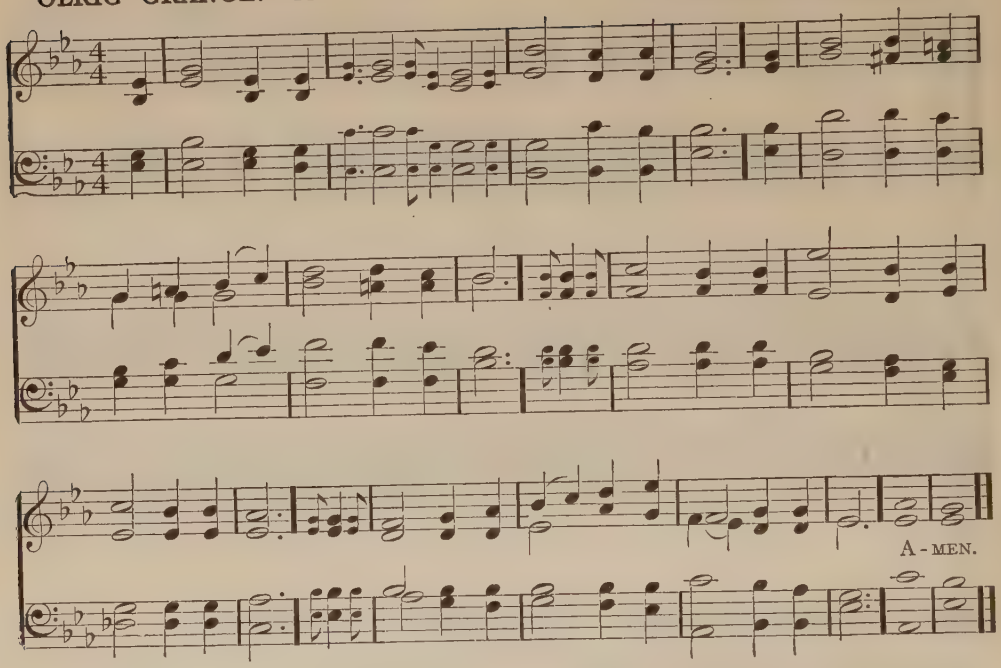
That life I consecrate to thee:
And ever, as the day is born,
On wings of joy my soul would flee
To thank thee for another morn, —

Another day in which to cast
Some silent deed of love abroad,
That, greatening as it journeys past,
May do some earnest work for God.

Another day to do, to dare,
To use anew my growing strength,
To arm my soul with faith and prayer,
And so reach heaven and thee at length.

CAROLINE ATHERTON MASON.

OLRIG GRANGE. 11.11.11.11. JOHN FREDERICK BRIDGE, 1905.



39.

God all in all.

Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
Most blesséd, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, thy great name we praise.

Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, thou rulest in might;
Thy justice like mountains high soaring above
Thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.

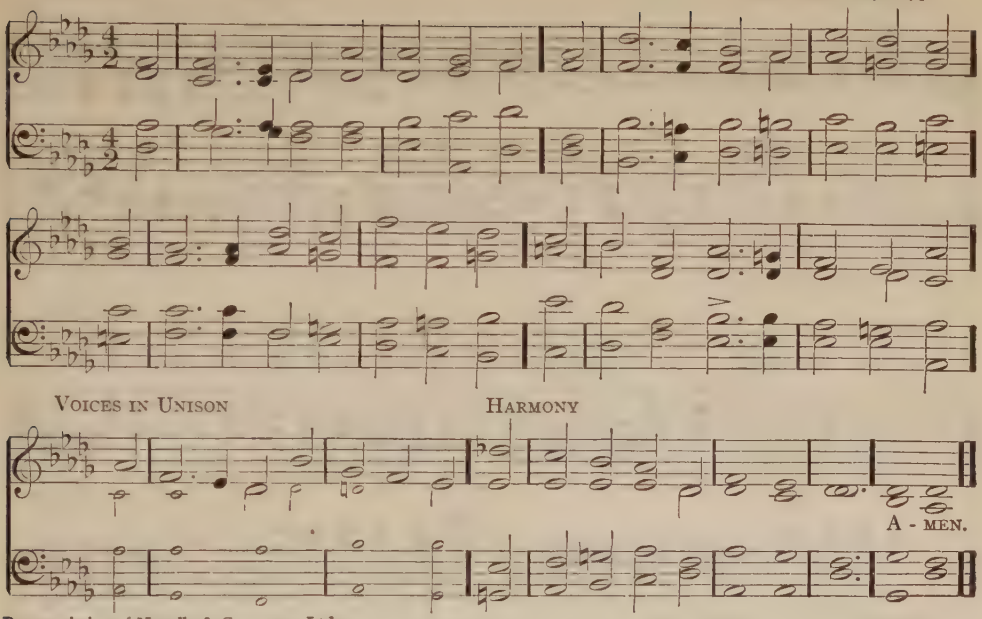
To all, life thou givest — to both great and small;
In all life thou livest, the true life of all;
We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
And wither and perish — but naught changeth thee.

Great Father of Glory, pure Father of Light,
Thine angels adore thee, all veiling their sight;
All laud we would render; O help us to see,
'T is only the splendor of light hideth thee.

WALTER CHALMERS SMITH, 1876.

REST. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

JOHN STAINER, 1875.



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Alternative Tune: Saints of God.

40.

The beauty of the Lord.

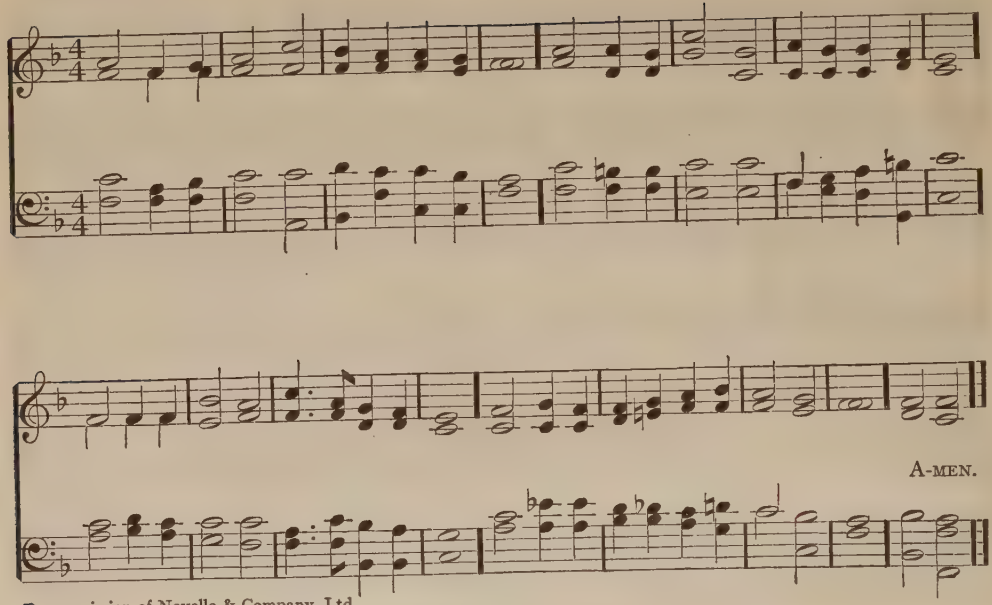
Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee:
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven, —
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

THOMAS MOORE. 1815.

LANGRAN. 10.10.10.10. JAMES LANGRAN, 1863.



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41.

The watches of the day and night.

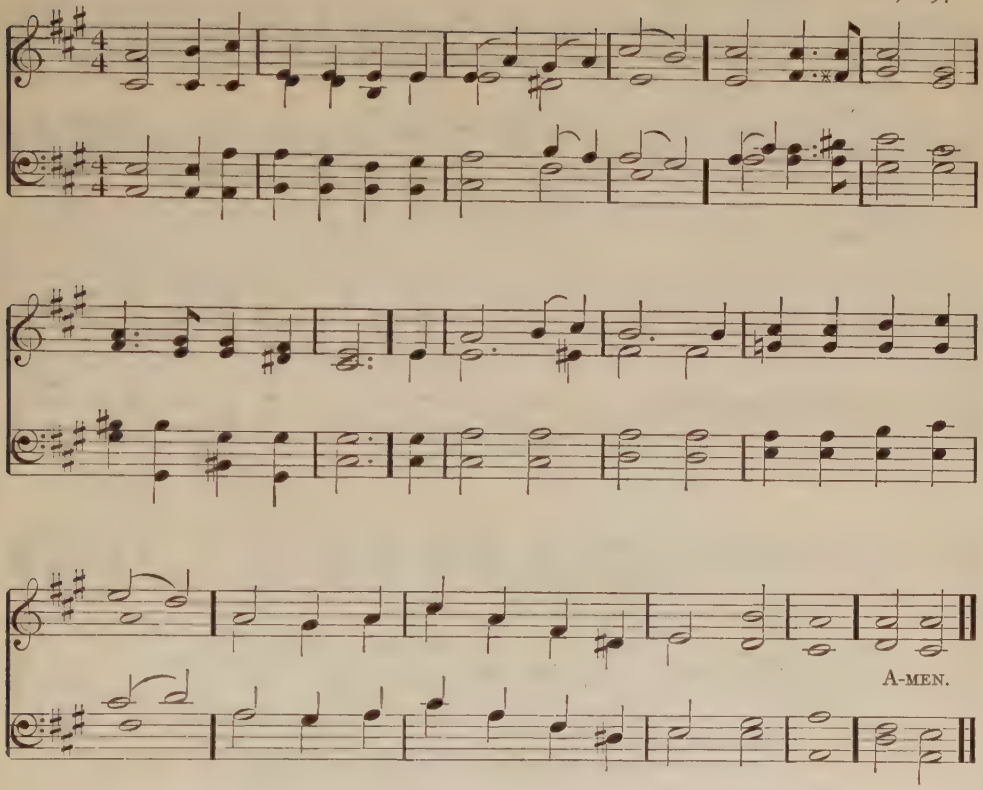
Father, the watches of the night are o'er;
To light and life the soul has risen once more;
Blesséd be thou, who, through the helpless hours,
Hast kept in deepest peace her slumbering powers.

Father, the watches of the day are here;
More than from those of night we have to fear;
By rude cares troubled, by temptations pressed,
Through the day-watches, Father, give us rest!

Disciples' Hymn-Book.

PARKER. 10.10.10.10.

HORATIO WILLIAM PARKER, 1894.



42.

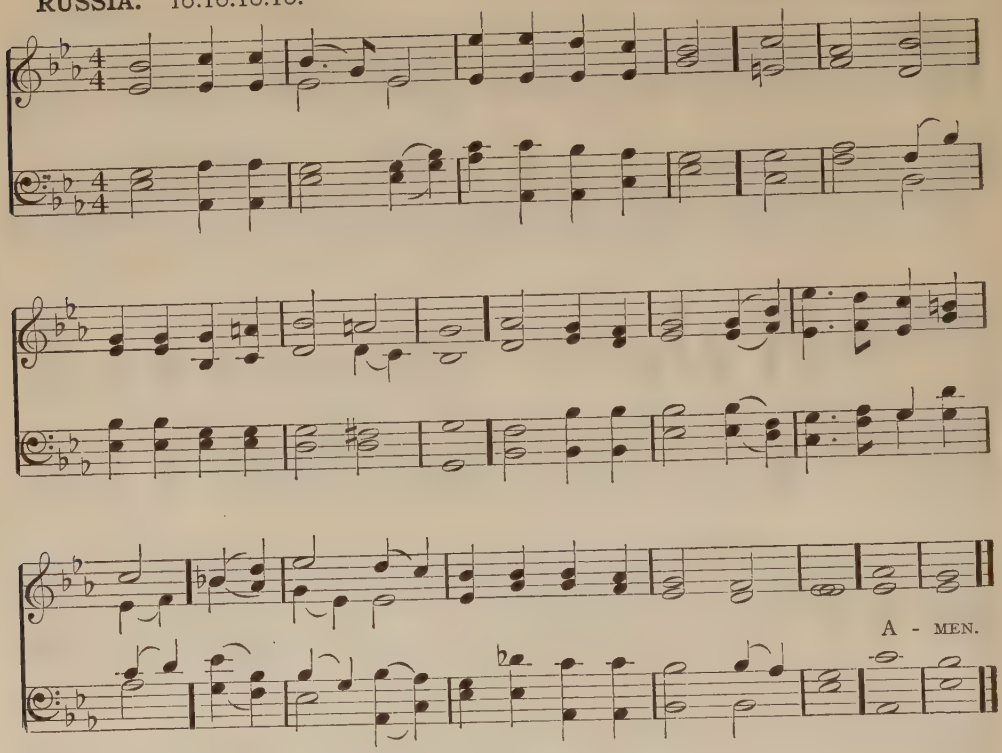
'O Qui perpetua mundum ratione gubernas.'

O Thou whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides,
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.

'T is thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence and holy rest:
From thee, great God, we spring, to thee we tend, —
Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End.

BOETHIUS, 6th cent.
Trans. SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1750.

RUSSIA. 10.10.10.10. ALEXIS FEODOROVITCH LWOFF, 1833.



Alternative Tune: Bethsaida or Langran.

43.

'Dreieinigkeit, der Gottheit wahrer Spiegel.'

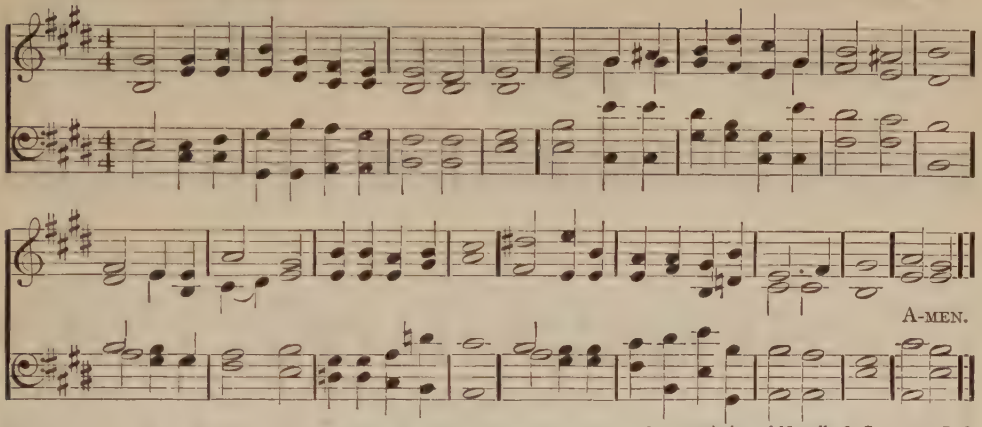
We praise thee, Lord, with earliest morning ray;
We praise thee with the glowing light of day:
All things that live and move, by sea and land,
Forever ready at thy service stand.

Thy Christendom is singing night and day,
'Glory to him, the mighty God, for aye,
By whom, through whom, in whom, all beings are!'
Grant us to echo on the song afar.

Thy name supreme, thy kingdom, in us dwell;
Thy will constrain and feed and guide us well:
Guard us, redeem us in the evil hour;
For thine the glory, Lord, and thine the power!

JOHANN FRANCK, 1655.
Trans. CATHERINE WINKWORTH.*

BETHSAIDA (Longwood). 10.10.10.10. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1872.



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44.

'O Gott, o Geist, o Licht des Lebens.'

O God, O Spirit, Light of all that live,
Who dost on them that sit in darkness shine!
The darkness ever with the light doth strive,
Yet pour on us again thy beams divine.

O Breath from out the eternal silence! blow
Softly upon our spirits' waiting ground;
The precious fulness of our God bestow,
That fruits of faith, love, reverence may abound.

O Fountain, that dost unexhausted flow
To quench the thirst that seeks thy waters clear!
O God, O Spirit, Life of life! flow now
Into the hearts which seek thy quickening here.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1745.
Trans. Catherine Winkworth, 1855.
Adapted in Hymns of the Spirit, 1864.

45.

'The Spirit-Land.'

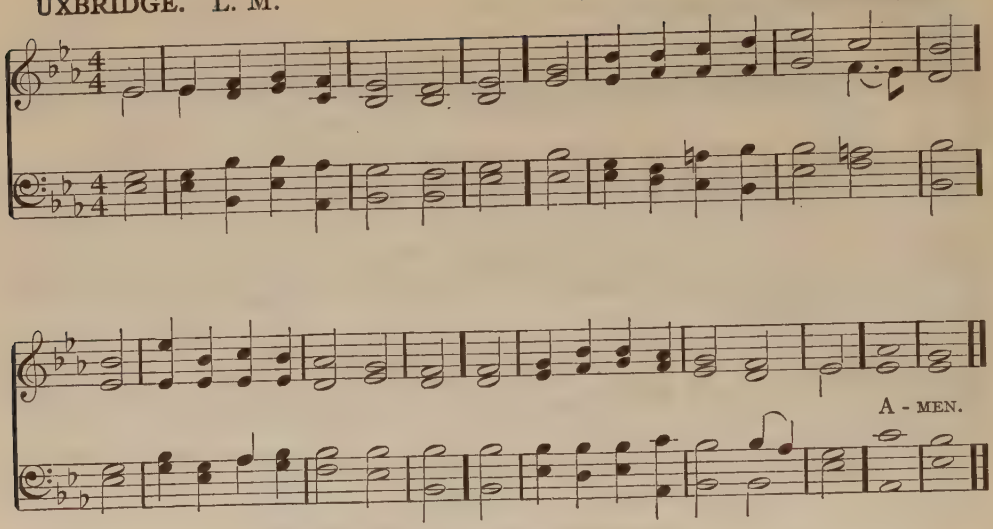
Father, thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed:
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.

In finding thee are all things round us found;
In losing thee are all things lost beside;
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied.

Open our eyes that we that world may see,
Open our ears that we thy voice may hear,
And in the spirit-land may ever be,
And feel thy presence with us always near.

JONES VERY, 1839, 1846.

UXBRIDGE. L. M. LOWELL MASON, 1830.



46.

The universal presence.

O Lord, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind:
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

With heavenly grace our souls endue;
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

WILLIAM COWPER,* 1769.

47.

Psalm CXXXVI.

Give to our God immortal praise!
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

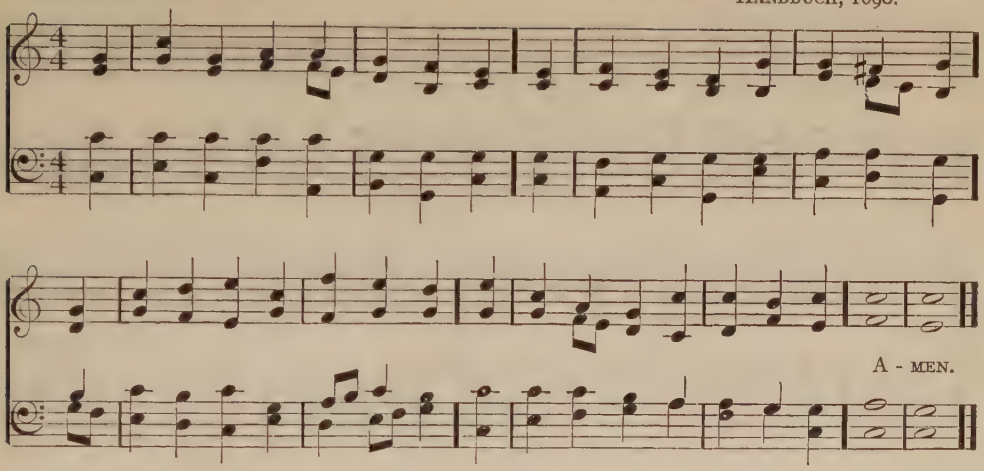
He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

WINCHESTER NEW. L. M.

HAMBURGER MUSIKALISCHES HANDBUCH, 1690.



48.

Reverence and love.

O Source divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of being's fearful sea,
Thy depth would every heart appall
That saw not love supreme in thee.

We shrink before thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds unnumbered brood.
We know thee truly but in this, —
That thou bestowest all our good.

And so, mid boundless time and space,
O grant us still in thee to dwell,
And through thy ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well;

Nor let thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide,
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From thee, our nature's only guide.

Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tone of reverent awe,
Make pure thy creature's erring will,
And teach his heart to love thy law.

JOHN STERLING,* 1839.

49.

'God through all, and in you all.'

God of the earth, the sky, the sea,
Maker of all above, below,
Creation lives and moves in thee;
Thy present life through all doth flow.

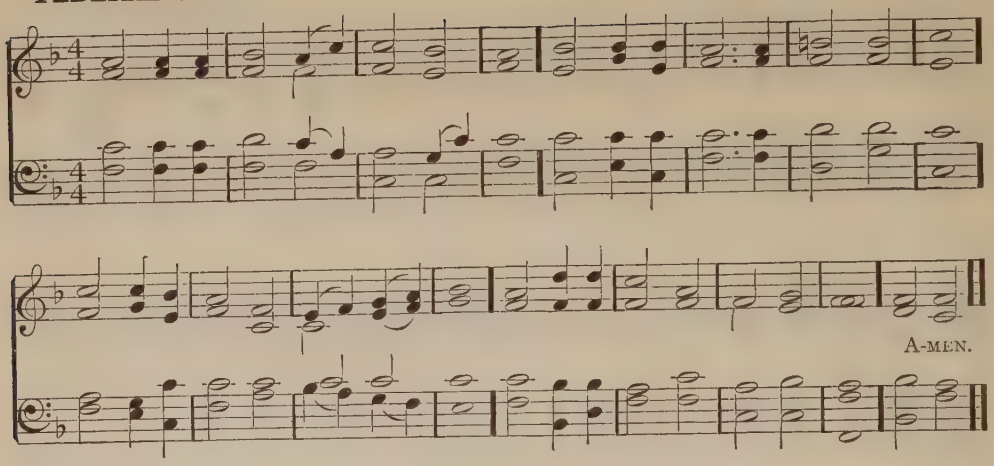
Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,
Thy life is in the quickening air;
When lightnings flash and storm-winds blow,
There is thy power, thy law is there.

We feel thy calm at evening's hour,
Thy grandeur in the march of night,
And when the morning breaks in power,
We hear thy word, 'Let there be light.'

But higher far, and far more clear,
Thee in man's spirit we behold,
Thine image and thyself are there, —
The indwelling God, proclaimed of old.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. HENRY KEMBLE OLIVER, 1832.



50. *The Lord is my light.*

Lord of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day:
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, thy mercy's sign:
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no luster of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1859.

51. *'Providential Bounties Surveyed and Improved.'*

Father of lights, we sing thy name,
Who kindlest up the lamp of day:
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams thy power and love display.

Fountain of good, from thee proceed
The copious drops of genial rain,
Which, o'er the hill and through the mead.
Revive the grass and swell the grain.

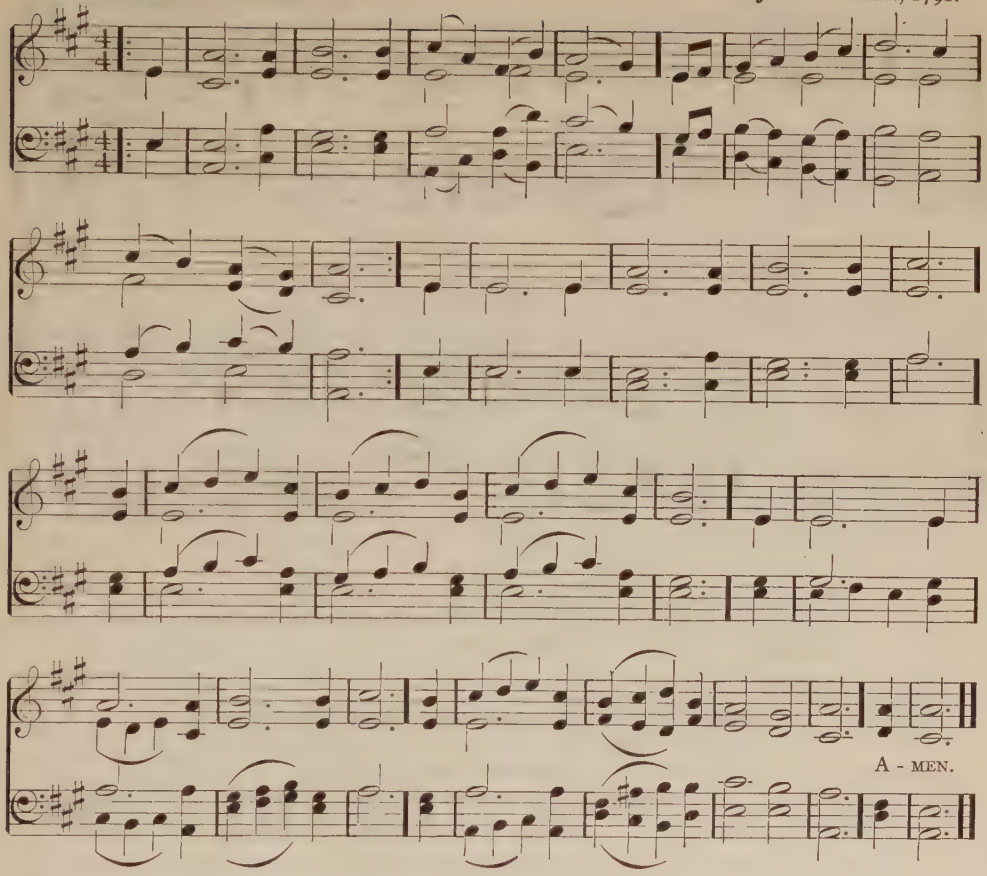
O let not our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
But what thy liberal hand imparts
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer!

So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,
When all our hearts and lives are thine
And thou, O God, enjoyed in all!

PHILIP DODDRIDGE

CREATION. L. M. D.

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN, 1798.



52.

'The heavens declare the glory of God.' Psalm XIX. 1.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

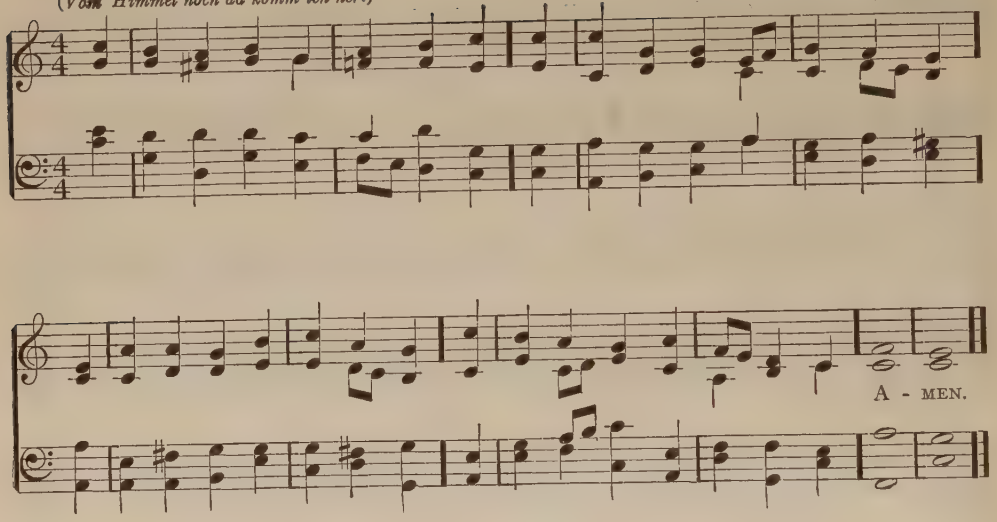
What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1712.

ERFURT. L. M.

(Vom Himmel hoch da komm ich her.)

MARTIN LUTHER.
MAGDEBURG GESANGBUCH, 1540.



53.

Psalm XCIII.

With glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

How surely stablished is thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see!
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

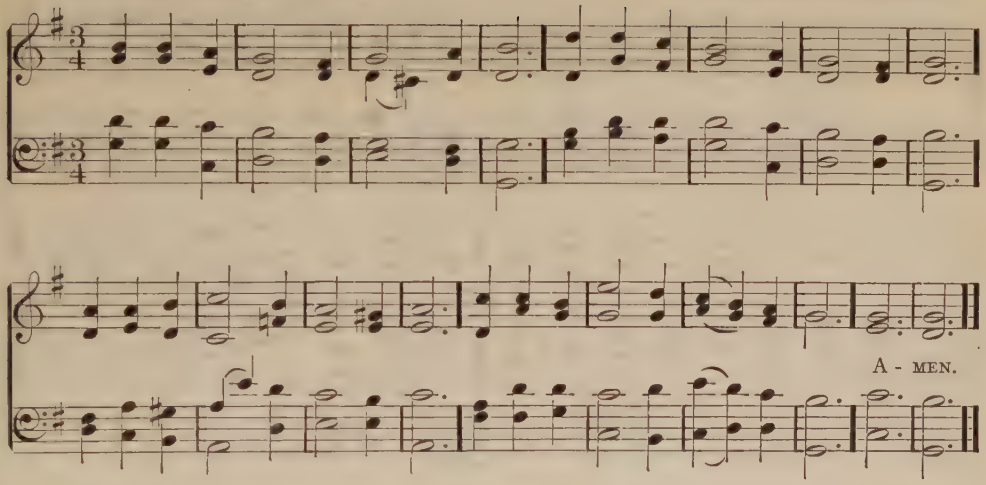
The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
And they, that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure
Must still in holiness excel.

NAHUM TATE &
NICHOLAS BRADY, 1696.

GRACE CHURCH. L. M.

IGNAZ JOSEPH PLEYEL, 1791.



54.

'For all thy gifts.'

Thou One in all, thou All in one,
Source of the grace that crowns our days,
For all thy gifts 'neath cloud or sun,
We lift to thee our grateful praise.

We bless thee for the life that flows,
A pulse in every grain of sand,
A beauty in the blushing rose,
A thought and deed in brain and hand.

For life that thou hast made a joy,
For strength to make our lives like thine,
For duties that our hands employ, —
We bring our offerings to thy shrine.

Be thine to give and ours to own
The truth that sets thy children free,
The law that binds us to thy throne,
The love that makes us one with thee.

SETH CURTIS BEACH, 1884.

55.

Morning, noon, evening.

The morning walks upon the earth,
And man awakes to toil and mirth;
All living things and lands are gay —
Dear God, walk with me through the day.

Sweet is the breathing of the world,
As in thy love it lies enfurled;
And blue and clear the immortal sky;
'T is thine, and thine its purity.

Now noon sits throned, her golden urn
Pours forth the sunshine! Laugh and burn
Cornland and meadow, lake and sea!
Lord of my life, pour love on me.

Slow comes the evening o'er the hill,
The labor of the world is still;
Homeward I go, and muse of thee —
Father of home, abide with me.

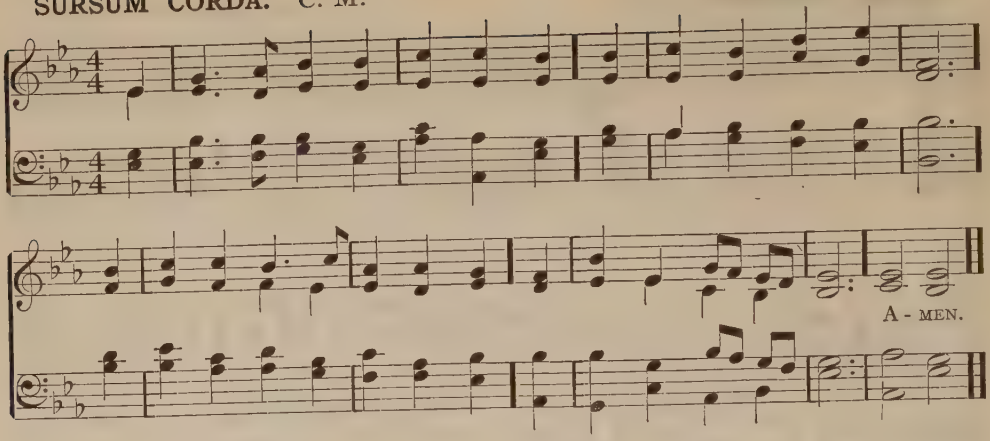
Now droops the dark, but worlds of light,
Hidden by day, fulfil the night!
Infinite Stillness, silent sea
Of truth and power, flow over me.

O thou, whose love the night has made
Outwearied earth and man to aid,
Who givest labor, and then rest,
Give me the peace that fills thy breast.

STOPFORD AUGUSTUS BROOKE.

SURSUM CORDA. C. M.

GEORG FRIEDRICH HÄNDEL.



56.

Psalm CXLVII.

With songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

He sends his showers of blessing down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams refuse to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

He sends his word, he melts the snow, —
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word,
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

57.

The splendor of the Lord.

My God, I feel thy wondrous might
In nature's various shows, —
The whirlwind's breath, the tender light
Of the rejoicing rose.

For doth not that same power enfold
Whatever things are new,
Which shone about the saints of old
And struck the seas in two?

Ashamed, I veil my fearful eyes
From this, thy earthly reign;
What shall I do when I arise
From death, but die again?

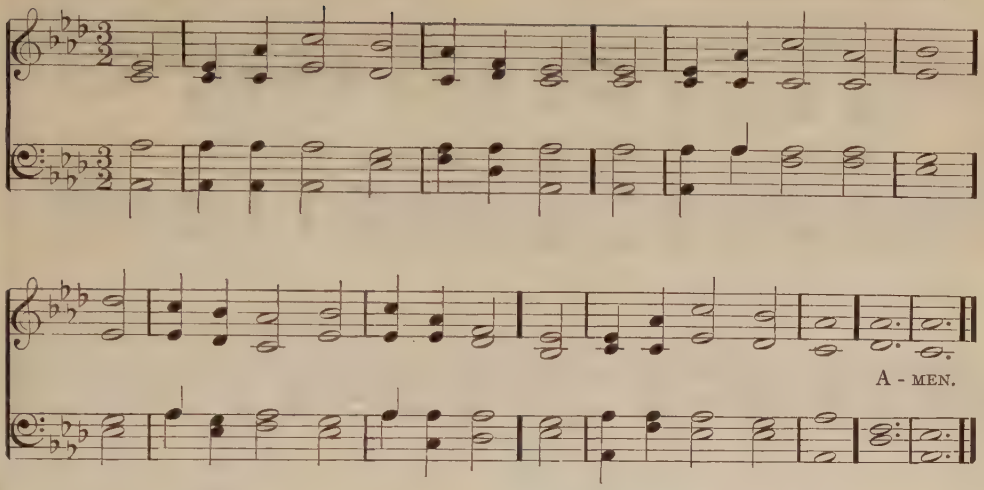
What shall I do but prostrate fall
Before the splendor there,
That here so dazzles me through all
The dusty robes I wear?

I dare not pray to thee to give
That heaven which shall appear;
My cry is, help me, thou, to live
Within the heaven that's here!

ALICE CARY.

EVAN. C. M.

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL, 1847.



58.

Nature's worship.

The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play:
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given
By all things near and far:
The ocean looketh up to heaven
And mirrors every star:

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine:
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept, earth and air;
The music of its starry march,
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began;
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

59.

The book of nature.

There is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

Two worlds are ours: 't is only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

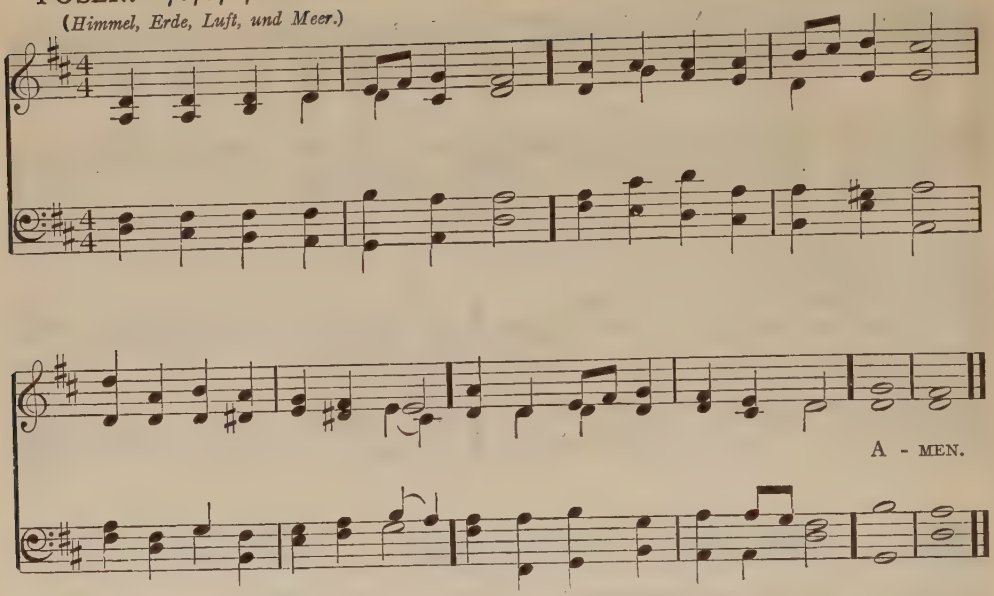
Thou who hast given us eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give us a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

JOHN KEBLE, 1819.

POSEN. 7·7·7·7·

(Himmel, Erde, Luft, und Meer.)

GEORG CHRISTOPH STRATTNER, 1691.



60.

'*Himmel, Erde, Luft, und Meer.*' Acts XIV. 17.

Heaven and earth, and sea and air,
Still their Maker's praise declare;
Thou, my soul, as loudly sing,
To thy God thy praises bring.

See the sun his power awakes,
As through clouds his glory breaks;
See the moon and stars of light,
Praising God in stillest night.

See how God this rolling globe
Swathes with beauty like a robe;
Forests, fields, and living things,
Each its Maker's glory sings.

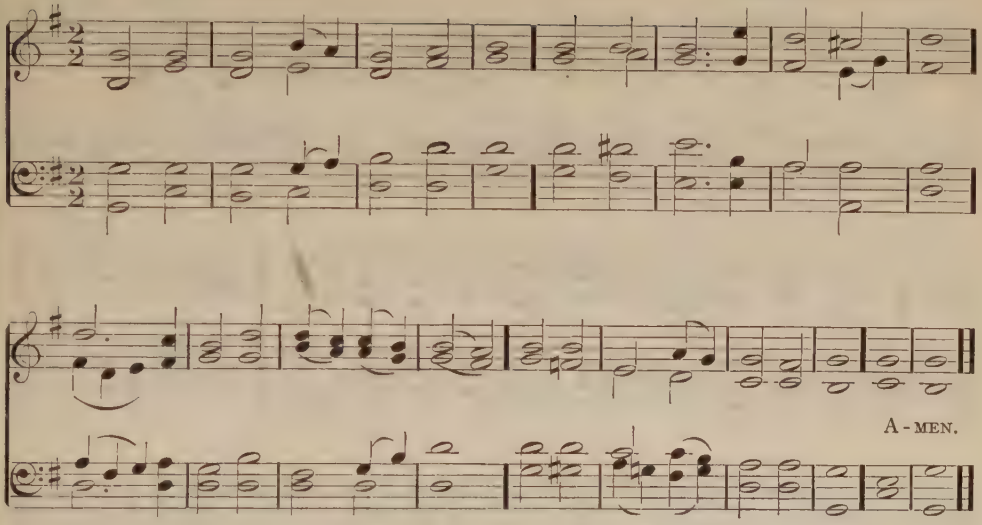
Through the air thy praises meet,
Birds are singing clear and sweet;
Fire, and storm, and wind, thy will
As thy ministers fulfil.

The ocean waves thy glory tell,
At thy touch they sing and swell;
From the well-spring to the sea,
Rivers murmur, Lord, of thee.

Ah! my God, what wonders lie
Hid in thine infinity!
Stamp upon my inmost heart
What I am, and what thou art.

JOACHIM NEANDER, 1680.
Trans. JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS.

ADORATION. 7·7·7·7. JOHN WHEELER TUFTS.



Alternative Tune: Posen.

61.

Universal praise.

Let the whole creation cry,
Glory to the Lord on high!
Heaven and earth, awake and sing,
'God is good, and therefore King.'

Praise him, all ye hosts above
Ever bright and fair in love!
Sun and moon, uplift your voice;
Night and stars, in God rejoice.

Chant his honor, ocean fair!
Earth, soft rushing through the air;
Sunshine, darkness, cloud and storm,
Rain and snow, his praise perform.

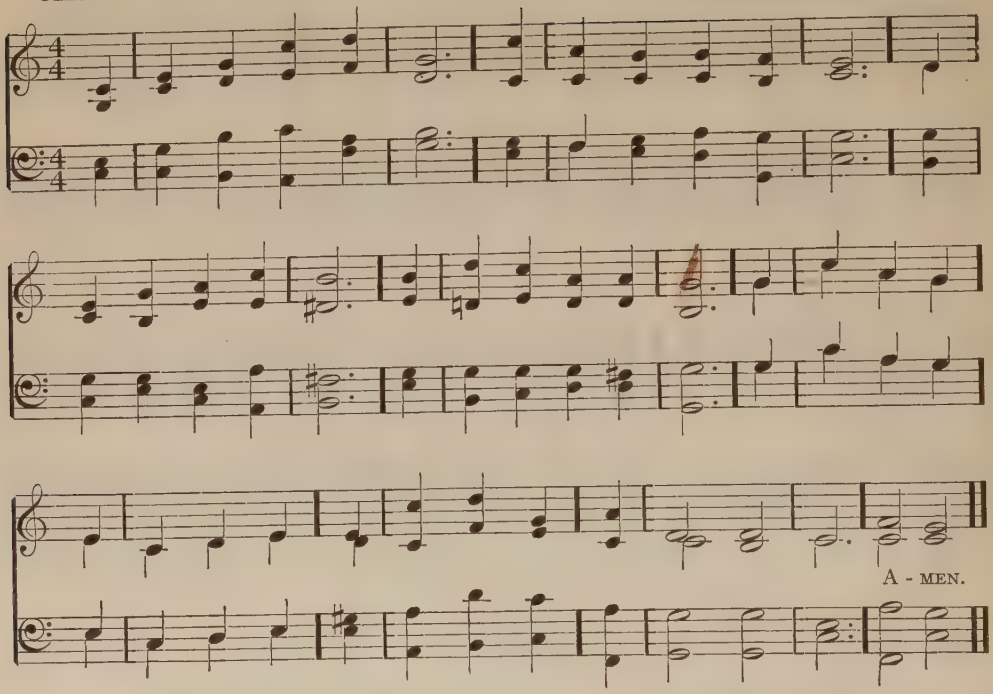
Let the blossoms of the earth
Join the universal mirth;
Birds, with morn and dew elate,
Sing with joy at heaven's gate.

Warriors fighting for the Lord,
Prophets burning with his word,
Men and women, young and old,
Raise the anthem manifold.

And let children's happy hearts
In this worship bear their parts:
Holy, Holy, Holy One,
Glory be to God alone!

STOPFORD AUGUSTUS BROOKE.

CHRIST CHURCH. 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4. CHARLES STEGGALL, 1865.



62.

Ye Holy Angels Bright.

Ye holy angels bright,
Who wait at God's right hand,
Or through the realms of light
Fly at your Lord's command,
Assist our song,
For else the theme
Too high doth seem
For mortal tongue.

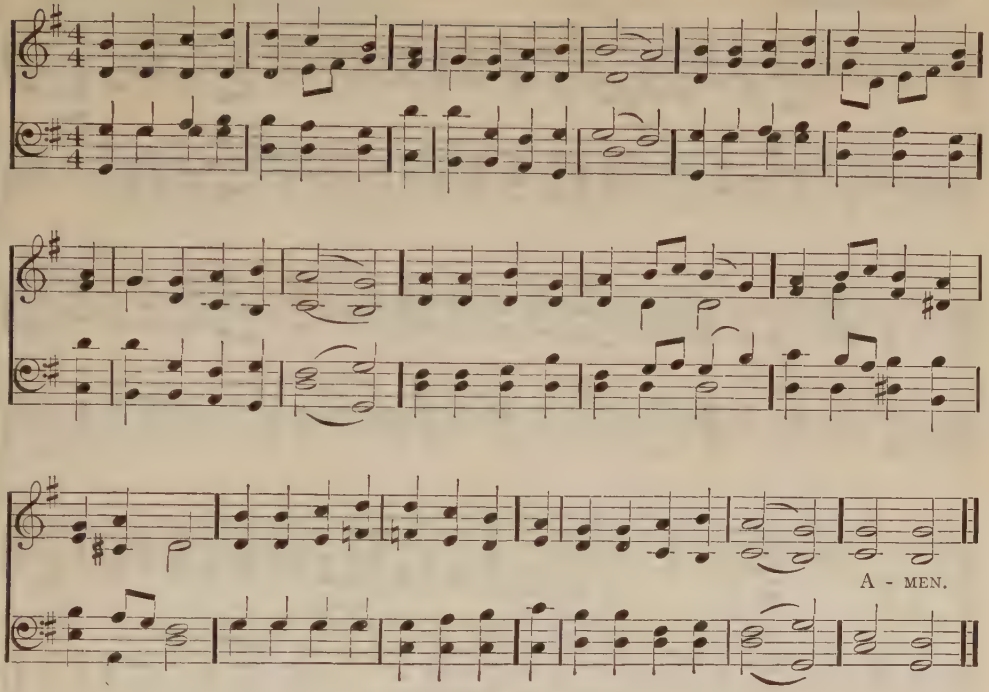
Let not his praises grow
On prosperous heights alone,
But in the vales below
Let his great love be known.
Let no distress
Curb and control
My wingéd soul
And praise suppress.

My soul, bear thou thy part,
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love:
Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whate'er he send,
Be filled with praise.

RICHARD BAXTER, 1681.
Arranged.

JOY. 7.6.7.6.7.7.6.

Arr. from LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.



Alternative Tune: Amsterdam.

63.

Open, Lord, my inward ear.

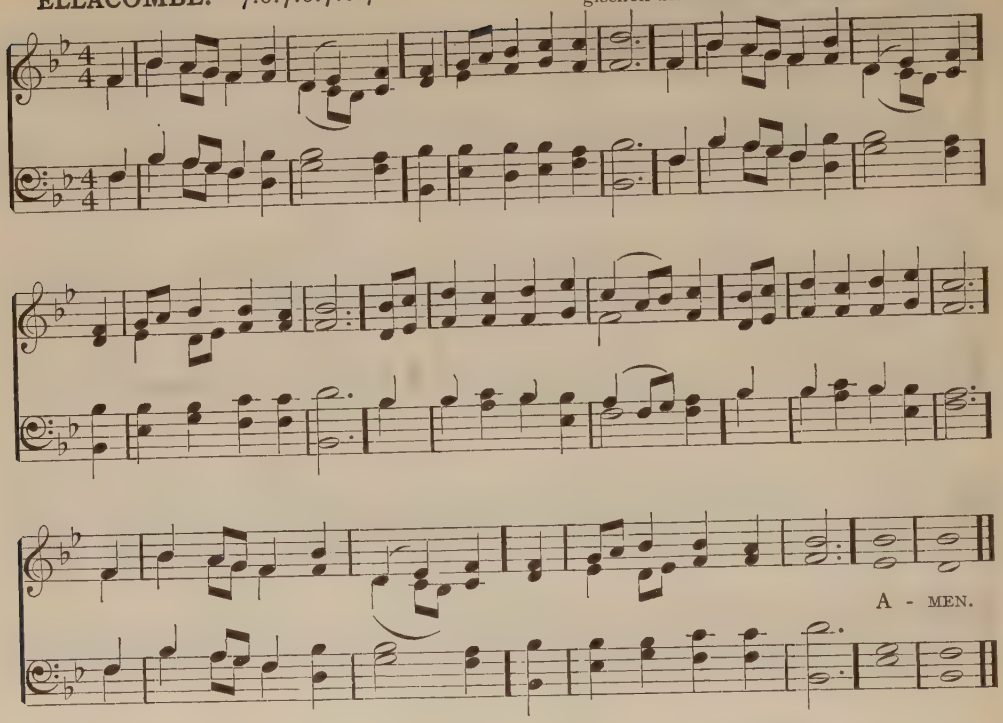
Open, Lord, my inward ear,
  And bid my heart rejoice;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
  The comfort of thy voice.
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place, —
Still and silent is the sound,
  The whisper of thy grace.

From the world of sin and noise
  And hurry I withdraw;
For the small and inward voice
  I wait with humble awe:
Silent I am now and still,
Dare not in thy presence move;
To my waiting soul reveal
  The secret of thy love.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1742.

ELLACOMBE. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

ANON. in "Gesang Buch der Herzogl. Wirtembergischen Katholischen Hofkapelle," 1784.



64.

The mighty power of God.

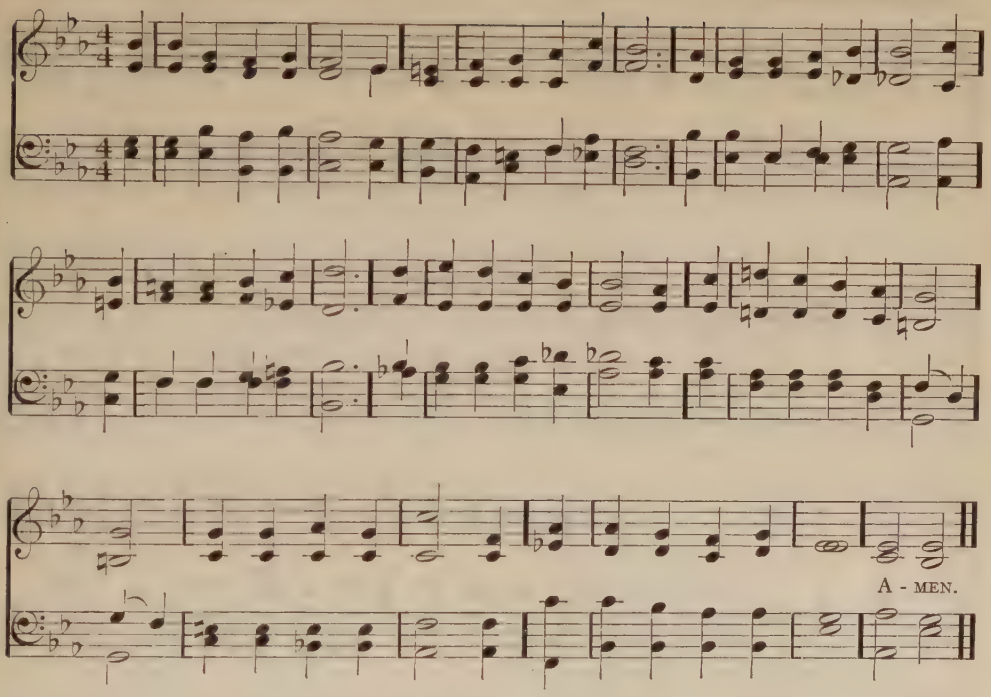
I sing the mighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day:
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food:
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.
Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn my eye;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.
Creatures that borrow life from thee
Are subject to thy care:
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

ST. ANSELM. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.



65.

Consider the lilies.

He hides within the lily,
A strong and tender Care,
That wins the earth-born atoms
To glory of the air;
He weaves the shining garments
Unceasingly and still,
Along the quiet waters,
In niches of the hill.

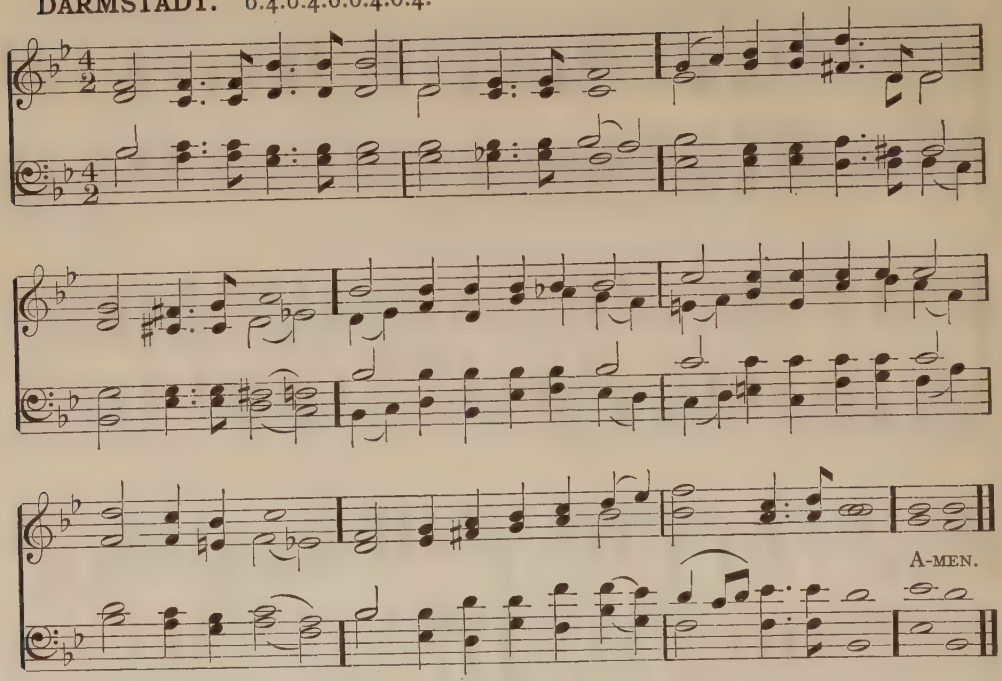
We linger at the vigil
With him who bent the knee
To watch the old-time lilies
In distant Galilee;
And still the worship deepens
And quickens into new,
As brightening down the ages
God's secret thrilleth through.

O Toiler of the lily,
Thy touch is in the man!
No leaf that dawns to petal
But hints the angel-plan:
The flower-horizons open,
The blossom vaster shows;
We hear thy wide worlds echo,
'See how the lily grows!'

Shy yearnings of the savage,
Unfolding, thought by thought,
To holy lives are lifted,
To visions fair are wrought:
The races rise and cluster,
And evils fade and fall,
Till chaos blooms to beauty,
Thy purpose crowning all!

WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT, 1873.

DARMSTADT. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.6.4. FREDERICK CHARLES MAKER.



66.

Lord God Omnipotent.

Lord God Omnipotent,
Lord God alone,
High o'er the firmament
Planting thy throne,
Curtained about with light,
Under thy feet a bright
Pavement of stars,
No shade of darksome night
Thy glory mars.

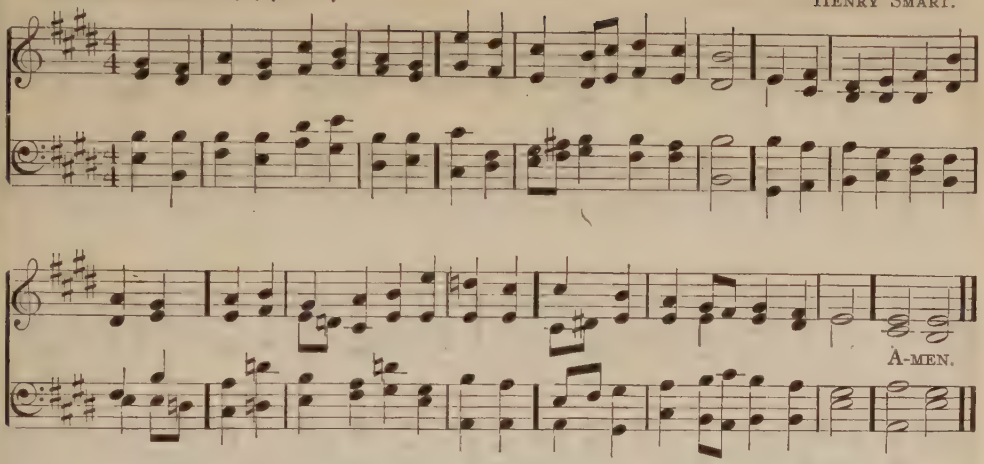
Sun, moon, and stars fulfill
Their times by thee;
Angels to do thy will
Fleet lightnings be;
Rain, hail, and frost and snow,
And all the winds that blow,
Are at thy nod;
Oceans and tempests know
Their mighty God.

Thou breathest on the earth,
And there is spring,
Leaf buds come bursting forth,
All the birds sing,
Flocks on the hills are seen
Herds on the meadows green,
Forests rejoice,
All that had silent been
Lifts up its voice.

Lord God Omnipotent,
'Bide with thy flock;
O keep them, when they faint,
Safe on the Rock;
Show them thy tender grace,
And the light of thy face
To them accord;
Praise to thy holiness,
Praise to the Lord.

WALTER CHALMERS SMITH, 1876.

SERAPHIM. 4.4.7.8.8.7. HENRY SMART.



67.

'Benedicite omnia opera Domine.'

Angels holy,
High and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Sun and moon bright,
Night and noonlight,
Starry temples azure-floored,
Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness,
Breeze that floats with genial gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Ocean hoary,
Tell his glory,
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared,
Pulse of waters blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Rock and high land,
Wood and island,
Crag where eagle's pride hath soared,
Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Rolling river,
Praise him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein poured;
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

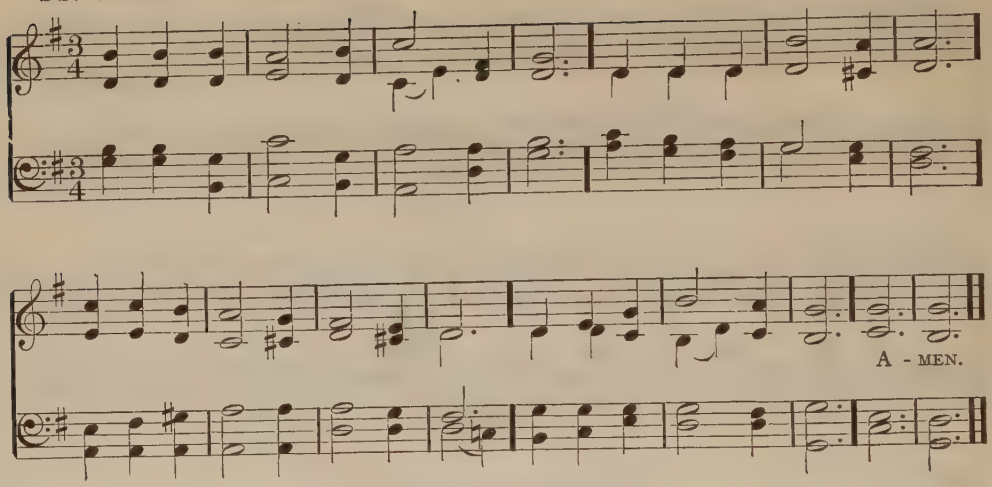
Bond and free man,
Land and sea man,
Earth with peoples widely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Praise him ever,
Bounteous Giver!
Praise him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each blithe voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE, 1840.

ST. AGNES. C. M.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1866.



68.

'The God of Sea and Shore.'

O God, whose smile is in the sky,
Whose path is in the sea,
Once more from earth's tumultuous strife,
We gladly turn to thee.

Now all the myriad sounds of earth
In solemn stillness die;
While wind and wave unite to chant
Their anthems to the sky.

We come as those with toil far spent
Who crave thy rest and peace,
And from the care and fret of life
Would find in thee release.

O Father, soothe all troubled thought,
Dispel all idle fear,
Purge thou each heart of secret sin,
And banish every care;

Until, as shine upon the sea
The silent stars above,
There shines upon our trusting souls
The light of thine own love.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, 1907.

69.

'The Inward Witness.'

O Thou whose Spirit witness bears
Within our spirits free,
That we thy children are and heirs
Of thine eternity, —

Here may this simple faith sublime
O'er-arch us like the sky;
Secure below the drift of time
Its firm foundations lie.

Our thought o'erflows each written scroll,
Our creeds arise and fall;
The life of God within the soul
Lives and outlasts them all.

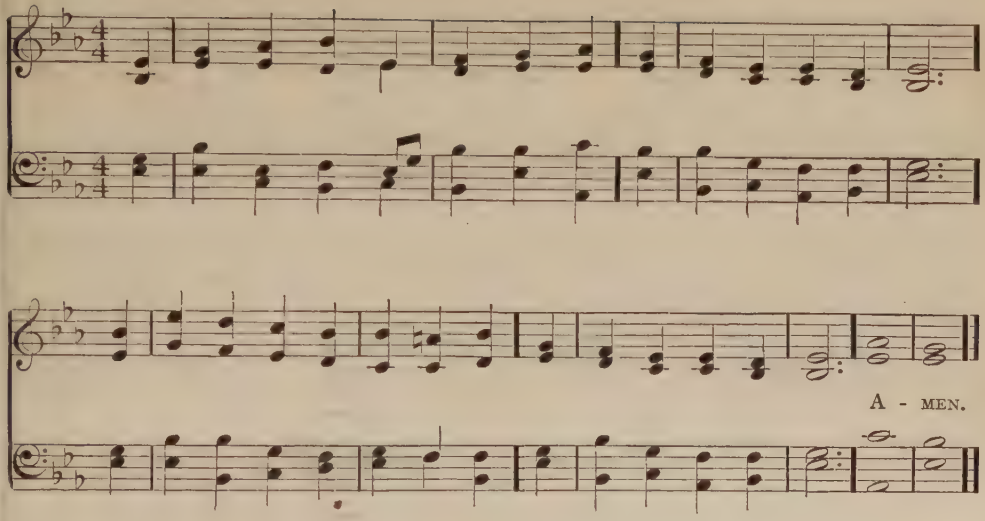
Here may that witness clearer grow
Each waiting heart within,
The way of filial duty show,
And glad obedience win.

Here be life's sorrow sanctified,
Here truth her radiance pour;
While hope and faith and love abide,
Forever more and more!

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1891.

DUNDEE. C. M.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1615.



70.

The silent Spirit.

Unheard the dews around me fall,
And heavenly influence shed;
And silent on this earthly ball,
Celestial footsteps tread.

Night moves in silence round the pole,
The stars sing on unheard,
Their music pierces to the soul,
Yet borrows not a word.

Noiseless the morning flings its gold,
And still the evening's place;
And silently the earth is rolled
Amidst the vast of space.

In quietude thy Spirit grows
In man from hour to hour;
In calm eternal onward flows
Thine all-redeeming power.

Lord, grant my soul to hear at length
Thy deep and silent voice:
To work in stillness, wait in strength,
With calmness to rejoice.

ANON.

71.

Eternal Love.

Immortal Love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above;
But love alone knows whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

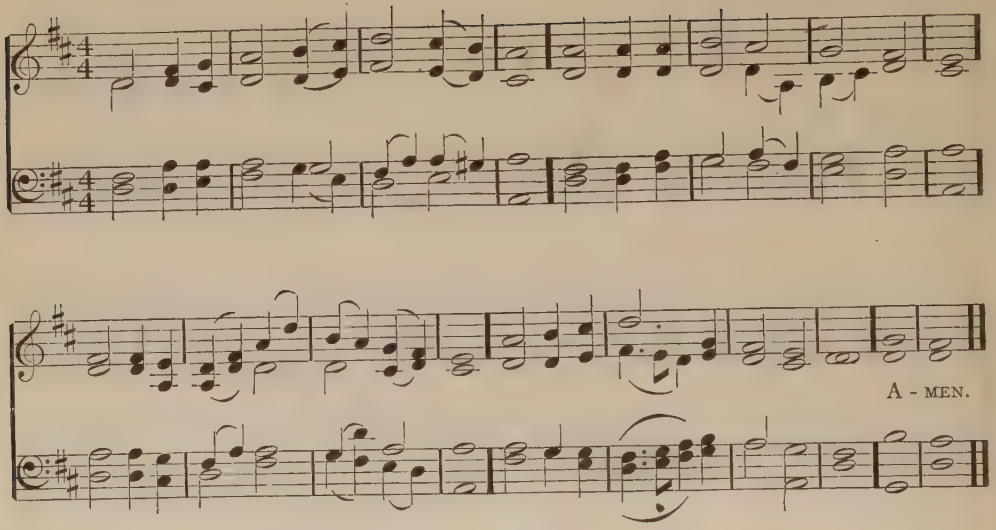
Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
The mists of earth away!
Shine out, O Light divine, and show
How wide and far we stray!

The letter fails, the systems fall,
And every symbol wanes:
The Spirit over-brooding all,
Eternal Love, remains.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1866

DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON, 1793.



72.

'Veni, Creator Spiritus.'

Creator Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.

Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy matchless energy;
From sin and sorrow set us free
And make us temples worthy thee.

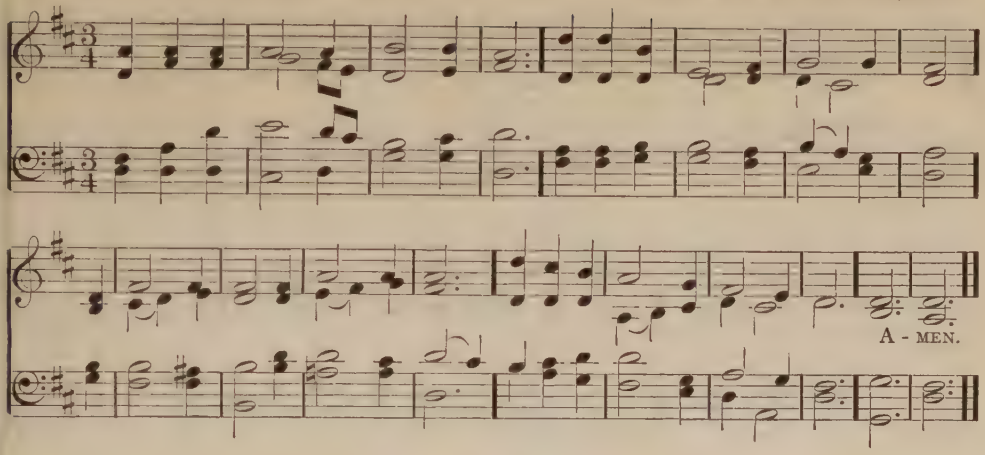
Cleanse and refine our earthly parts,
But O inflame and fire our hearts!
O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and thee.

Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Attrib. to RABANUS MAURUS.
Trans. JOHN DRYDEN, 1693.
Adapted.

RIVAULX. L. M. (First Tune)

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1866.



73.

Love Divine.

O Love divine, whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us while we dream
Thou leav'st us when we turn from thee!

All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer, by thee are lit;
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and centuries sit.

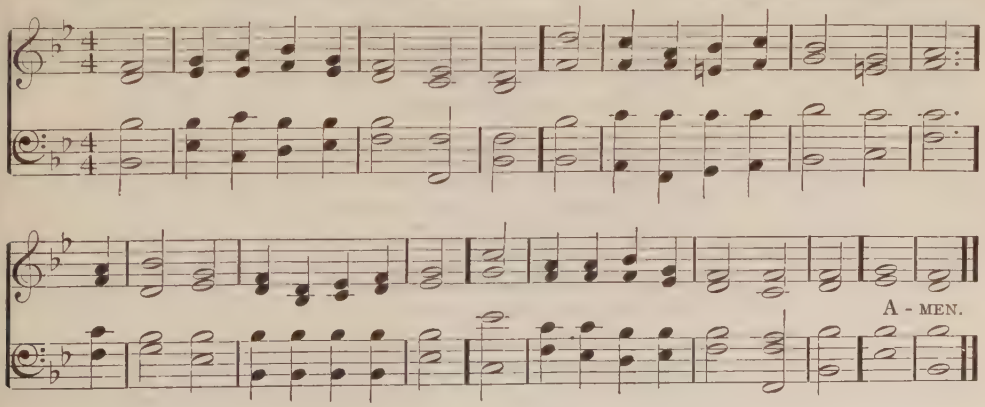
And everywhere thy Spirit walks
With man as under Eden's trees,
In gardens of the heart, and talks
In all his varied languages.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou know'st:
Wide as our need thy favors fall;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, unseen, o'er the heads of all.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.
Adapted.

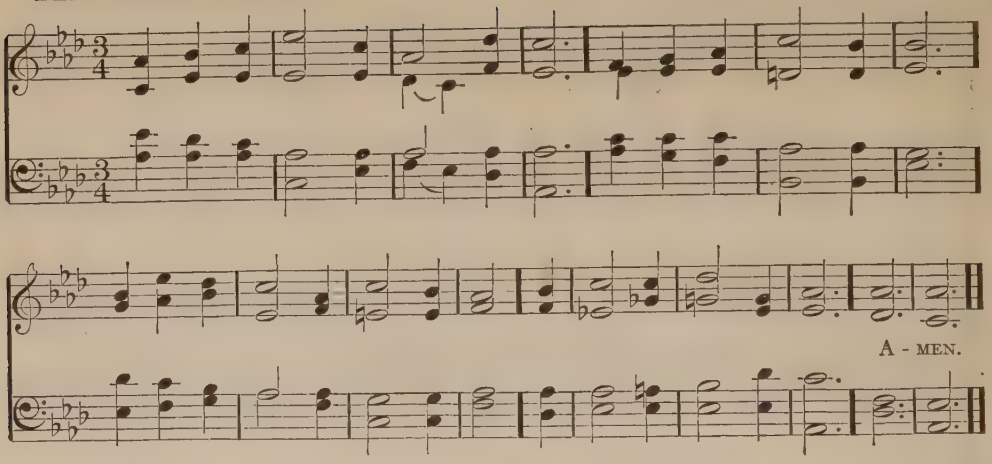
LUTHER'S CHANT. L. M. (Second Tune)

HEINRICH CHRISTOPH ZEUNER.



BEATITUDO. C. M.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1875.



74.

'The thought of God.'

One thought I have, my ample creed,
So deep it is and broad,
And equal to my every need, —
It is the thought of God.

Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise,
I feast at life's full board;
And rising in my inner skies
Shines forth the thought of God.

At night my gladness is my prayer;
I drop my daily load,
And every care is pillowed there
Upon the thought of God.

I ask not far before to see,
But take in trust my road;
Life, death, and immortality
Are in my thought of God.

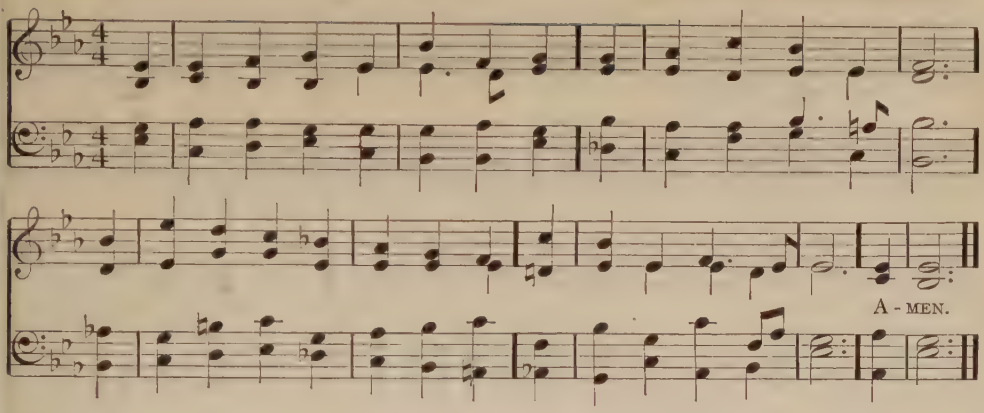
To this their secret strength they owed
The martyr's path who trod;
The fountains of their patience flowed
From out their thought of God.

Be still the light upon my way,
My pilgrim staff and rod,
My rest by night, my strength by day,
O blesséd thought of God.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1880.

ST. HUGH. C. M. (First Tune)

EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS, 1862.



75.

'O that I knew where I might find him!'

Go not, my soul, in search of him,
Thou wilt not find him there, —
Or in the depths of shadow dim,
Or heights of upper air.

For not in far-off realms of space
The Spirit hath its throne;
In every heart it findeth place
And waiteth to be known.

Thought answereth alone to thought,
And Soul with soul hath kin;
The outward God he findeth not
Who finds not God within.

And if the vision come to thee
Revealed by inward sign,
Earth will be full of Deity
And with his glory shine!

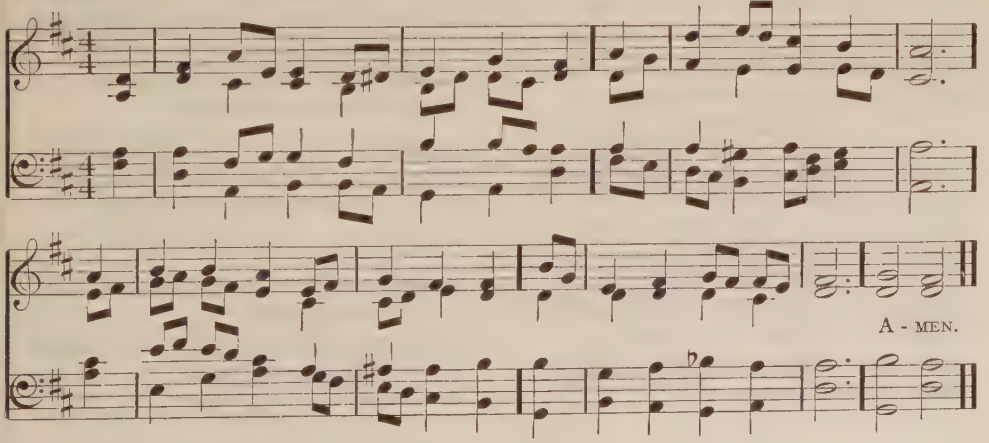
Thou shalt not want for company,
Nor pitch thy tent alone;
The indwelling God will go with thee,
And show thee of his own.

Then go not thou in search of him,
But to thyself repair;
Wait thou within the silence dim,
And thou shalt find him there!

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1879.

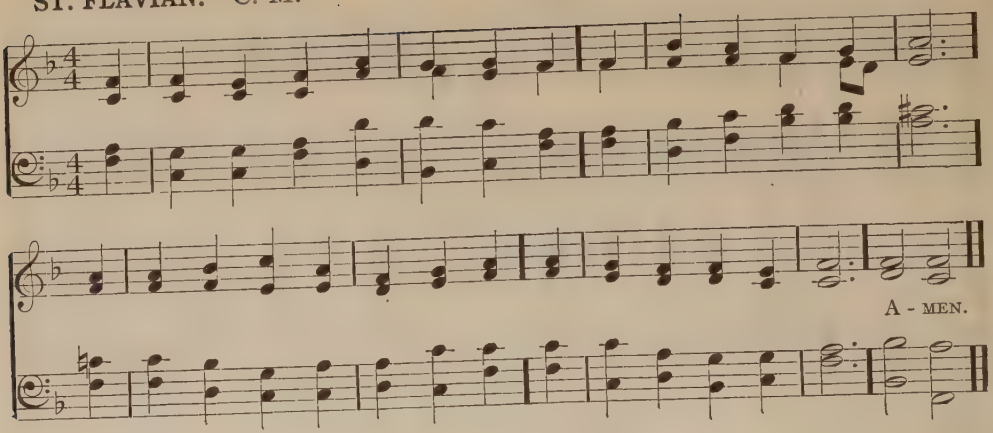
PEACE. C. M. (Second Tune)

CARL BAERMANN, 1905.



ST. FLAVIAN. C. M.

JOHN DAY'S PSALTER, 1562.



76.

The world's Eternal Source.

Enduring Soul of all our life,
In whom all beings blend,
Unchanging Peace mid storm and strife,
Our Parent, Home, and End:

Through thee the worlds, with all they bear,
Their mighty courses run;
Through thee the heavens are passing fair,
And splendor clothes the sun.

Where'er the living soul looks out
From eyes of beast or bird,
Or tendril yearns in time of drought,
Or forest leaf is stirred —

Thy Spirit breathes, thy way is seen,
O Fount of living force,
Who art, and hast forever been,
The world's eternal Source.

The thoughts that move the heart of man
And lift his soul on high;
The skill that teaches him to plan
With wondrous subtlety,—

These are thy thoughts, Almighty Mind,
This skill is thine, O Lord,
Who dost by hidden influence bind
All powers in sweet accord.

O fill us now, thou living Power,
With energy divine;
Thus shall our wills from hour to hour
Become not ours, but thine.

EBENEZER SHERMAN OAKLEY, 1889.

77.

The Divine Spirit.

Spirit divine, attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home:
Descend with all thy gracious powers, —
O come, great Spirit, come!

Come as the light! to us reveal
The truth we long to know,
And lead us in the path of life
Where all the righteous go.

Come as the fire! and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame,
Till our whole souls an offering be
In love's redeeming name.

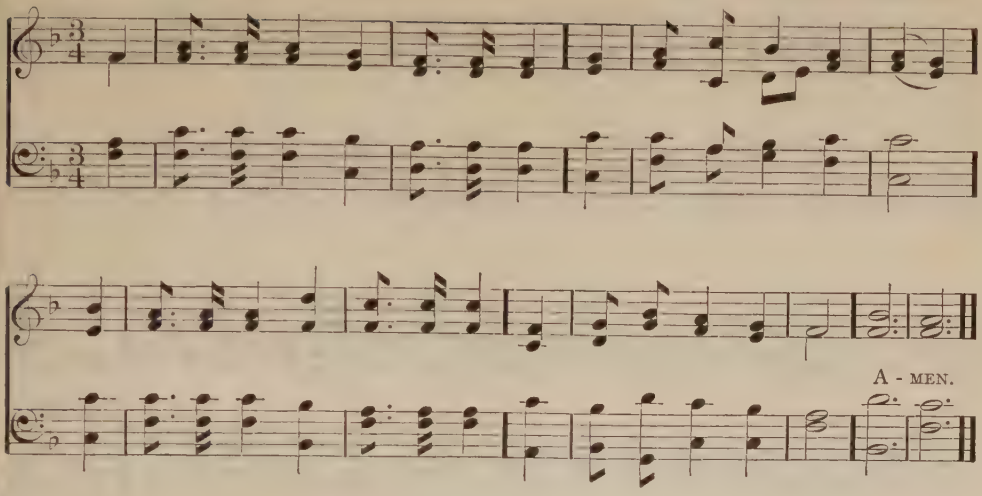
Come as the dew! and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour,
Till every barren place shall own
With joy thy quickening power.

Come as the wind, O breath of God!
O Pentecostal grace!
Come, make the great salvation known
Wide as the human race.

ANDREW REED, 1829.
Adapted by SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE, 1762.



78.

Hail, Truth Divine.

Thou long disowned, reviled, oppressed,
Strange friend of human kind,
Seeking through weary years a rest
Within our hearts to find, —

How late thy bright and awful brow
Breaks through these clouds of sin!
Hail, Truth divine! we know thee now;
Angel of God, come in!

Come, though with purifying fire
And desolating sword!
Thou of all nations the desire,
Earth waits thy cleansing word.

Struck by the lightning of thy glance,
Let old oppressions die;
Before thy cloudless countenance
Let fear and falsehood fly.

Flood our dark life with golden day,
Convince, subdue, enthrall;
Then to a mightier yield thy sway,
And Love be all in all!

ELIZA SCUDDER, 1864.

79.

The stream of faith.

From heart to heart, from creed to creed
The hidden river runs;
It quickens all the ages down,
It binds the sires to sons, —

The stream of faith, whose source is God,
Whose sound, the sound of prayer,
Whose meadows are the holy lives
Upspringing everywhere.

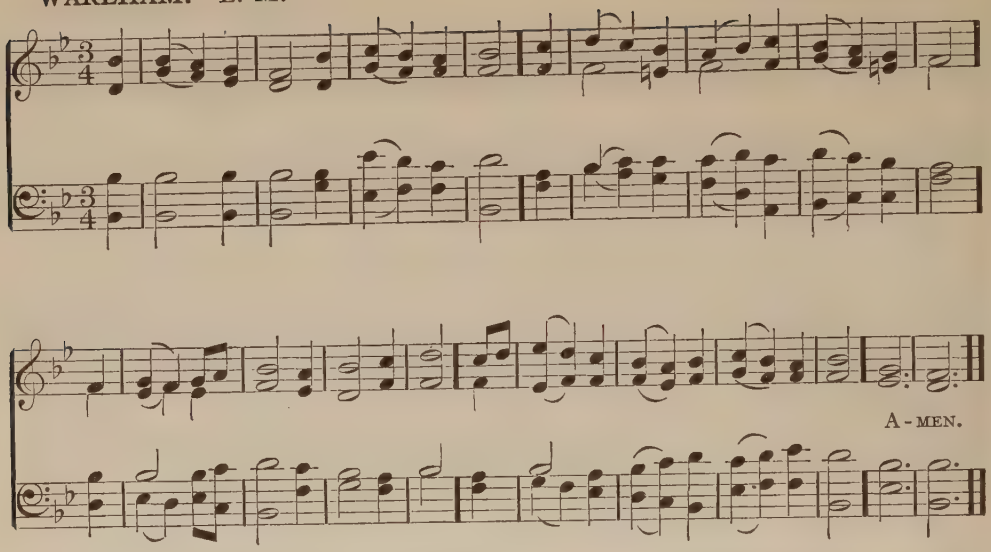
And still it moves, a broadening flood,
And fresher, fuller grows
A sense as if the sea were near,
Towards which the river flows.

O Thou who art the secret Source
That riseth in each soul,
Thou art the Ocean, too, — and thine,
That ever deepening roll!

WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT, 1875.

WAREHAM. L. M.

WILLIAM KNAPP, 1738.



80.

Mysterious Presence.

Mysterious Presence, source of all, —
The world without, the soul within, —
Fountain of life, O hear our call,
And pour thy living waters in.

Thou breathest in the rushing wind,
Thy spirit stirs in leaf and flower;
Nor wilt thou from the willing mind
Withhold thy light and love and power.

Thy hand unseen to accents clear
Awoke the psalmist's trembling lyre,
And touched the lips of holy seer
With flame from thine own altar fire.

That touch divine still, Lord, impart,
Still give the prophet's burning word;
And, vocal in each waiting heart,
Let living psalms of praise be heard.

SETH CURTIS BEACH, 1866.

81.

Truth and love.

O God, whose presence glows in all,
Within, around us, and above,
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is truth, whose name is love.

That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place,
With power proclaimed, in peace received,
Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.

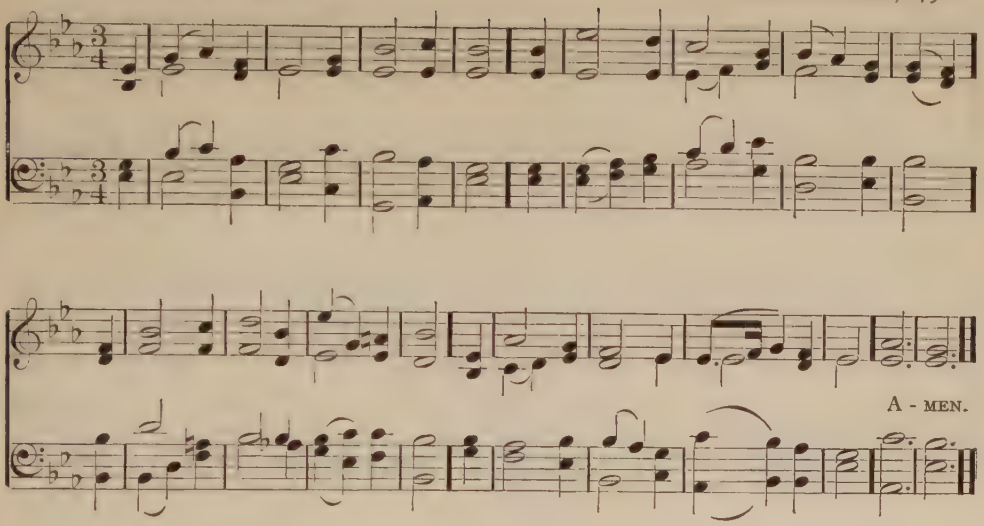
That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee.

Send down its angel to our side,
Send in its calm upon the breast;
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

NATHANIEL LANGDON FROTHINGHAM, 1828.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

EDWARD MILLER, 1790.



82.

Spirit of Truth.

Spirit of Truth, who makest bright
All souls that long for heavenly light,
Appear, and on our darkness shine;
Descend, and be our Guide divine.

Spirit of Power, whose might doth dwell
Full in the souls that love thee well,
Unto these fainting hearts draw near,
And be our daily Quickener.

Spirit of Joy, who makest glad
Each broken heart by sin made sad,
Pour on these mourning souls thy cheer;
Give us to bless our Comforter;

Till thou shalt make us meet to bear
The sweetness of heaven's holy air,
The light wherein no darkness is,
The eternal, overflowing bliss!

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL.*

83.

Thy Present Spirit.

O Thou in whom we live and move,
Whose love is law, whose law is love,
Whose present Spirit waits to fill
The soul that comes to do thy will!

Unto our waiting spirits teach
Thy love beyond the power of speech,
And bid us feel with joyful awe
The omnipresence of thy law.

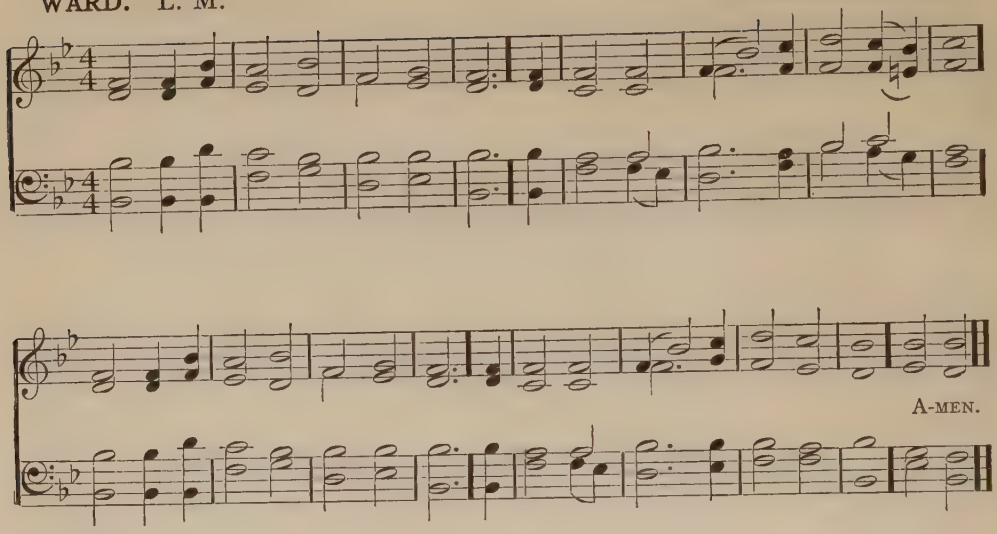
Its patient working doth fulfil
Man's hope and God's all-perfect will,
Nor suffers one true word or thought
Or deed of love to come to naught.

Such faith, O God! our souls sustain,
Free, true, and calm, in joy and pain,
That even by our fidelity
Thy kingdom may the nearer be.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864.

WARD. L. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.



84.

'Meditation.'

Hath not thy heart within thee burned
At evening's calm and holy hour,
As if its inmost depths discerned
The presence of a loftier power?

Hast thou not heard mid forest glades,
While ancient rivers murmured by,
A voice from forth the eternal shades,
That spake a present Deity?

It was the voice of God that spake
In silence to thy silent heart;
And bade each worthier thought awake,
And every dream of earth depart.

Voice of our God, O yet be near!
In low, sweet accents, whisper peace;
Direct us on our pathway here,
Then bid in heaven our wanderings cease.

STEPHEN GREENLEAF BULFINCH, 1832.

85.

The Love of God.

O Love of God, how strong and true!
Eternal and yet ever new;
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought.

O Love of God, how deep and great!
Far deeper than man's deepest hate;
Self-fed, self-kindled like the light,
Changeless, eternal, infinite.

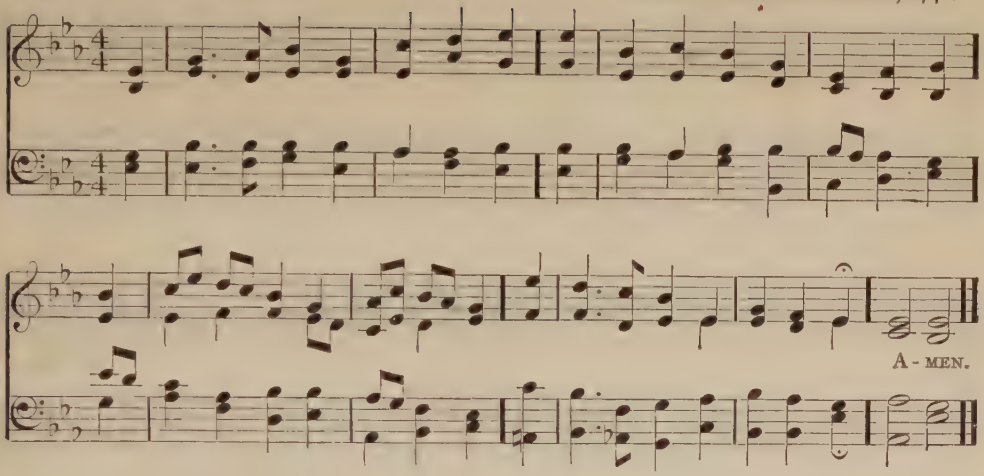
O heavenly Love, how precious still,
In days of weariness and ill,
In nights of pain and helplessness,
To heal, to comfort, and to bless!

O Love of God, our shield and stay
Through all the perils of our way!
Eternal Love, in thee we rest,
Forever safe, forever blest.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1861.

SAMSON. L. M.

GEORG FRIEDRICH HÄNDEL, 1741.



86.

God is good.

Our God is good: in earth and sky,
From ocean depths and spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
'God made us all, and God is good.'

The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say,
In accents clear, that God is good.

We hear it in the rushing breeze:
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing sky and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, 'God is good.'

Yea, God is good, all nature says,
By God's own hand with speech endued;
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that God is good.

For all thy gifts we bless thee, Lord;
But chiefly for our heavenly food,
Thy pardoning grace, thy quickening word:
These prompt our song, that God is good.

JOHN HAMPDEN GURNEY,* 1838.

87.

'Be still, and know that I am God.'

He who himself and God would know,
Into the silence let him go,
And, lifting off pall after pall,
Reach to the inmost depths of all.

Let him look forth into the night;
What solemn depths, what silent might!
Those ancient stars, how calm they roll,—
He but an atom mid the whole.

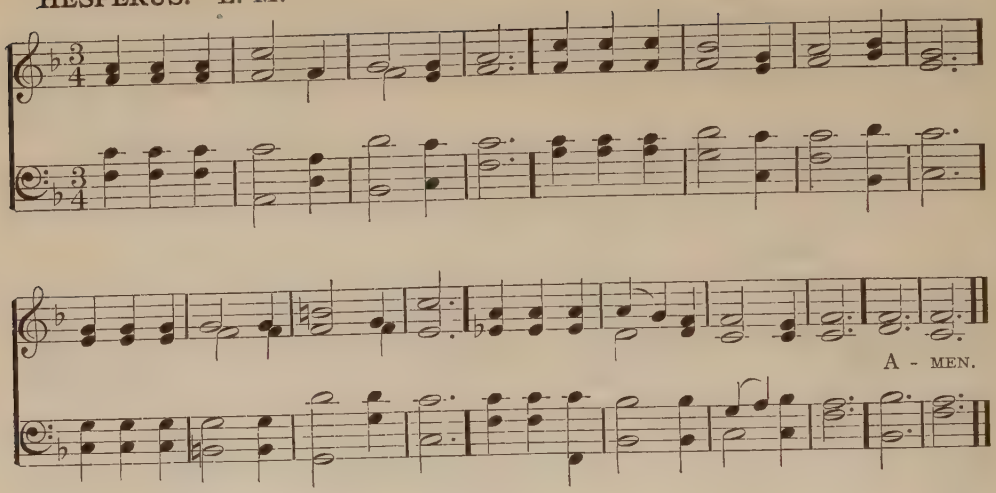
And, as the evening wind sweeps by,
He needs must feel his God as nigh;
Must needs that unseen Presence own,
Thus always near, too long unknown.

How small, in that uplifted hour,
Temptation's lure, and passion's power!
How weak the foe that made him fall,
How strong the soul to conquer all!

A mighty wind of nobler will
Sends through his soul its quickening thrill;
No more a creature of the clod,
He knows himself a child of God.

ANON.

HESPERUS. L. M. HENRY BAKER, 1854.



Alternative Tune : Illa.

88. *'The Inner Life.'*

O blesséd life! the heart at rest
When all without tumultuous seems;
That trusts a higher will, and deems
That higher will, made ours, the best.

O blesséd life! the mind that sees,
Whatever change the years may bring,
A mercy still in everything,
And shining through all mysteries.

O blesséd life! the soul that soars,
When sense of mortal sight is dim,
Beyond the sense, — beyond, to him
Whose love unlocks the heavenly doors.

O blesséd life! heart, mind, and soul,
From self-born aims and wishes free,
In all at one with Deity,
And loyal to the Lord's control.

O life! how blesséd, how divine!
High life, the earnest of a higher!
Father, fulfil my deep desire,
And let this blesséd life be mine.

WILLIAM TIDD MATSON,* 1866.

89. *'Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold.'*

Look from thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted in this land of light.

In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee.

Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A wandering flock, and bring them all
To the Good Shepherd's peaceful fold.

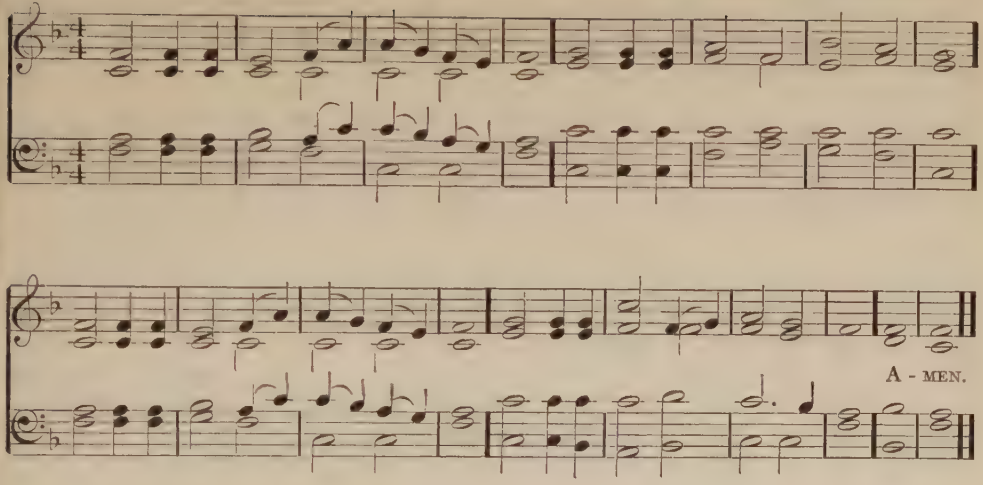
Send them thy mighty word to speak
Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

Then all these wastes, a dreary scene
On which, with sorrowing eyes, we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, 1859.

ILLA. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



Alternative Tune: Hesperus.

90.

The Universal Father.

Father and Friend, thy light, thy love,
Beaming through all thy works, we see;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of thee.

Thy voice we hear, thy presence feel,
Whilst thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds, invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens thy throne may be;
But this we know, that where thou art
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with thee.

Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought,
Since thou, their God, art everywhere,
They cannot be where thou art not.

JOHN BOWRING, 1824.

91.

God ever near.

What secret place, what distant star,
O Lord of all, is thine abode?
Why dwellest thou from us so far?
We yearn for thee, thou hidden God!

And not in vain we seek, we yearn;
We need not stretch our weary wings:
Thou meetest us where'er we turn;
Thou dwellest, Lord, within all things.

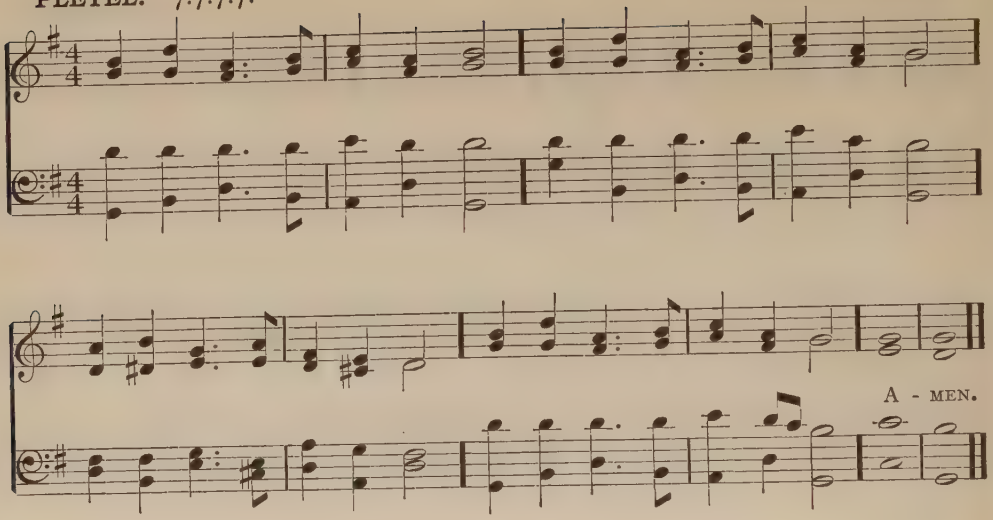
O Glory that no eye can bear!
O Presence bright, our inward guest!
O farthest off, most closely near,
Most hidden and most manifest!

No need, in search of thine abode,
Through starry spheres our thoughts should roam,
Thou, holy Spirit, mighty God,
Dost make in human hearts thy home.

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL, 1853.

PLEYEL. 7·7·7·7·

IGNAZ PLEYEL, Adapted, 1791.



92.

Seeking God.

Thirsting for a living spring,
Seeking for a higher home,
Resting where our souls must cling,
Trusting, hoping, Lord, we come.

Glorious hopes our spirits fill,
When we feel that thou art near;
Father, then our fears are still,
Then the soul's bright end is clear.

Life's hard conflict we would win,
Read the meaning of life's frown;
Change the thorn-bound wreath of sin
For the spirit's starry crown.

Make us beautiful within
By thy spirit's holy light;
Guard us when our faith is dim,
Father of all love and might.

FRANCIS PARKER APPLETON, 1846.

93.

Life more abundantly.

Life of all that lives below!
Let thy spirit in us flow;
Let us all thy life receive,
From thee, in thee, ever live.

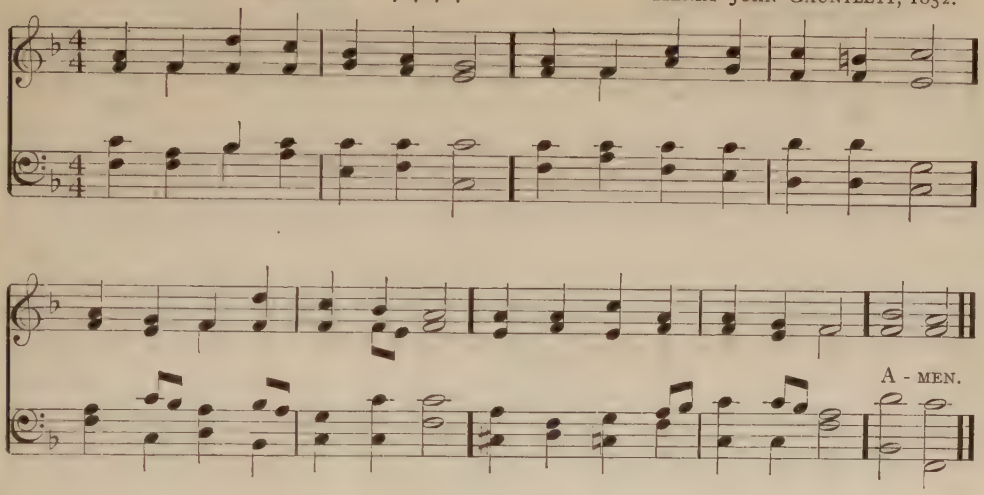
O for fuller life we pine!
Let us more receive of thine;
Still for more on thee we call,
Thou who fillest all in all!

Live we now in thee; be fed
Daily with the living bread;
Into thee our spirits grow;
Into us thy spirit flow;

While we feel the vital blood,
While thy full and quickening flood
Through life's every channel rolls,
Soul of all believing souls!

CHARLES WESLEY.
SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. 7·7·7·7. HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, 1852.



94.

Voices of spring.

Hark, my soul, how everything
Strives to serve our bounteous King!
Each a double tribute pays, —
Sings its part, and then obeys.

Nature's chief and sweetest choir
Him with cheerful notes admire;
Chanting every day their lauds,
While the grove their song applauds.

Though their voices lower be,
Streams have too their melody;
Night and day they warbling run,
Never pause, but still sing on.

All the flowers that gild the spring
Hither their still music bring;
If heaven bless them, thankful, they
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.

Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart,
Wake, and gladly sing thy part;
Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,
How to use thy nobler powers!

JOHN AUSTIN, 17th Cent.

95.

The Immanent Spirit.

Thou whose spirit dwells in all,
Primal source of life and mind,
In the clod as in the soul,
Ever full and unconfined!

What shall separate from thee?
Naught of all created things!
Joy and sorrow, good and ill,
Each from thee its essence brings.

Thine the atom's faintest thrill,
Thine the humblest creature's breath,
Prophet-soul in every kind,
Yearning still through life and death.

Yearning for the crowning race —
Man, in whom at last unfold
All thy secrets strange and sweet
From the farthest days of old:

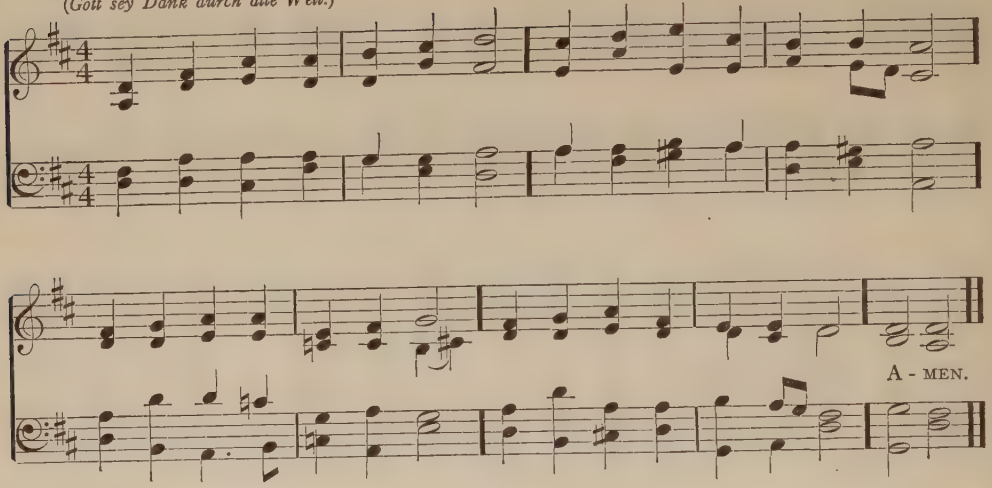
Secrets too of things to be,
In the cycles on before:
Love that stronger is than death,
Life with thee forevermore.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK,* 1890.

LÜBECK. 7·7·7·7.

(*Gott sey Dank durch alle Welt.*)

JOHANN ANASTASIUS FREYLINGHAUSEN, 1704.



96.

'A life hidden in God.'

Let my life be hid in thee,
Life of life and Light of light!
Love's illimitable sea!
Depth of peace, of power the height!

Let my life be hid in thee
From vexation and annoy;
Calm in thy tranquillity,
All my mourning turned to joy.

Let my life be hid in thee
When alarms are gathering round,
Covered with thy panoply,
Safe within thy holy ground.

Let my life be hid in thee
When my strength and health shall fail;
Let thine immortality
In my dying hour prevail.

Let my life be hid in thee,
In the world and yet above;
Hid in thine eternity,
In the ocean of thy love.

JOHN BULL,* 1839.

97.

'On holy ground.'

What has drawn us thus apart,
From the common daily round,
Bringing here a lowly heart,
Standing as on holy ground?

Morning visions high and pure,
Glorious things that are to be,
Faith and hope that shall endure,
Love's abiding unity;

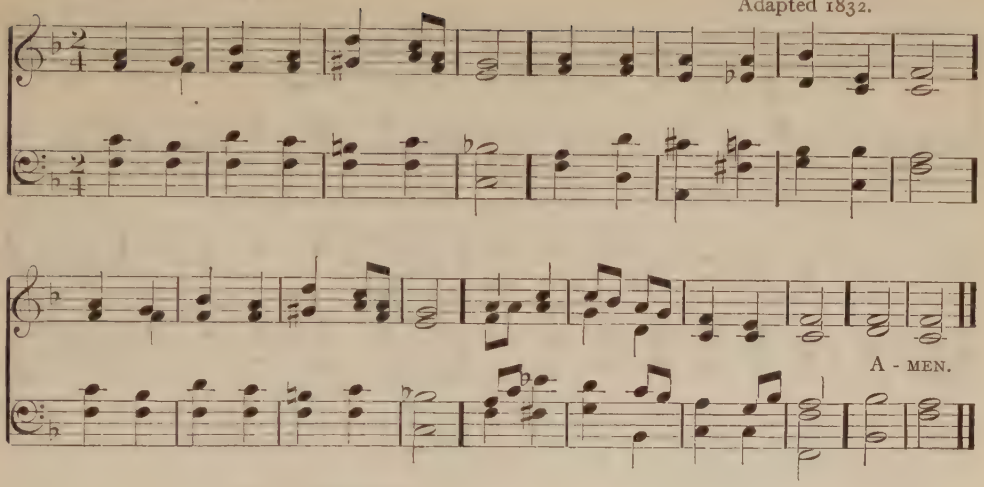
All the things that make for peace
In the daily toil and strife;
All that can our part increase
In the world's diviner life.

Short the time we linger here;
Then, with earnest heart and hand,
Back to work with holy fear;
Every vision God's command.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK, 1891.

CHATHAM. 7·7·7·7.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER, 1826.
Adapted 1832.



98.

'Prayer for inspiration.'

Holy Spirit, Light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away;
Turn the darkness into day.

Holy Spirit, Power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine:
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

Holy Spirit, Love divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Cleanse my soul in thy pure fire.

Holy Spirit, Peace divine,
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm the tossing sea,
Stayed in thy tranquillity.

Holy Spirit, Joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my troubled thoughts be still;
With thy peace my spirit fill.

Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

ANDREW REED.
SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

99.

Daily strength for daily needs.

Day by day the manna fell:
O to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

Day by day, the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs:
Cast foreboding fears away;
Take the manna of to-day.

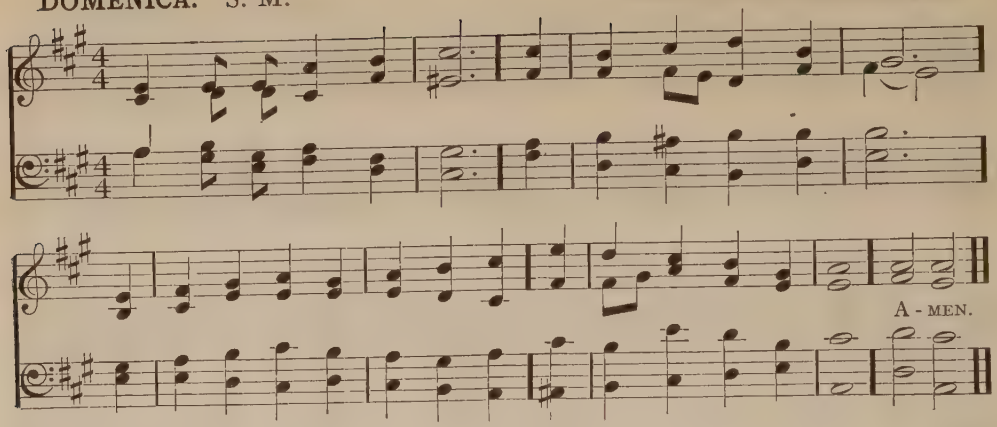
Lord, my times are in thy hand:
All my sanguine hopes have planned,
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make my purpose thine.

Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to thee I live;
So shall added years fulfil
Not my own, my Father's will.

JOSIAH CONDER, 1836.

DOMENICA. S. M.

HERBERT STANLEY OAKELEY, 1875.



100. *Where is thy God?*

Where is thy God, my soul?
Is he within thy heart;
Or ruler of a distant realm
In which thou hast no part?

Where is thy God, my soul?
Only in stars and sun;
Or have the holy words of truth
His light in every one?

Where is thy God, my soul?
Confined to scripture's page;
Or does his Spirit check and guide
The spirit of each age?

O Ruler of the sky,
Rule thou within my heart:
O great Adorner of the world,
Thy light of life impart.

Giver of holy words,
Bestow thy holy power,
And aid me, whether work or thought
Engage the varying hour.

In thee have I my help,
As all my fathers had;
I'll trust thee when I'm sorrowful,
And serve thee when I'm glad.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH, 1855.

101. *The Everlasting.*

O Everlasting Light,
Giver of dawn and day,
Dispeller of the ancient night
In which creation lay!

O Everlasting Health,
From which all healing springs, —
My bliss, my treasure, and my wealth,
To thee my spirit clings.

O Everlasting Truth,
Truest of all that 's true,
Sure guide for erring age and youth,
Lead me and teach me, too.

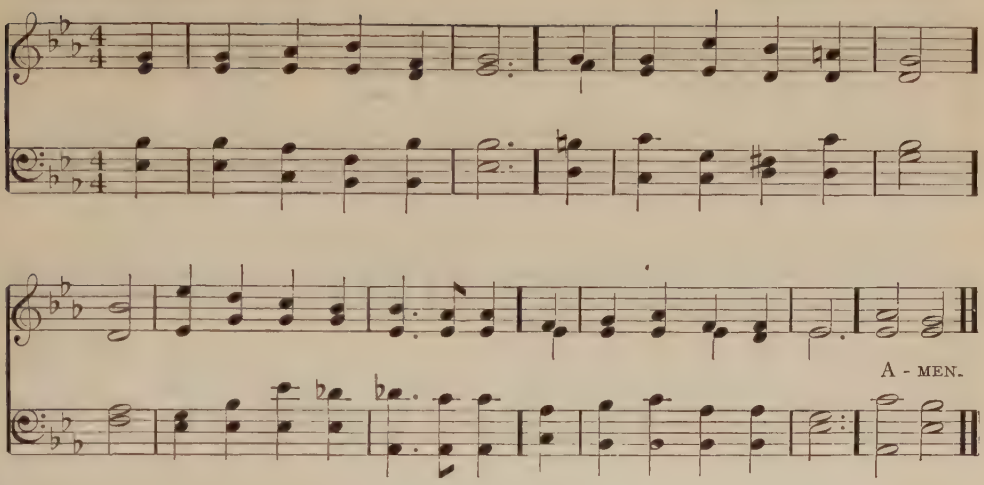
O Everlasting Strength,
Uphold me in the way;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length
To joy, and light, and day.

O Everlasting Love,
Well-spring of grace and peace:
Pour down thy fulness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1861.

ST. ANDREW. S. M.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1866.



102.

With Thee.

Still with thee, O my God,
I would desire to be:
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with thee:

With thee when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care;
Each day returning to begin
With thee, my God, in prayer:

With thee amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear thy voice, where time's is loud,
Speak softly to my heart:

With thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting as the rising sun
With thee my heart would find:

With thee, in thee, by faith
Abiding would I be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with thee.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS, 1857.

103.

Always near.

One gift, my God, I seek, —
To know thee always near;
To feel thy hand, to see thy face,
Thy blesséd voice to hear.

Where'er I go, my God,
O let me find thee there:
Where'er I stay, stay thou with me,
A presence everywhere.

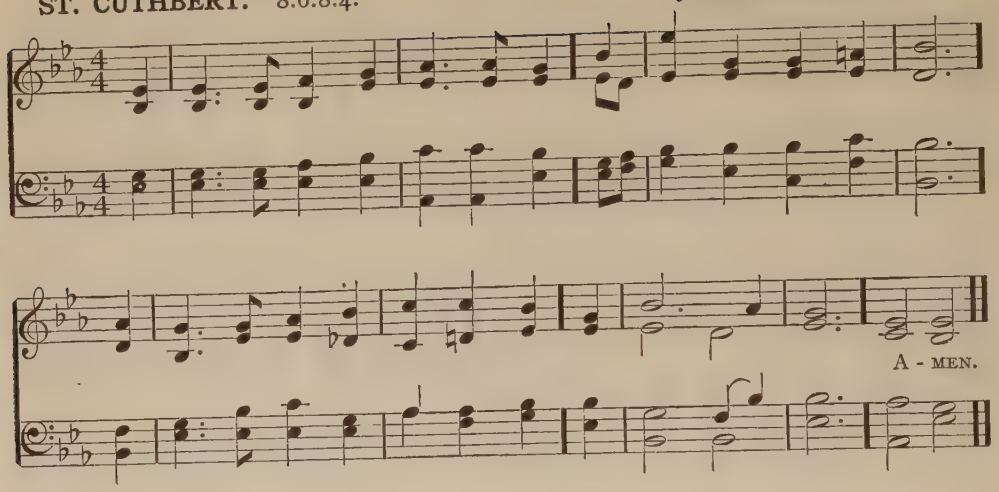
And if thou bringest peace,
Or if thou bringest pain,
But come thyself with all that comes,
And all shall go for gain.

To walk with thee, my God,
O blesséd, blesséd grace;
My earthly features then shall shine
With looking in thy face.

Long listening to thy words,
My voice shall catch thy tone,
And, locked in thine, my hand shall grow
All loving like thine own.

BRADFORD TORREY, 1875.

ST. CUTHBERT. 8.6.8.4. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1861.



104.

'The inward Light.'

When shadows gather on our way,
Fast deepening as the night,
Be thou, O God, the spirit's stay,
Our inward Light.

Amid the outward toil and strife,
The world's dull roar and din,
Still speak thy word of higher life,
Thou Voice within.

When burdens sore upon us press,
And vexing cares increase,
Spring thou, a fount of quietness,
Our hidden Peace.

Though fond hopes fail, and joy depart,
And friends should faithless prove,
O, save us from the bitter heart,
Indwelling Love!

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1904.

105.

Hail, sacred day of earthly rest.

Hail! sacred day of earthly rest,
From toil and trouble free;
Hail! day of light, that bringest light
And joy to me.

A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to thee,
Where rest is found.

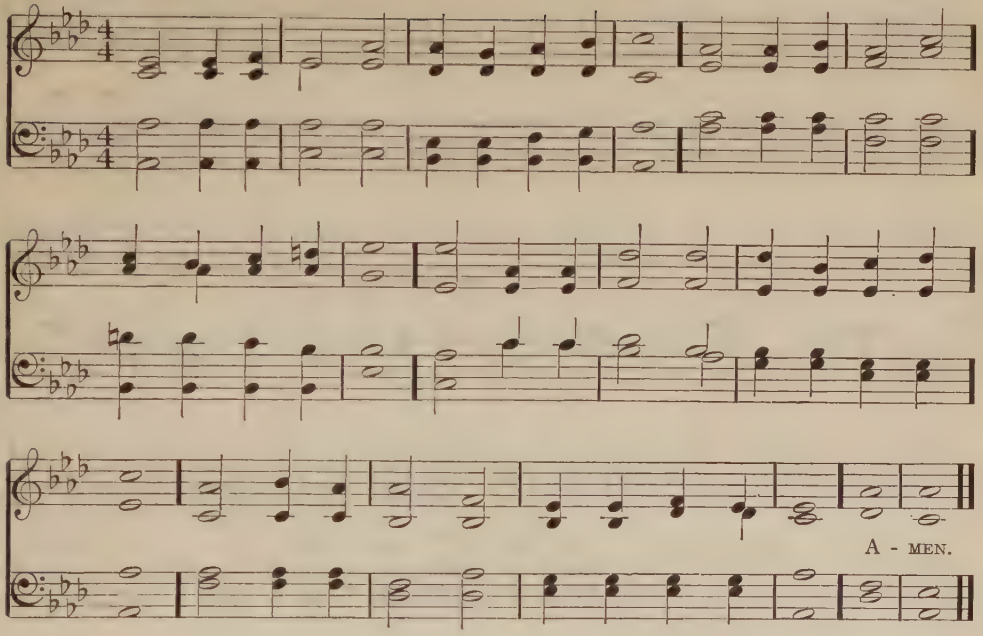
No sound of jarring strife is heard,
As weekly labors cease,
No voice, but those that sweetly sing
Sweet songs of peace.

For those who sing with saints below
Glad songs of heavenly love,
Shall sing, when songs on earth have ceased,
With saints above.

Accept, O God, our hymn of praise
That thou this day hast given,
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven.

GODFREY THRING, 1863.

ELLERS. 10.10.10.10. EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS, 1868.



Alternative Tune: Pax Dei.

106.

'Whom but Thee.'

Thou Life within my life, than self more near,
Thou veiléd Presence infinitely clear,
From all illusive shows of sense I flee,
To find my center and my rest in thee.

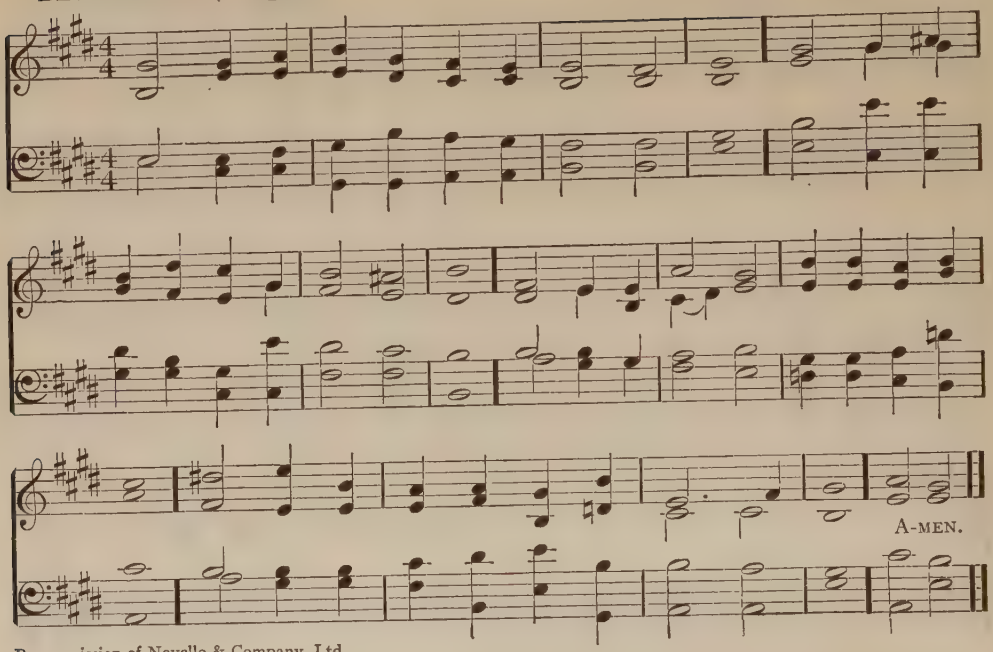
Below all depths thy saving mercy lies,
Through thickest glooms I see thy light arise;
Above the highest heavens thou art not found
More surely than within this earthly round.

Take part with me against these doubts that rise,
And seek to throne thee far in distant skies;
Take part with me against this self that dares
Assume the burden of these sins and cares.

How shall I call thee who art always here?
How shall I praise thee who art still most dear?
What may I give thee save what thou hast given,
And whom but thee have I in earth or heaven?

ELIZA SCUDDER, 1871.

BETHSAIDA (Longwood). 10.10.10.10. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1872.



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107.

The baptism of the Spirit.

Spirit of God, descend upon my heart;
Wean it from earth, thro' all its pulses move;
Stoop to my weakness, mighty as thou art,
And make me love thee as I ought to love.

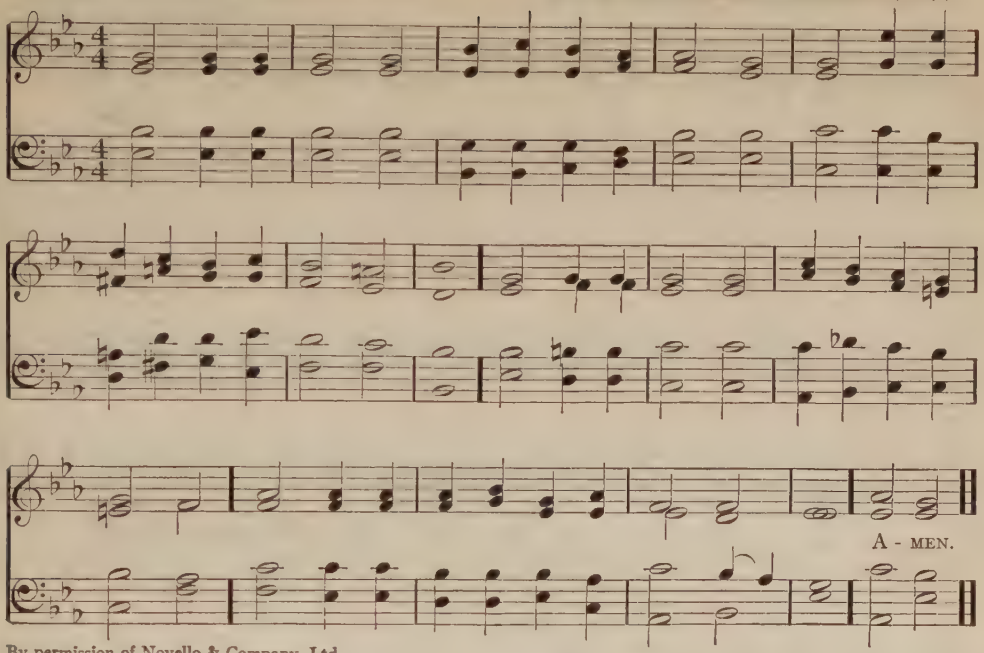
I ask no dream, no prophet-ecstasies;
No sudden rending of the veil of clay;
No angel-visitant, no opening skies;—
But take the dimness of my soul away.

Teach me to feel that thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

Teach me to love thee as thine angels love,
One holy passion filling all my frame;
The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,
My heart an altar, and thy love the flame.

GEORGE CROLY, 1854.

MARLBOROUGH. 11.10.11.10. Arr. by ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1874.



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Alternative Tune: Strength and Stay.

108.

'The Quest.'

I cannot find thee. Still on restless pinion
My spirit beats the void where thou dost dwell,
I wander lost through all thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath thy light ineffable.

I cannot find thee. E'en when most adoring,
Before thy throne I bend in lowliest prayer;
Beyond these bounds of thought my thought upsoaring
From farthest quest comes back: thou art not there.

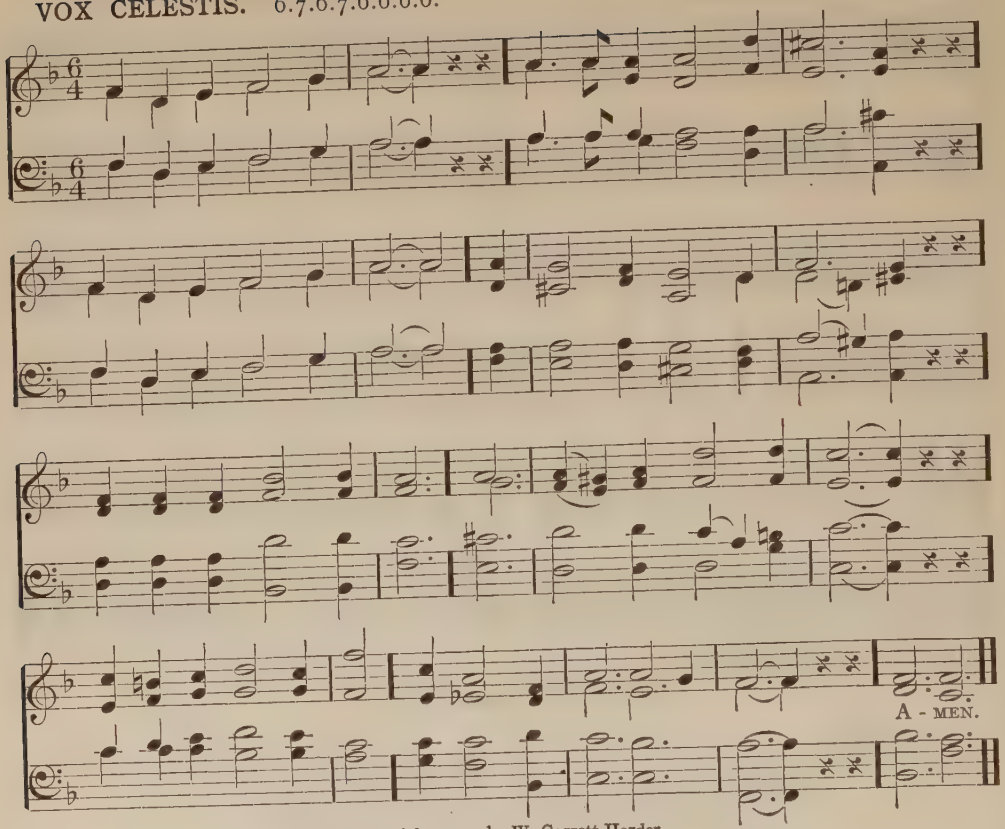
Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within the inmost heart,
And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
Thy splendor shineth: there, O God, thou art.

I cannot lose thee. Still in thee abiding,
The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam;
The hand that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,
And I must rest at last in thee, my home.

ELIZA SCUDDER, 1864.

VOX CELESTIS. 6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.

MYLES BIRKET FOSTER, 1905.



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Alternative Tune: Nun Danket.

'The inward witness of God.'

109.

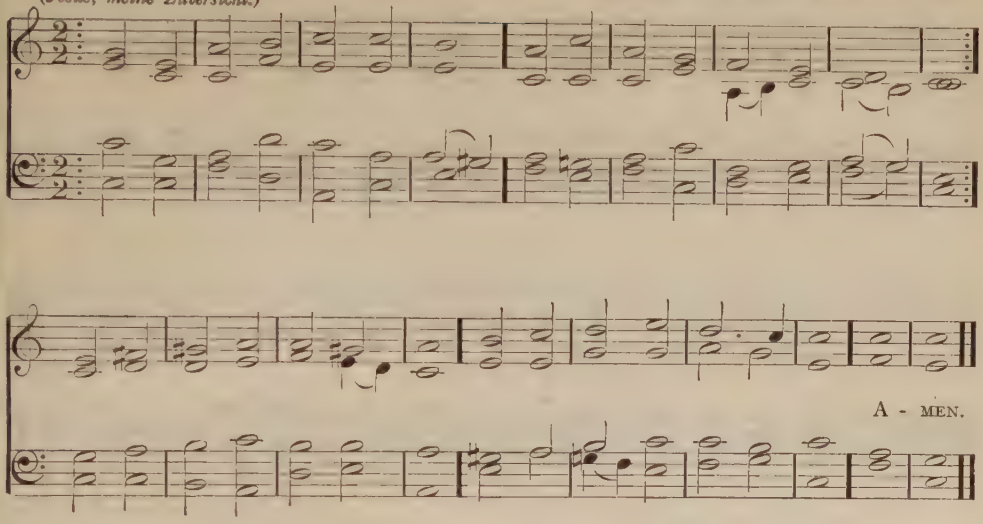
'Where is your God?' they say:
  Answer them, Lord most holy!
Reveal thy secret way
  Of visiting the lowly, —
Not wrapped in moving cloud,
  Or nightly-resting fire;
But veiled within the shroud
  Of silent, high desire.

Come not in flashing storm,
  Or bursting frown of thunder:
Come in the viewless form
  Of wakening love and wonder; —
In duty grown divine
  The restless spirit still:
In sorrows taught to shine
  As shadows of thy will.

O God, the pure alone,
  E'en in their deep confessing,
Can see thee as their own
  And find thy perfect blessing;
Yet to each waiting soul
  Speak in thy still, small voice,
Till broken love be whole,
  And saddened hearts rejoice.

JAMES MARTINEAU,* 1873.

BRANDENBURG. 7.8.7.8.7.7. JOHANN CRÜGER'S GEISTLICHE LIEDER, 1653.
(Jesus, meine Zuversicht.)



110.

Love of love, and Light of light.

Love of love, and Light of light,
Heavenly Father all maintaining;
Wisdom hid in highest height,
To thy creature fondly deigning;
Maker wonderful and just,
Thou hast called my heart to trust.

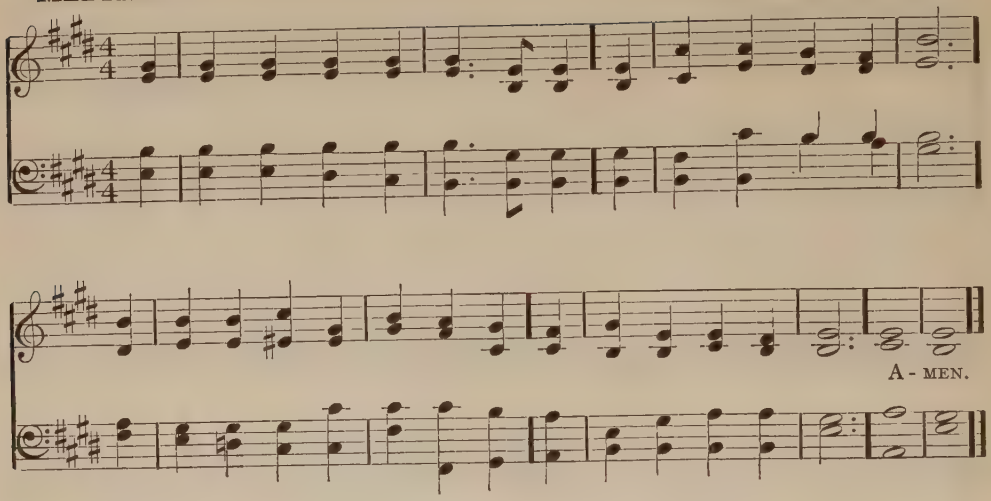
What are life's unnumbered cares,
Sorrow, torment, passing measure?
O'er my short-lived pains and fears
Surely ruleth thy good pleasure.
Boundless is thy love for me,
Boundless then my trust shall be.

Every burden weigheth light,
Since in thee my hope abideth;
Sweetly bright my darkest night,
While on thee my mind confideth.
Give thy gift, I thee implore,
Thee to trust forevermore.

Yattendon Hymnal, 1899.

MEDITATION. C. M.

JOHN HENRY GOWER, 1890.



III.

His Holy Place.

The Lord is in his Holy Place
In all things near and far;
Shekinah of the snow-flake, he,
And Glory of the star.

Our art may build its house of God,
Our feet on Sinai stand,
But Holiest of Holies knows
No tread, no touch of hand.

He hides himself within the love
Of those whom we love best;
The smiles and tones that make our homes
Are shrines by him possessed.

He tents within the lonely heart,
And shepherds every thought;
We find him not by seeking long, —
We lose him not, unsought.

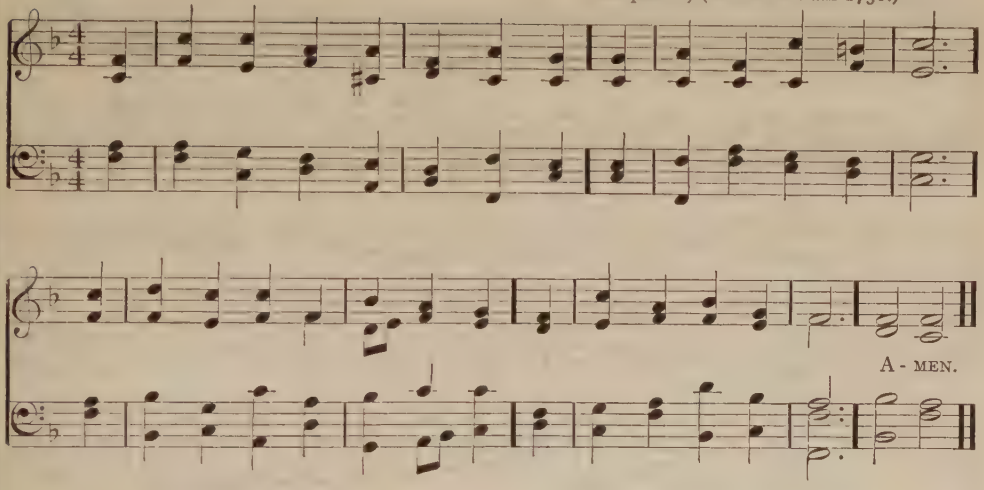
The listening soul makes Sinai still
Wherever we may be,
And in the vow, 'Thy will be done,'
Lies all Gethsemane.

O everywhere his Holy Place,
If love unseal the eyes,
And everywhere the waiting Face
To welcome and surprise!

WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT, 1873.

MEAR. C. M.

ANON. in A Collection of Psalm Tunes for Gosport, Hampshire, (not later than 1750.)



Alternative Tune: Meditation.

Alternative Tune: Spohr.

112.

The world is his garment.

Thy seamless robe conceals thee not
From earnest hearts and true:
The glory of thy perfectness
Shines all its texture through.

And on its flowing hem we read,
As thou dost linger near,
The message of a love more deep
Than any depth of fear.

And so no more our hearts shall plead
For miracle and sign;
Thine order and thy faithfulness
Are all in all divine.

These are thy revelations vast
From earliest days of yore;
These are our confidence and peace:
We cannot wish for more.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK, 1876.

113.

Psalm LXXXIV.

How lovely are thy dwellings fair!
O Lord of hosts, how dear
The pleasant tabernacles are
Where thou dost dwell so near!

My soul doth long and almost die
Thy courts, O Lord, to see;
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
O living God, for thee.

Happy who in thy house reside,
Where thee they ever praise;
Happy whose strength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways.

They journey on from strength to strength,
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Zion do appear.

JOHN MILTON, 1648.

TRISTITIA (St. Chrysostom). 8.8.8.8.8.8. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1871.

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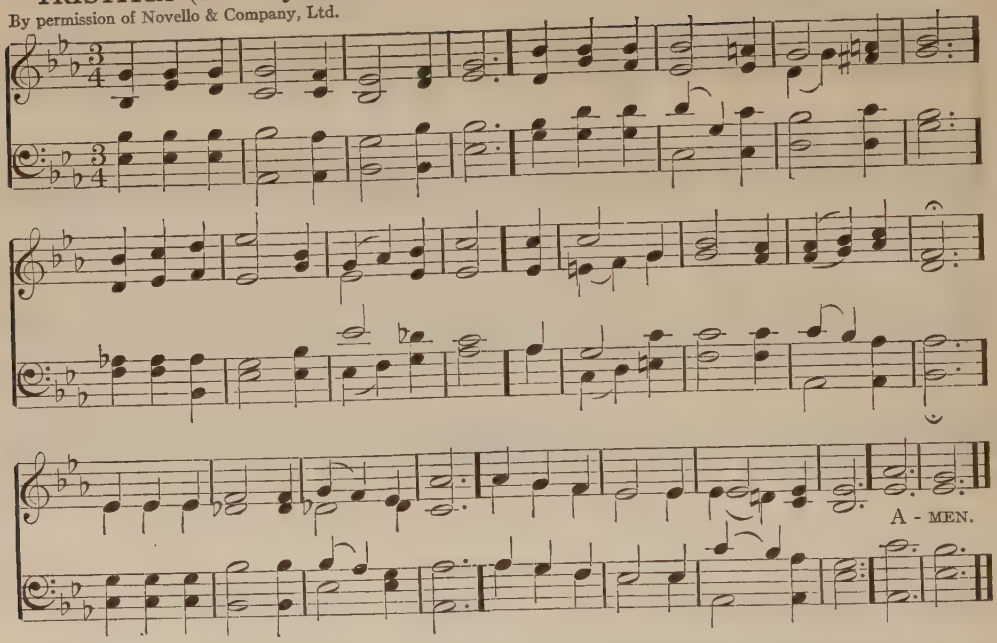


114.

Wrestling with God.

Come, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee;
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now resolved I am;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face,
I see thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

'T is Love! 't is Love, thou lovest me!
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal love thou art;
To me, to all, thy mercies move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1742. Adapted.

115.

Fountain of light.

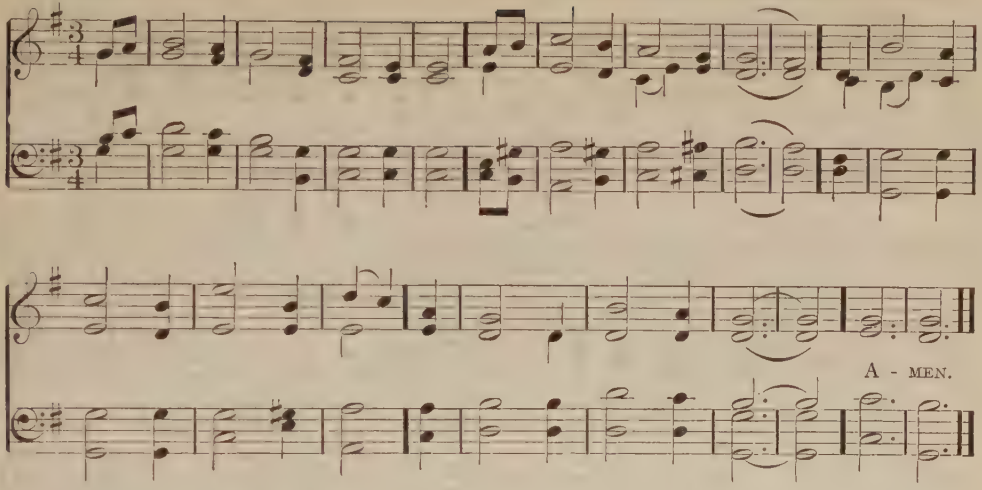
Fountain of light and living breath,
Whose mercies never fail or fade,
Fill me with life that hath no death,
Fill me with light that hath no shade;
Appoint the remnant of my days
To see thy power and sing thy praise.

When winter fortunes cloud the brows
Of summer friends, when eyes grow strange,
When plighted faith forgets its vows,
When earth and all things in it change,
Thy mercies, Lord, are ever sure,
Thy love shall evermore endure.

JOHN QUARLES, 1655. Arranged.

MANOAH. C. M.

Arr. from GIOACCHINO ANTONIO ROSSINI.



116.

'The Love of God.'

Thou Grace Divine, encircling all,
A shoreless, soundless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall, —
O love of God most free!

When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow, —
O love of God most wise!

And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace, —
O love of God most strong!

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control, —
O love of God most kind!

And, filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O love of God, to thee!

ELIZA SCUDDER, 1852.

117.

God's care.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1712.

LOVE DIVINE. 8.7.8.7. (First Tune)

JOHN STAINER, 1889.

118.

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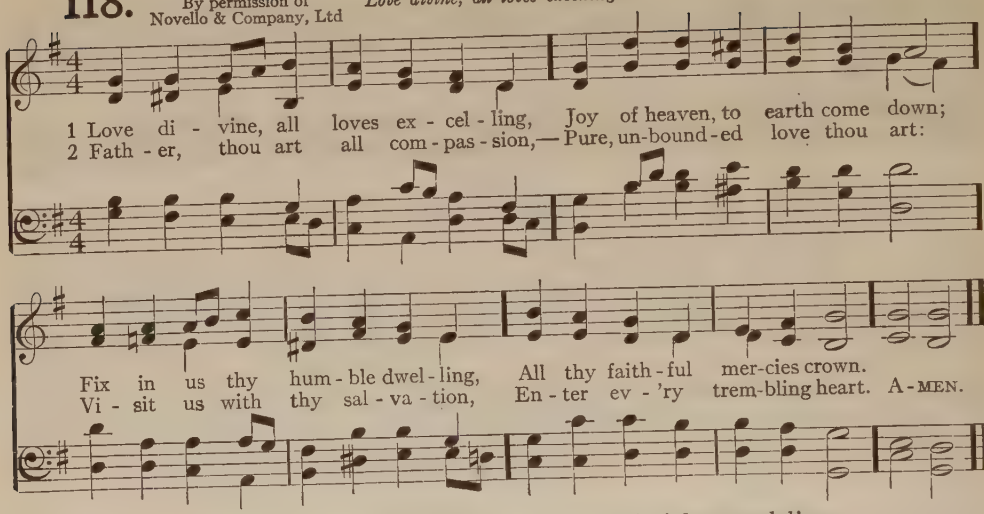
Love divine, all loves excelling.


1 Love di - vine, all loves ex - cel - ling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
2 Fath - er, thou art all com - pas - sion,— Pure, un-bound-ed love thou art:
Fix in us thy hum - ble dwel - ling, All thy faith - ful mer-cies crown.
Vi - sit us with thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem-bling heart. A - MEN.

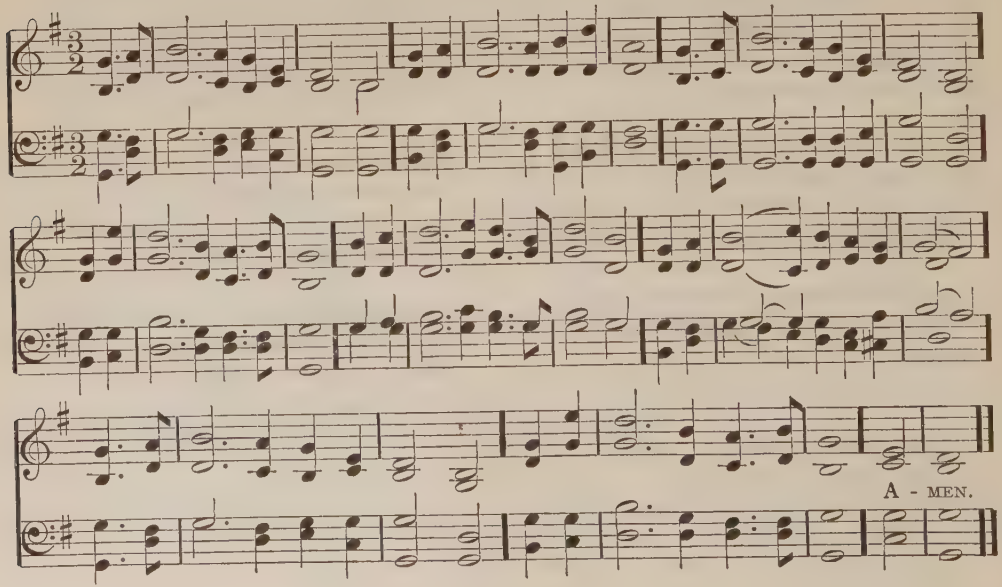
3 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.

4 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive:
Graciously return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.

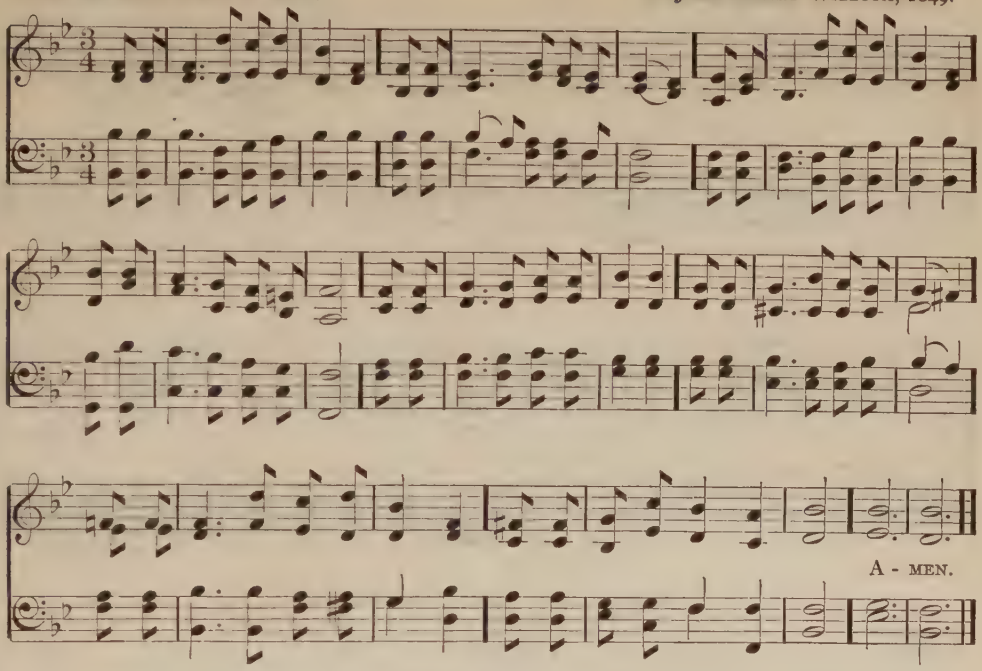
CHARLES WESLEY.*

AUTUMN. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7. (Second Tune)

LOUIS VON ESCH, c. 1810.
Arr. by GEORGE F. ROOT.



FABEN. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7. JOHN HENRY WILLCOX, 1849.



Alternative Tune: Autumn.

119.

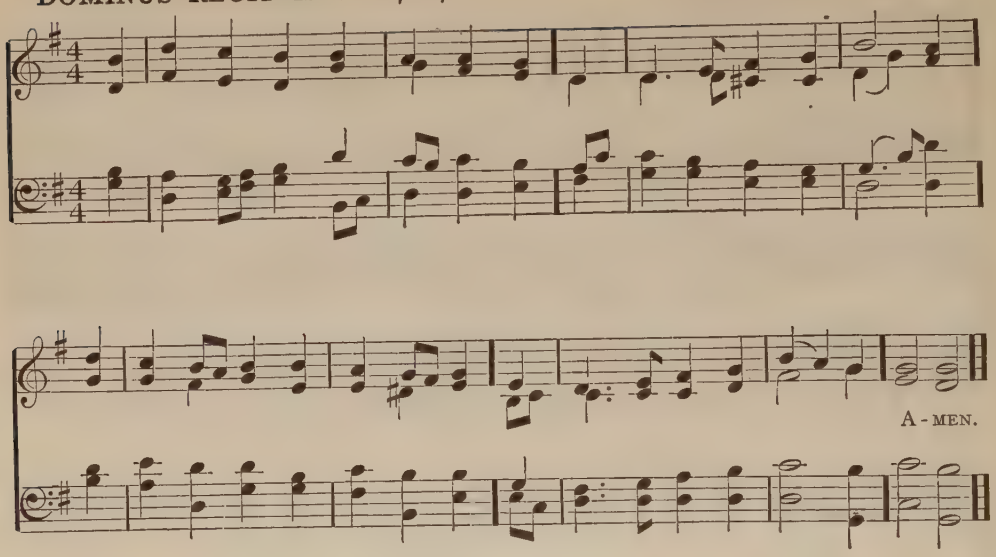
'O du allersüsste Freude.'

Holy Spirit, source of gladness,
Come with all thy radiance bright;
O'er our weariness and sadness
Breathe thy life and shed thy light!
Send us thine illumination,
Banish all our fears at length;
Rest upon this congregation,
Spirit of unfailing strength.

Let that love, which knows no measure,
Now in quickening showers descend,
Bringing us the richest treasure
Man can wish or God can send:
Hear our earnest supplication;
Every struggling heart release;
Rest upon this congregation,
Spirit of untroubled peace!

PAULUS GERHARDT, 1648. Trans. JOHN CHRISTIAN JACOBI.
Adapted by SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

DOMINUS REGIT ME. 8.7.8.7. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1868.



120.

Psalm XXIII.

The King of love my shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never:
I nothing lack if I am his,
And he is mine forever.

Where streams of living water flow
My wayward soul he leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me
And on his shoulder gently laid
And home rejoicing brought me.

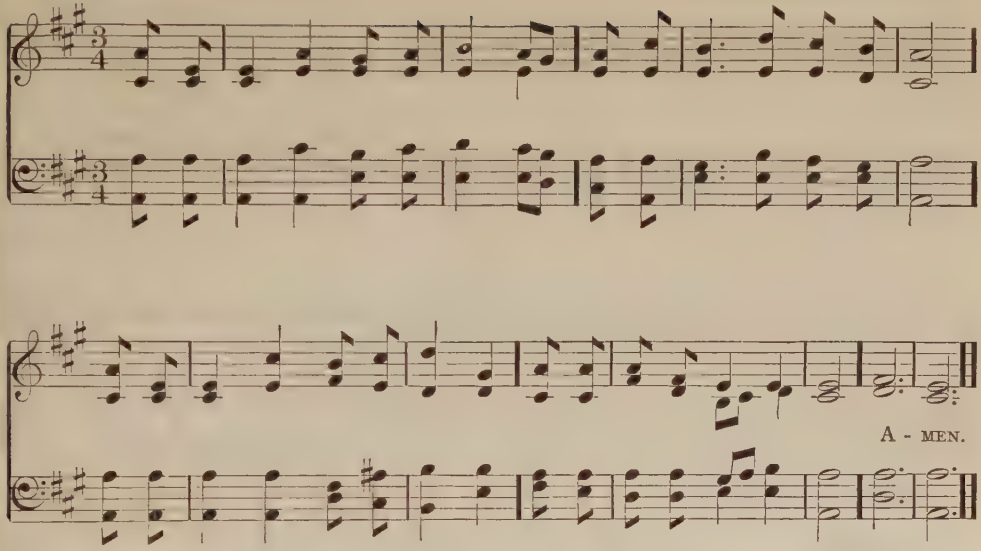
In death's dark vale, I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me,
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy light before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And O! what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house forever.

HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER,* 1868.

STOCKWELL. 8.7.8.7. DARIUS ELIOT JONES, 1851.



121. *God is wisdom, God is love.*

God is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever,
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the mist his brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

122. *For strength, not ease.*

Father, hear the prayer we offer:
Not for ease that prayer shall be;
But for strength, that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

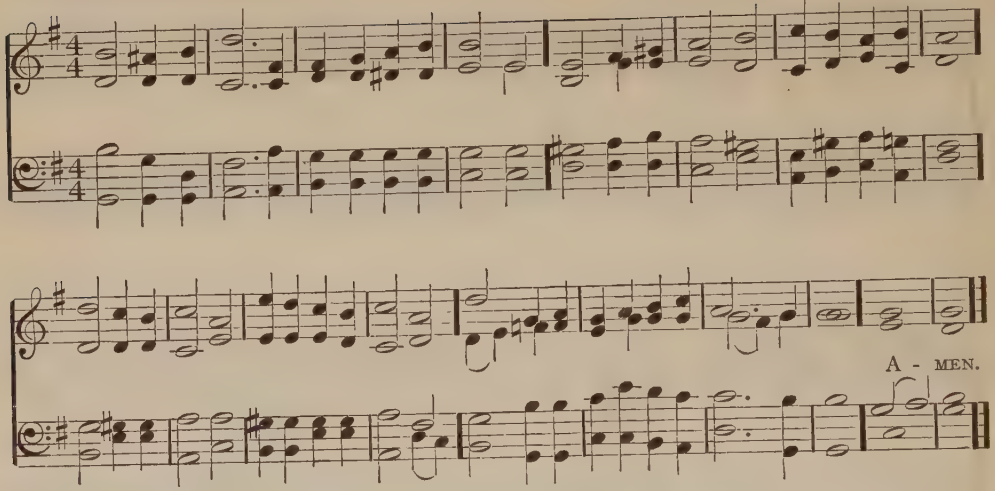
Not forever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be;
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

Not forever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness;
In our wanderings, be our guide;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side!

LOVE MARIA WILLIS,* 1859.

VENTNOR. 11.10.11.10. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1883.



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123.

When I awake, I am still with thee.

Still, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.

Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

Still, still with thee; as to each new-born morning
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness, awaking,
Breathe, each day, nearness unto thee and heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee:
O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with thee.

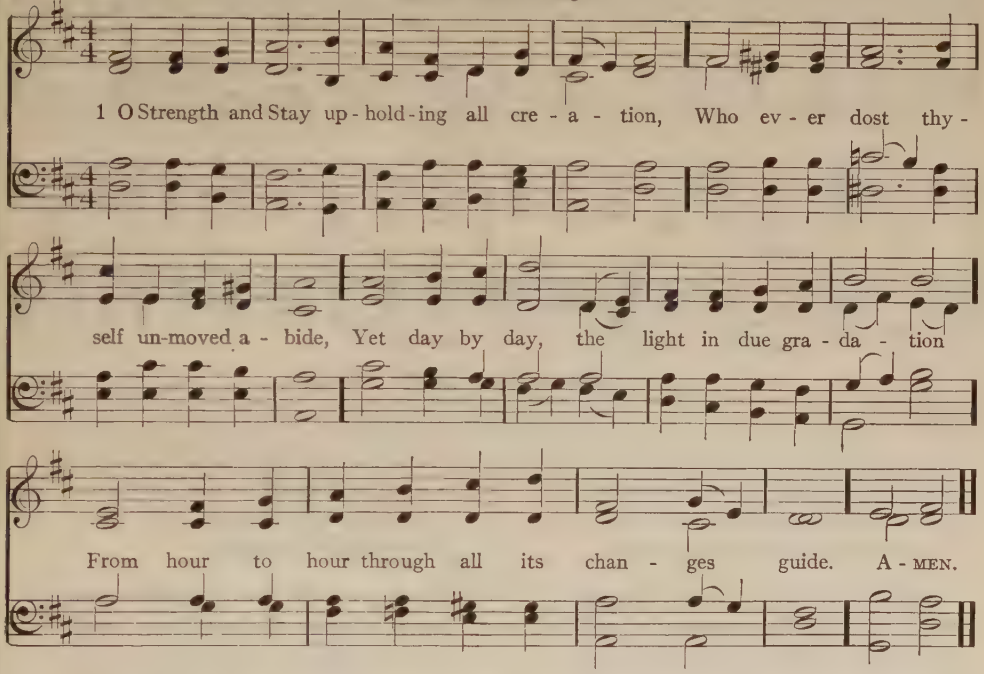
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, 1855.

STRENGTH AND STAY. 11.10.11.10. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1875.

124.

Alternative Tune: Dawn.

'Rerum Deus tenax vigor.'


1 O Strength and Stay up-hold-ing all cre-a-tion, Who ev-er dost thy-
self un-moved a-bide, Yet day by day, the light in due gra-da-tion
From hour to hour through all its chan-ges guide. A-MEN.

2 Grant to life's day a calm, unclouded ending,
An eve untouched by shadows of decay,
The brightness of a holy death-bed blending
With dawning glories of the eternal day.

AMBROSE OF MILAN, 4th cent. Trans. JOHN ELLERTON and FENTON JOHN ANTHONY HORT.

125.

'Ecce jam noctis tenuatur umbra.'

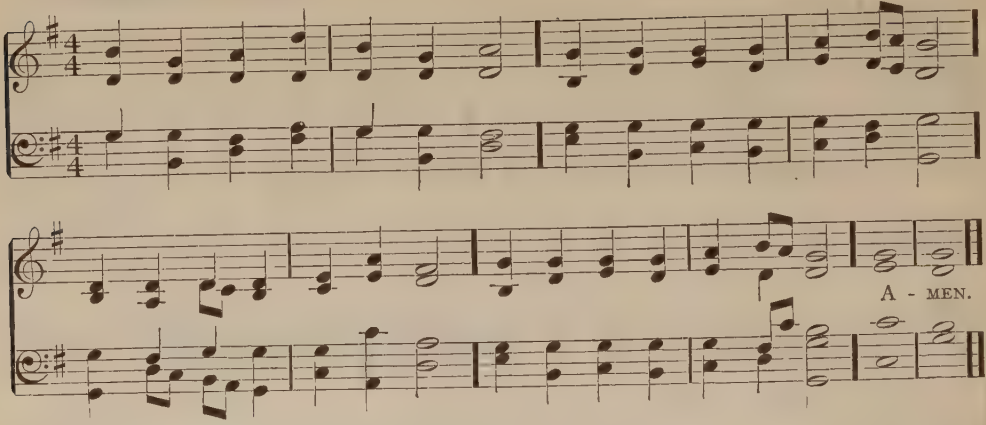
Now, when the dusky shades of night retreating
Before the sun's red banner swiftly flee;
Now, when the terrors of the dark are fleeting,
O Lord, we lift our grateful hearts to thee, —

To thee, whose word, the fount of life unsealing,
When hill and dale in thickest darkness lay,
Awoke bright rays across the dim earth stealing,
And bade the eve and morn complete the day.

Look from the height of heaven, and send to cheer us
Thy light and truth, and guide us onward still;
Still let thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
And lead us safely to thy holy hill.

Freely trans. from GREGORY THE GREAT, in Hymns for the Church of Christ,* 1853.

NUREMBERG. 7·7·7·7. (First Tune) JOHANN RUDOLF AHLE, 1664.



126.

'Morning.'

In the morning I will pray
For God's blessing on the day;
What this day shall be my lot,
Light or darkness, know I not.

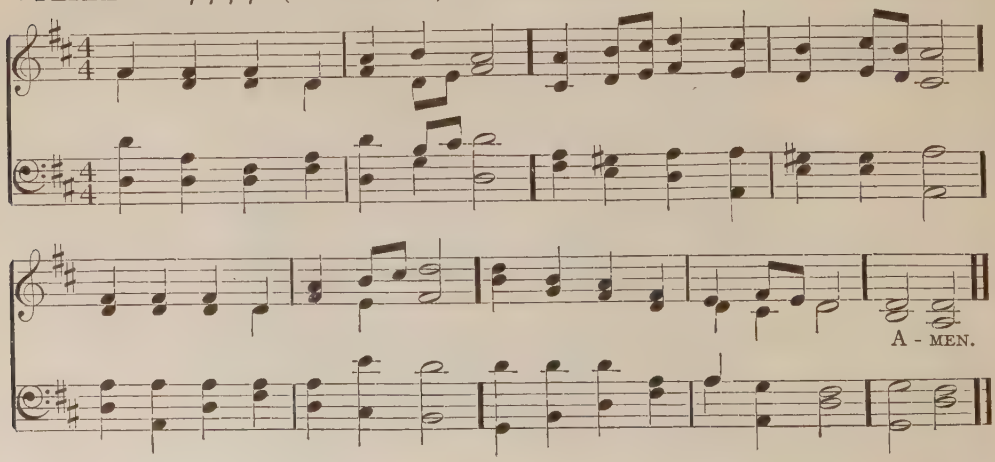
Should it be with clouds o'ercast,
Clouds of sorrow gathering fast,
Thou, who givest light divine,
Shine within me, Lord, O shine!

Show me, if I tempted be,
Needed strength to find in thee,
And a perfect triumph win
Over every bosom sin.

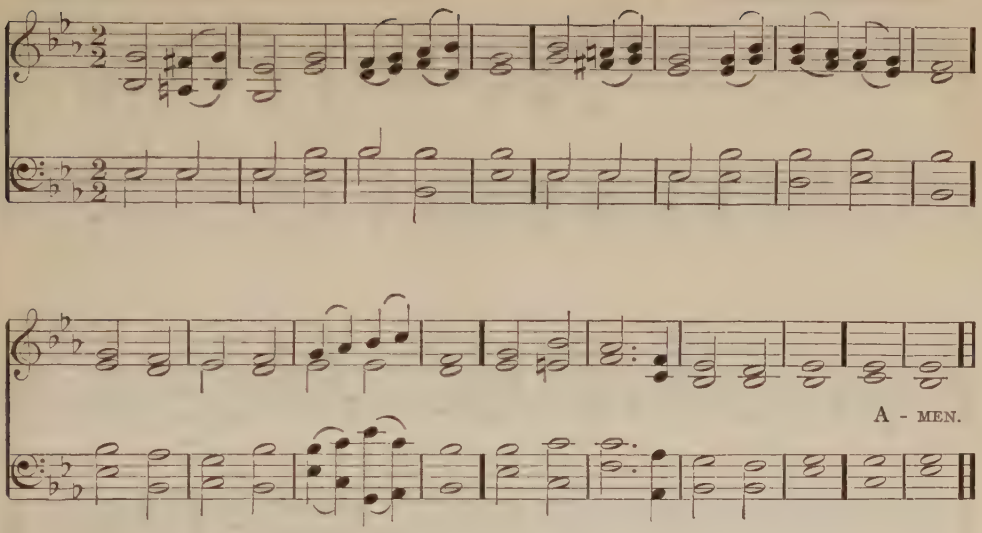
Keep my feet from hidden snares,
And my eyes, O God, from tears;
Every step thy grace attend,
And my soul from death defend.

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS, 1840.

FERRIER. 7·7·7·7. (Second Tune) JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.



HOLLEY. 7·7·7·7. GEORGE HEWS, 1835.



Alternative Tune: Chatham.

Alternative Tune: Ferrier.

127.

Communion at eventide.

Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away:
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

Soon for me the light of day
Shall forever pass away,
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, 1824.

128.

'Evening.'

Slowly, by thy hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness; O how still
Is the working of thy will!

Mighty Maker, ever nigh,
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

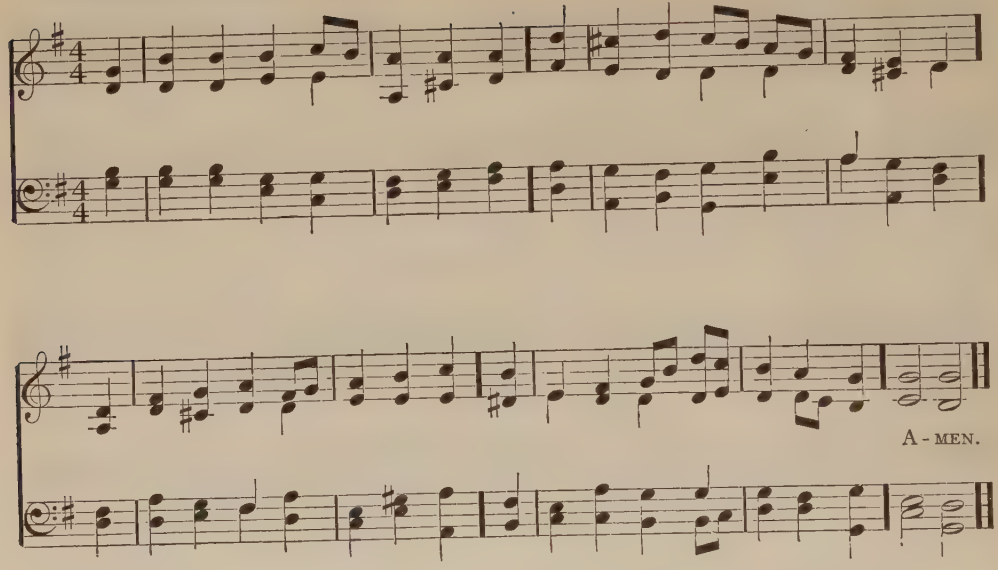
Living worlds to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires.

Holy truth, eternal right,
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine, serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS, 1823.

MORNING HYMN. L. M.

FRANÇOIS HIPPOLITE BARTHÉLÉMON, 1791.



129. *'A Morning Hymn.'*

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run,
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Shine on me, Lord! new life impart,
Fresh ardors kindle in my heart:
One ray of thine all-quickening light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say, —
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew:
Disperse my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

THOMAS KEN, 1695.

130. *Lord God of morning.*

Lord God of morning and of night,
We thank thee for thy grace of light;
As in the dawn the shadows fly,
Thy presence shines on us more nigh.

Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart,
Fresh force to take the loftier part;
Thy slumber-balms our strength restore,
Throughout the day to serve thee more.

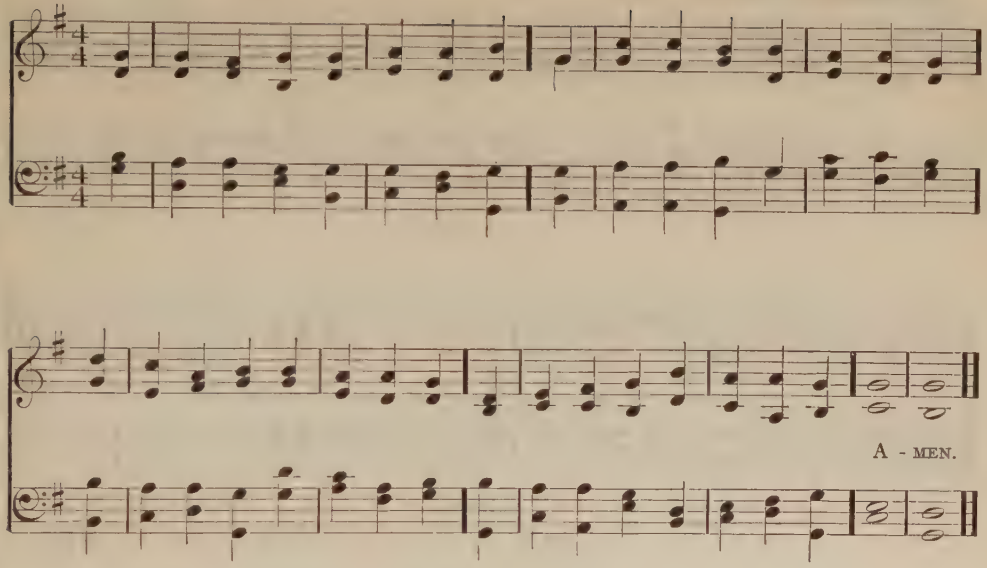
Yet whilst thy will we would pursue,
Oft what we would we cannot do;
The sun may stand in zenith skies,
But on the soul thick midnight lies.

O Lord of lights, 't is thou alone
Canst make our darkened hearts thine own.
Though this new day with joy we see,
Great dawn of God, we cry for thee.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE, 1860.

TALLIS'S CANON. L. M.

THOMAS TALLIS, 1560.



131.

An evening hymn.

All praise to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thought supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
That with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

O may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

THOMAS KEN, 1693.

132.

Giver of all.

O Father, thou who givest all
The bounty of thy perfect love,
We thank thee that upon us fall
Such tender blessings from above.

We thank thee for the grace of home,
For mother's love and father's care;
For friends and teachers — all who come
Our joys and hopes and fears to share.

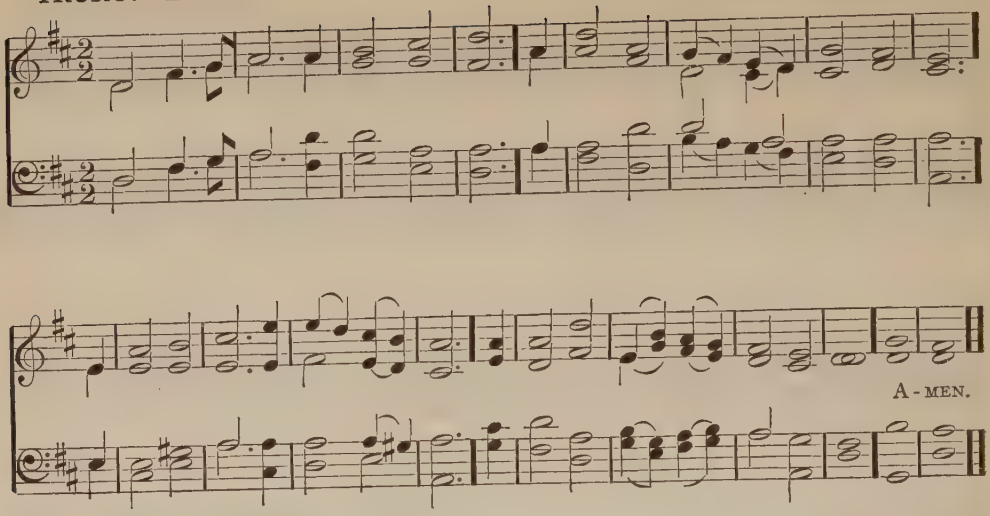
For eyes to see and ears to hear,
For hands to serve and arms to lift,
For shoulders broad and strong to bear,
For feet to run on errands swift.

For faith to conquer doubt and fear,
For love to answer every call,
For strength to do, and will to dare,
We thank thee, O thou Lord of all.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

TRURO. L. M.

CHARLES BURNEY, 1789.



133. *'A Morning Hymn.'*

God of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies, —

O, like the sun may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way!

Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes,
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss:
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

134. *'The Christian Race.'*

Awake, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone!
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on!

True, 't is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint, —

The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

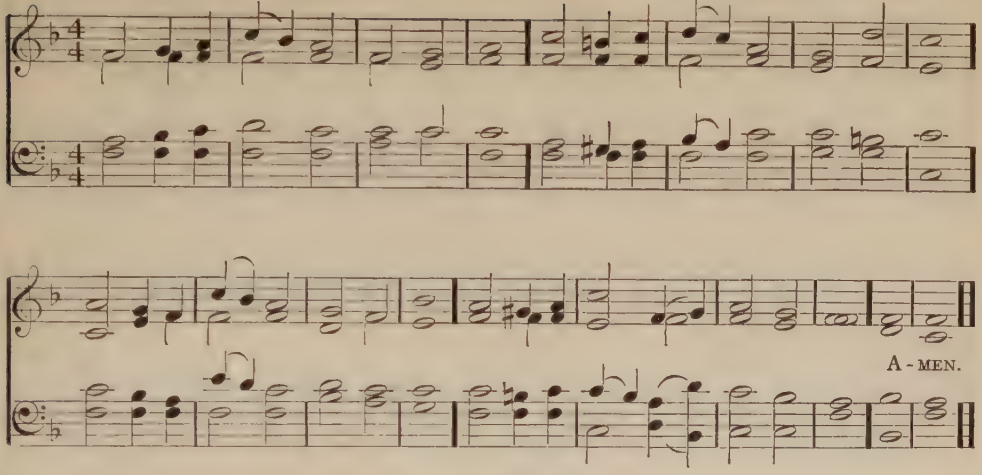
From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

HUMILITY. L. M.

SAMUEL PARKMAN TUCKERMAN, 1848.



135.

New every morning.

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see:
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask, —
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

JOHN KEBLE, 1822.

136.

An evening prayer.

Our Father, God of life and light,
Ere evening's hour hath ebbed away,
Before thy throne of grace to-night
We offer up this closing day.

We bring thee all this day hath brought,
Its storm and sunshine, joy and pain;
Its every word and deed and thought;
Its hope and fear, its loss and gain.

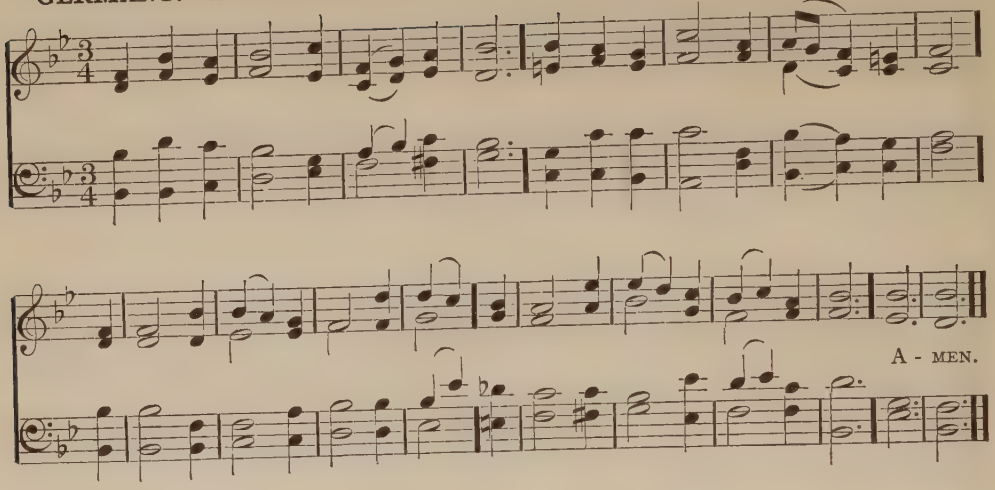
We lay before thy pitying gaze
Its joys to bless, its wounds to cure;
We bring it all to speak thy praise,
To tell of thy compassion sure.

On eyes that weep, on hearts that bleed,
May all thy richest blessings fall!
We ask thy help for all in need,
And, asking this, we pray for all.

M. L. B.*

GERMANY. L. M.

Ascribed to LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.



137.

'Lux ecce surgit aurea.'

Now with creation's morning song
Let us, as children of the day,
With wakened heart and purpose strong,
The works of darkness cast away.

O may the morn so pure, so clear,
Its own sweet calm in us instil!
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,
Simplicity of word and will.

And ever, as the day glides by,
May we the busy senses rein;
Keep guard upon the hand and eye,
Nor let the conscience suffer stain.

Grant us, O God, in love to thee,
Clear eyes to measure things below;
Faith, the invisible to see;
And wisdom, thee in all to know.

AURELIUS CLEMENS PRUDENTIUS. 5th cent.
Trans. EDWARD CASWALL, 1849.
Adapted by SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864.

138.

'Vesper Hymn.'

Again, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

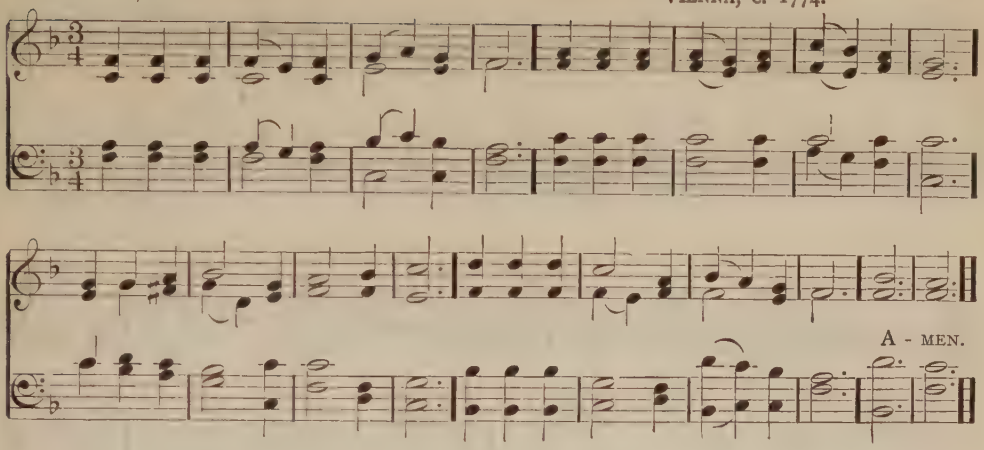
O God, our Light, to thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But, in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer forever dwell.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1860.

HURSLEY. L. M.

Adapted from KATHOLISCHES GESANGBUCH, VIENNA, c. 1774.



139.

'Evening.'

'T is gone, that bright and orbéd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

Sun of my soul, forever dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

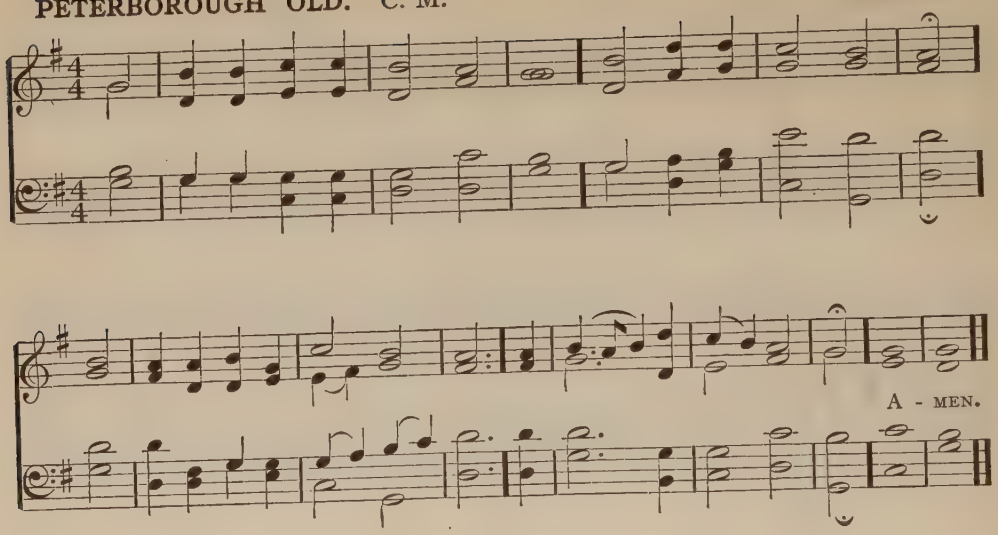
Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

JOHN KEBLE,* 1827.

PETERBOROUGH OLD. C. M.

RALPH HARRISON, 1786.



140. *When I awake, I am with thee.*

O Lord of life, thy quickening voice
Awakes my morning song;
In gladsome words I would rejoice
That I to thee belong.

I see thy light, I feel thy wind,
The world it is thy word;
Whatever wakes my heart and mind
Thy presence is, my Lord.

Therefore I choose my highest part,
And turn my face to thee;
Therefore I stir my inmost heart
To worship fervently.

Within my heart, speak, Lord, speak on,
My heart alive to keep
Till comes the night, and, labor done,
In thee I fall asleep.

GEORGE MACDONALD, 1860.

141. *'Evening Prayer.'*

As darker, darker, fall around
The shadows of the night,
We gather here, with hymn and prayer,
To seek the Eternal Light.

Father in heaven, to thee are known
Our many hopes and fears,
Our heavy weight of mortal toil,
Our bitterness of tears.

We pray thee for our absent ones,
Who have been with us here;
And in our secret heart we name
The distant and the dear.

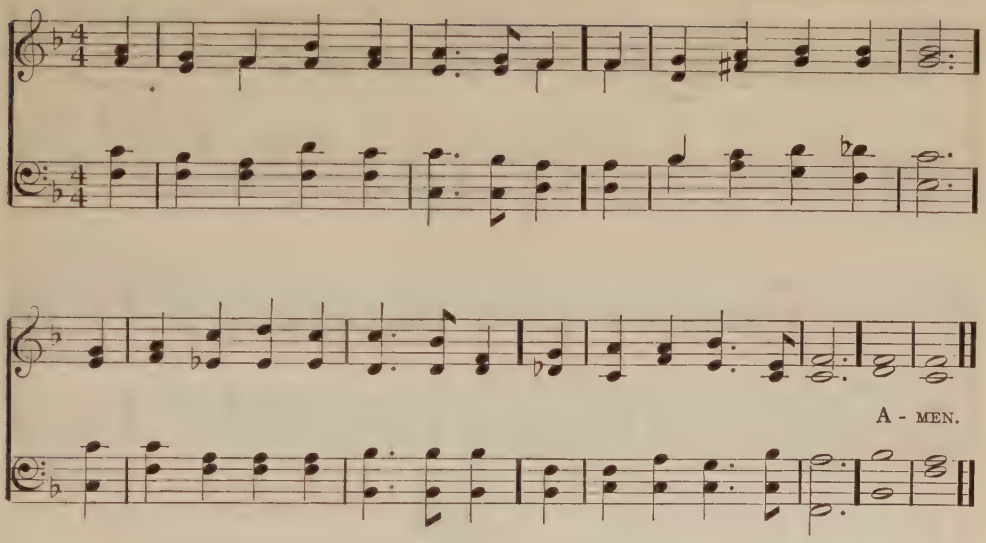
For weary eyes, and aching hearts,
And feet that from thee rove,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the fallen,
We pray thee, God of love.

We bring to thee our hopes and fears,
And at thy footstool lay;
And, Father, thou who lovest all
Wilt hear us as we pray.

Hymns of the Spirit, 1864.

DALEHURST. C. M.

ARTHUR COTTMAN, 1872.



142.

The day that is past.

While sinks our land to realms of night,
And twilight skies grow dim,
We raise again with joyful hearts
Our parting evening hymn.

We bless thee for the warm, rich glow
Of this our hallowed day,
And for the love that year by year
Shines o'er our onward way.

And now, O Father, from on high
List to our evening prayer,
Shed o'er our hearts a blissful calm,
And keep us in thy care.

JANET STEEL PATTINSON.

143.

'Evening hymn.'

The evening winds begin to blow,
The shadows now grow long;
But still we linger, ere we go,
To sing our latest song.

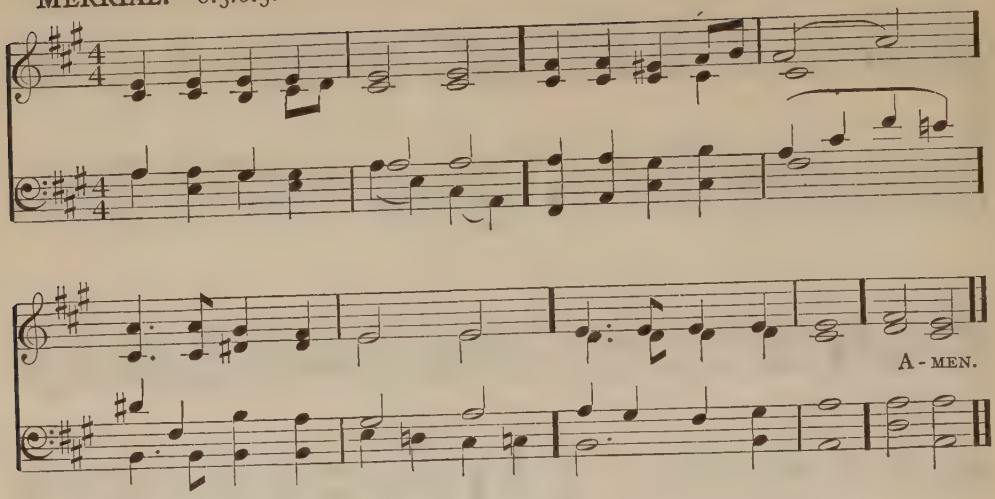
Sing praise to God for sun and shade,
For summer's smiles and tears,
For all the blessings he has laid,
Upon our teeming years.

Sing to each other truer love,
Affection's kindly glow,
The tenderness of God above
In human hearts below.

E'en as the dews now gently fall,
So, smiling on the day,
May God at eve upon us all
His benediction lay.

JOHN DAVIS LONG.

MERRIAL. 6.5.6.5. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.



144. *Through the long night-watches.*

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Father, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer,
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

Through the long night-watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

SABINE BARING-GOULD,* 1865.

145. *'The Silent Hour.'*

As the storm retreating
Leaves the vales in peace,
Let the world's vain noises
O'er our spirits cease.

Sounds of wrath and striving,
Man with man at war,
Hearts with heaven contending,
Hear we now no more.

Now the hours of stillness
Wondrous visions show;
Heaven unfolds before us,
Angels come and go.

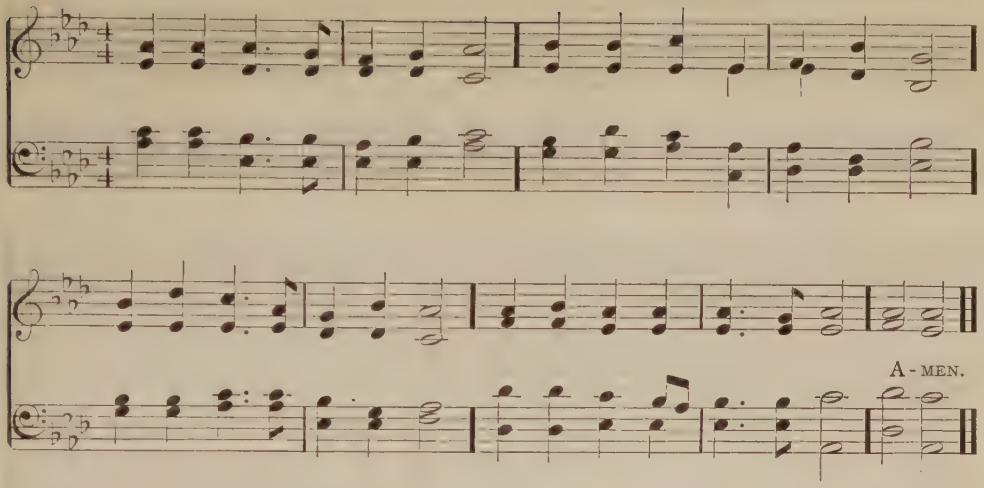
Holy human faces
From earth's shadows free
Look with love upon us,
Bid us patient be.

Almost we discern them,
Almost read their smile,
Almost hear them saying:
'Wait a little while.'

Thus in hours of stillness
Faith to heaven shall rise,
Till death's last, deep silence
Quite unseals our eyes.

THEODORE CHICKERING WILLIAMS, 1887.

ST. BEES. 7·7·7·7. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1862.



146.

God has turned my night to day.

Now the wings of day are furled
And the earth has gone to rest:
Take me, Shepherd of the world,
Home to sleep upon thy breast.

All the night from dream to dream,
Keep my spirit pure and bright,
Fill the darkness with the stream
Of thine everlasting light.

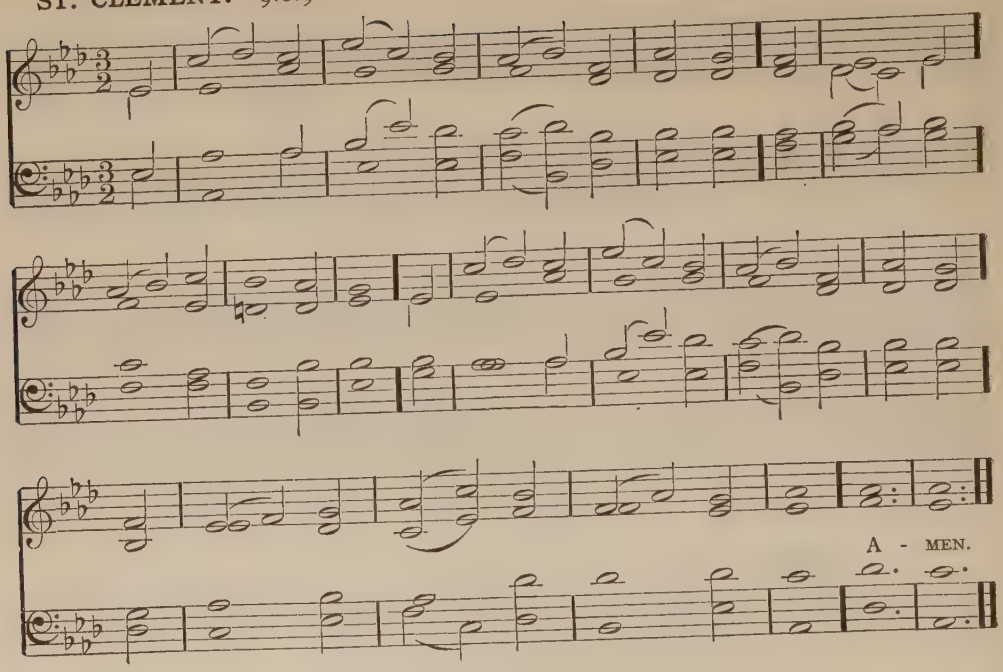
If I waken, calm and fair
Be the thoughts that in me rise,
And thy presence in the air
Make my heart a paradise;

But if trouble in my heart,
Or fierce pain me restless keep,
Then to me thy peace impart,
Give me, thy belovéd, sleep.

So, when morning with his wing
Wakens me to work and play,
I may rise with joy and sing:
'God has turned my night to day.'

STOPFORD AUGUSTUS BROOKE.

ST. CLEMENT. 9.8.9.8. CLEMENT COTTERILL SCHOLEFIELD, 1874.



147.

The earth's ceaseless praise.

The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at thy behest;
To thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall hallow now our rest.

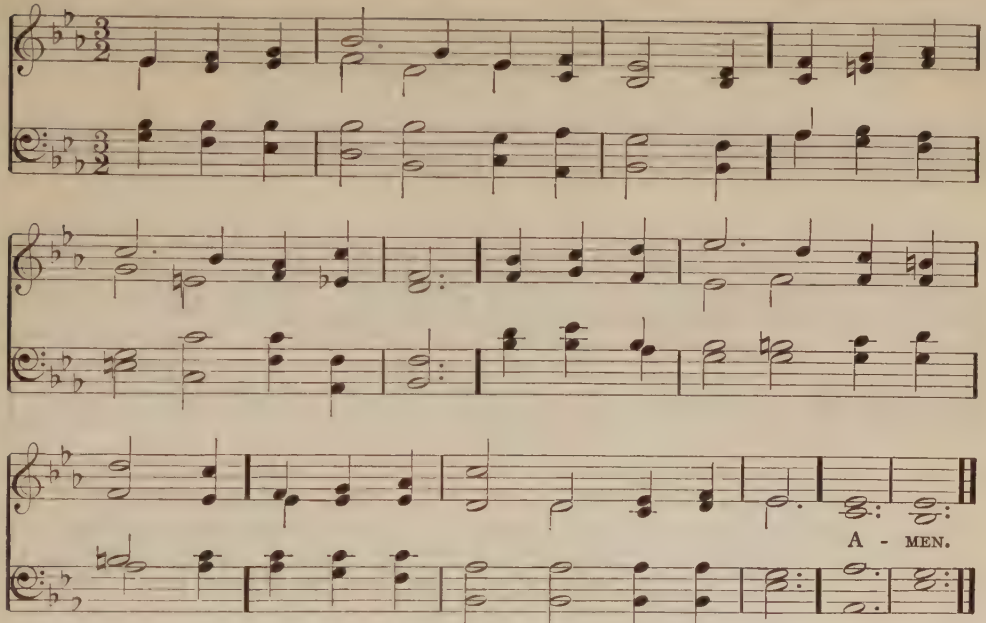
The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands and grows forever,
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.

JOHN ELLERTON * 1870.

AFTERNOON. 9.8.9.8. JOSEPH BARNBY.



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148. *The Unfailing Light.*

O Thou who turnest into morning
The shadows of the passing night,
Again to conscious life returning,
We bless thee for the new-born light.

Grant us that light, to all unfailing
Who seek to do thy perfect will,
That we, o'er doubt and fear prevailing,
May trust thy good above all ill;

That we may offer thee thanksgiving
Beyond our prayers and songs that rise,
In greater faithfulness of living,
In deeper love through sacrifice.

LOUISA PUTNAM LORING.
1902.

149. *'The Miracle Unbroken.'*

Now while the day in trailing splendor
Gives way to glories of the night,
Thanksgiving to thy name we render,
O Lord of darkness and of light!

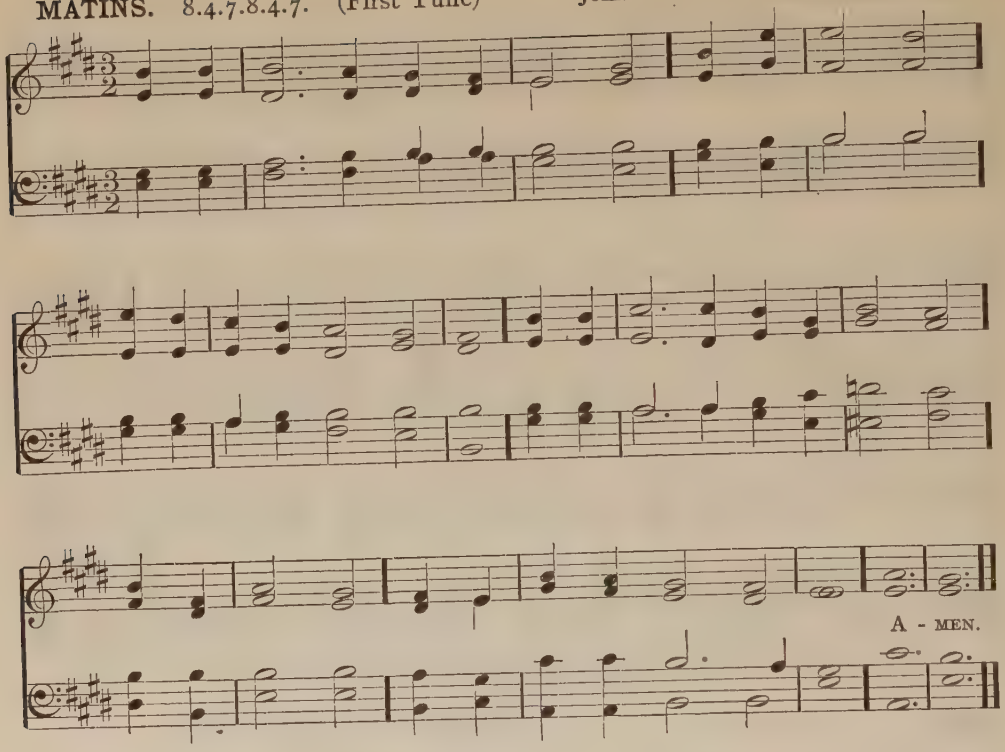
Daily from thee we have our being,
In all this wondrous order set;
Thine omnipresence blinds our seeing,
And in thy gifts we thee forget.

Touch thou our eyes, their blindness healing,
Until the common earth and air
To our illumined sight and feeling
Thy glory and thyself declare.

Till storied marvel, sign and token,
All pale before the nearer thought
Of the vast miracle unbroken
From hour to hour around us wrought.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER.
1902.

MATINS. 8.4.7.8.4.7. (First Tune) JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH HODGES, 1891.



150.

'Seele du musst munter werden.'

Come, my soul, thou must be waking,
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day;
Come to him who made this splendor
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.

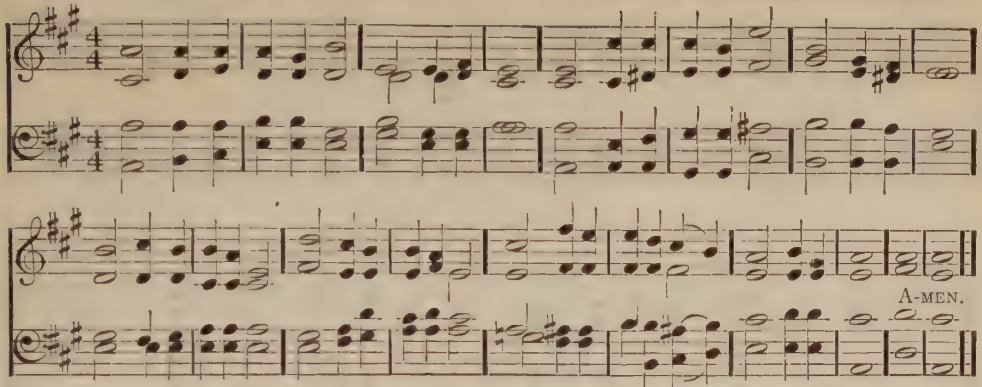
Gladly hail the sun returning;
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers;
For the night is safely ended:
God hath tended
With his care thy helpless hours.

Pray that he may prosper ever
Each endeavor
When thine aim is good and true;
But that he may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou wouldest ill pursue.

Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But his Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

FRIEDRICH RUDOLPH LUDWIG VON CANITZ, 1700.
Trans. HENRY JAMES BUCKOLL, 1841.*

ST. EDMUND. 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1872.



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151.

Father above!

Softly the silent night
Falleth from God,
On weary wanderers
Over life's road;
And as the stars on high
Light up the darkening sky,
Lord, unto thee we cry, —
Father above!

Slowly on failing wing
Daylight has passed:
Sleep, like an angel kind,
Folds us at last.

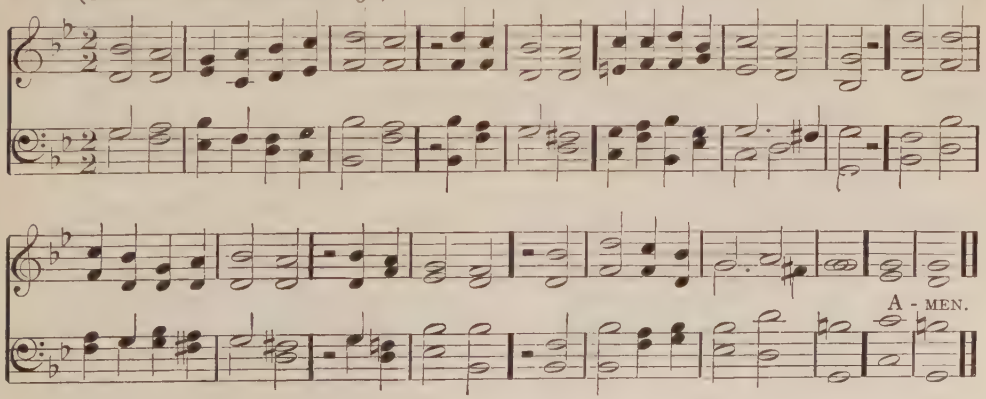
Peace be our lot this night,
Safe be our slumber light,
Watched by thine angels bright,
Father above!

And when the gleam of morn
Touches our eyes,
And the returning day
Bids us arise, —
Happy beneath thy will,
Steadfast in joy or ill,
Lord, may we serve thee still,
Father above!

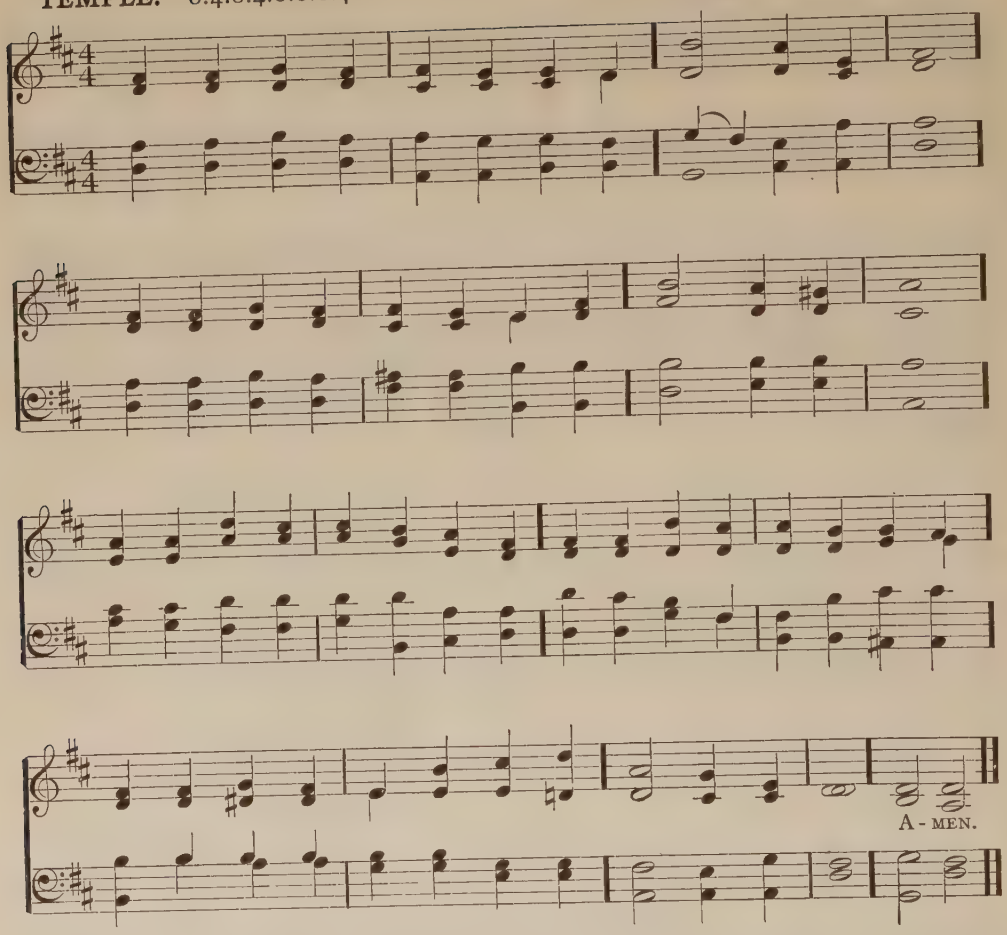
AMBROSE NICHOLS BLATCHFORD, 1875.

OLD 38th. 8.4.7.8.4.7. GENEVAN PSALTER, 1542.

(Second Tune for No. 150)



TEMPLE. 8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4. EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS, 1867.



152.

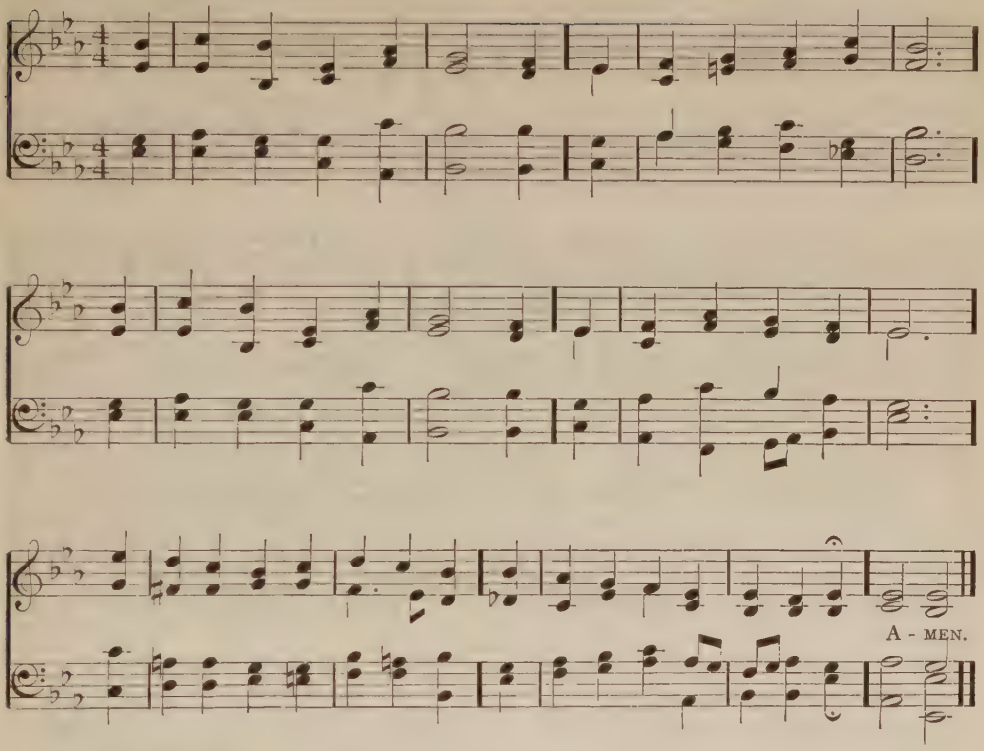
He shall give his angels charge over thee.

God that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night, —
May thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

When the constant sun returning
Unseals our eyes,
May we, reborn like the morning,
To labor rise;
Gird us for the tasks that call us,
Let not ease and self enthrall us,
Strong through thee whate'er befall us,
O God most wise!

First Stanza by REGINALD HEBER, 1827.
Second Stanza by FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1912.

ST. ANATOLIUS. 7.6.7.6.8.8. ARTHUR HENRY BROWN, 1862.



153.

Τὴν ἡμέραν διελθών

The day is past and over:
All thanks, O Lord, to thee!
I pray thee that offenseless
The hours of dark may be.
O Father, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night!

The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to thee;
And call on thee that sinless
The hours of gloom may be.
O Father, make their darkness light,
And guard me through the coming night!

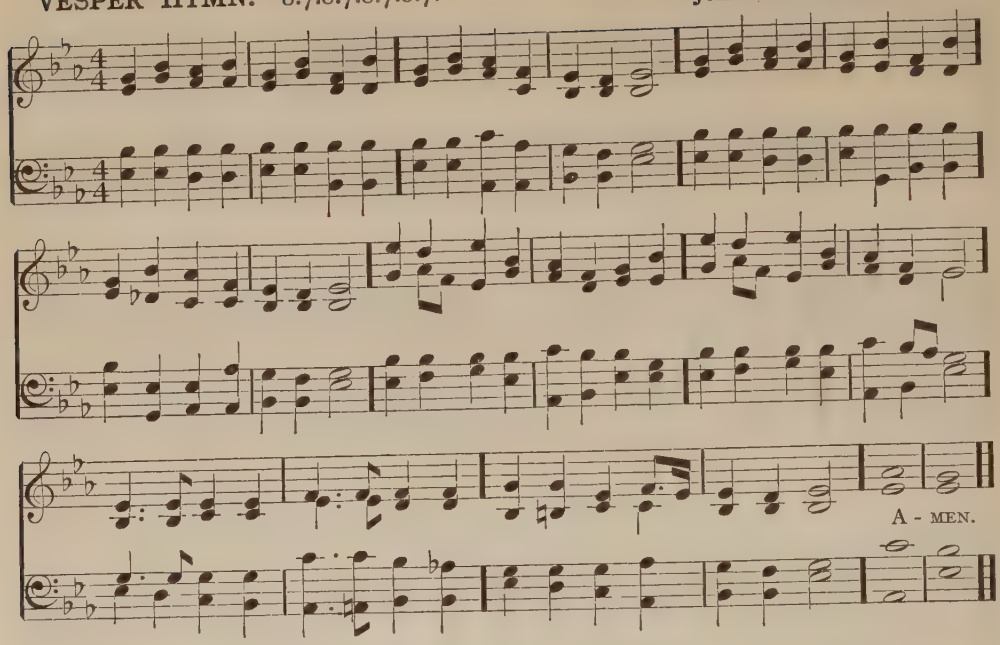
The toils of day are over;
I raise the hymn to thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be;
O Father, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night!

Be thou my soul's Preserver,
O God! for thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
O loving Father, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

ANON. 6th Century Greek.
Trans. JOHN MASON NEALE.* 1853.

VESPER HYMN. 8.7.8.7.8.7.

ANON. Arr. by
JOHN A. STEVENSON, 1818.



154. *'A Vesper Hymn.'*

Now, on land and sea descending,
Brings the night its peace profound;
Let our vesper hymn be blending
With the holy calm around.
Soon as dies the sunset glory,
Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story, —
Their Creator's changeless love.

Now, our wants and burdens leaving
To his care who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving;
At his touch our burdens fall.
As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo! eternal stars arise;
Hope and faith and love rise glorious,
Shining in the spirit's skies.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1848.

155. *A prayer in darkness.*

When the light of day is waning,
When the night is dark and drear,
God of Love, in stillness reigning,
Teach me to believe thee near.
When my heart is faint and drooping,
When my faith is dead and cold,
Kindly to my weakness stooping,
Draw me upwards, as of old, —

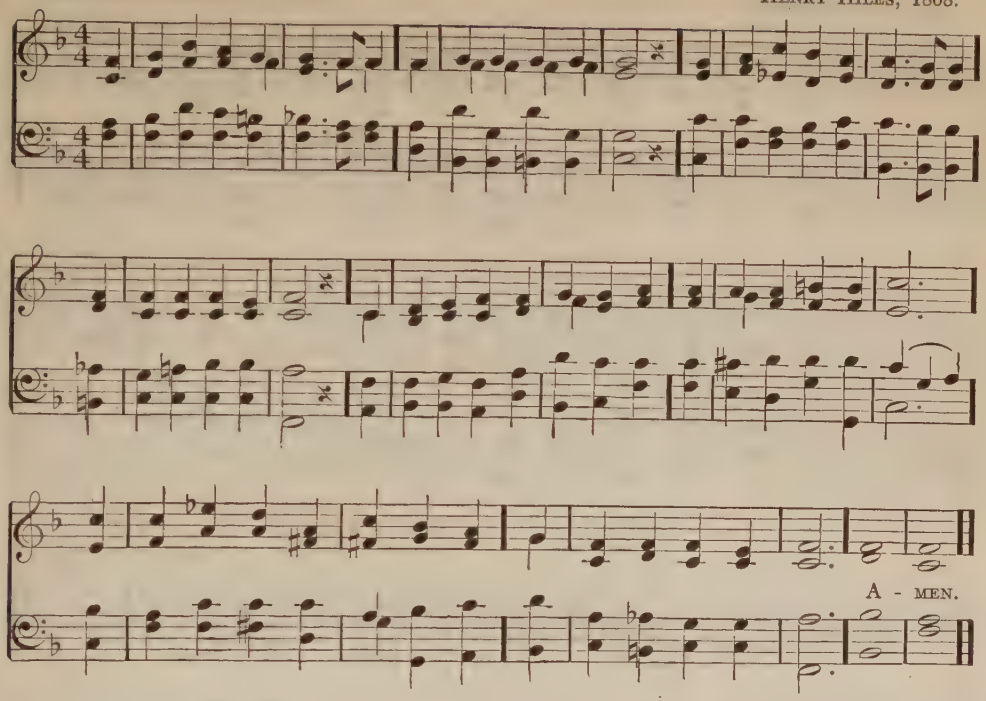
Nearer to the peace unbroken,
Nearer to the changeless calm,
All my wish a prayer unspoken,
All my life a silent psalm.
Teach me to abide in patience
All the little storms of time,
Making every day's temptations
Steps for faltering feet to climb.

Let me find thee in my sorrow,
Nor forget thee in my joy;
And from thee my sunshine borrow,
And by thee my gloom destroy.
God of day, the dark dispelling,
Guide, Redeemer, Father, Friend;
God of Love, in stillness dwelling,
Lead me to my journey's end.

EDMUND MARTIN GELDART.

ST. LEONARD. C. M. D.

HENRY HILES, 1868.



156.

The shadows of the evening hours.

The shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie.
Before thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day:
Look on thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

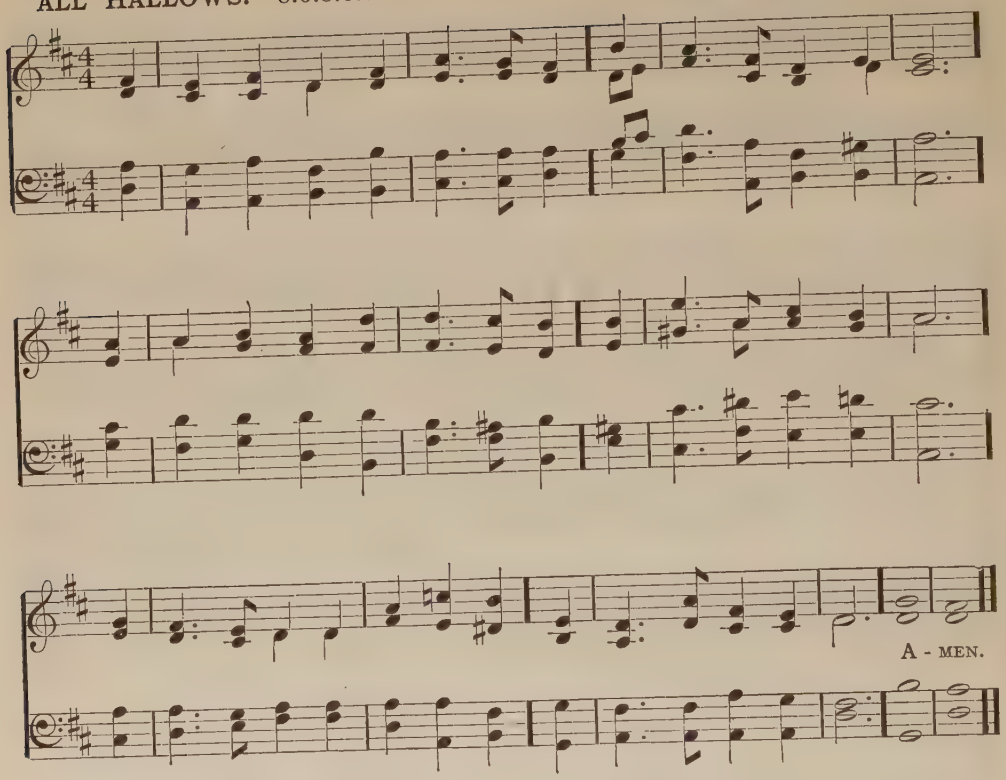
Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy
That one by one depart.
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

Let peace, O Lord, — thy peace, O God, —
Upon our souls descend,
From midnight fears and perils thou
Our trembling hearts defend.
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord, —
O give us now repose.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER, 1862.

ALL HALLOWS. 8.6.8.6.8.6.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN, 1862.



157.

An evening prayer.

O Shadow in a sultry land,
  We gather to thy breast,
Whose love, enfolding like the night,
  Brings quietude and rest,
Glimpse of the fairer life to be,
  In foretaste here possessed.

From aimless wanderings we come,
  From drifting to and fro;
The wave of being mingles deep
  Amid its ebb and flow:
The grander sweep of tides serene
  Our spirits yearn to know.

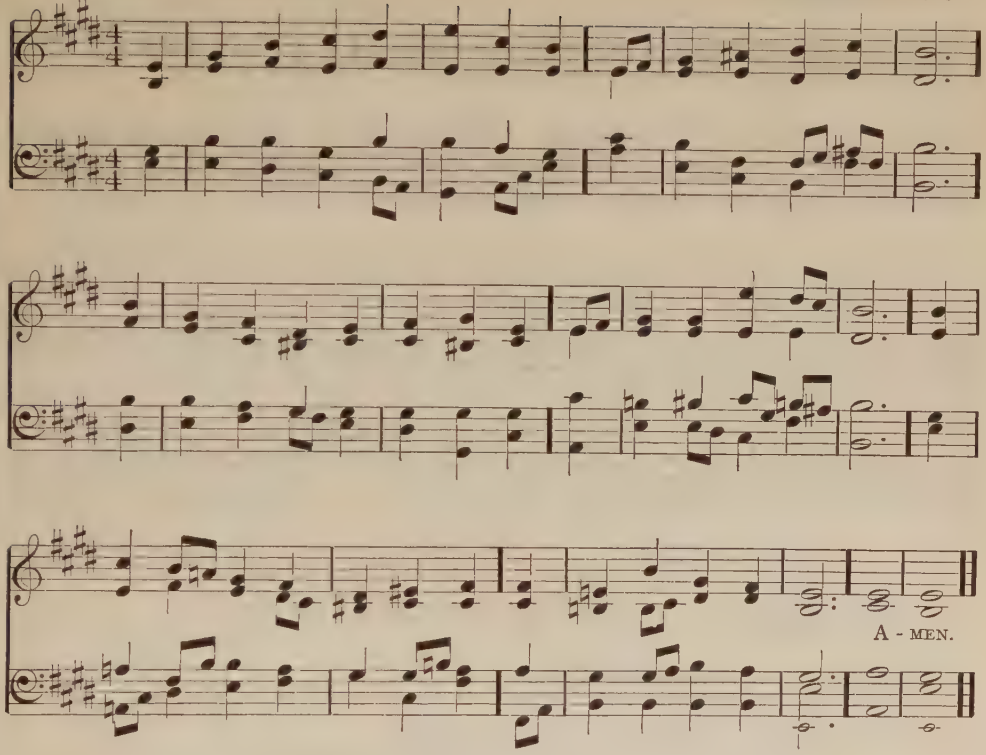
That which the garish day had lost
  The twilight vigil brings;
While softlier the vesper bell
  Its silver cadence rings, —
The sense of an immortal trust,
  The brush of angel wings.

Drop down behind the solemn hills
  O day with golden skies!
Serene, above its fading glow,
  Night, starry-crowned, arise!
So beautiful may heaven be
  When life's last sunbeam dies.

CHARLOTTE MELLEN PACKARD, 1864.

BEVERLY. 8.6.8.6.8.6.

CARL BAERMANN, 1903.



158.

So far yet so near.

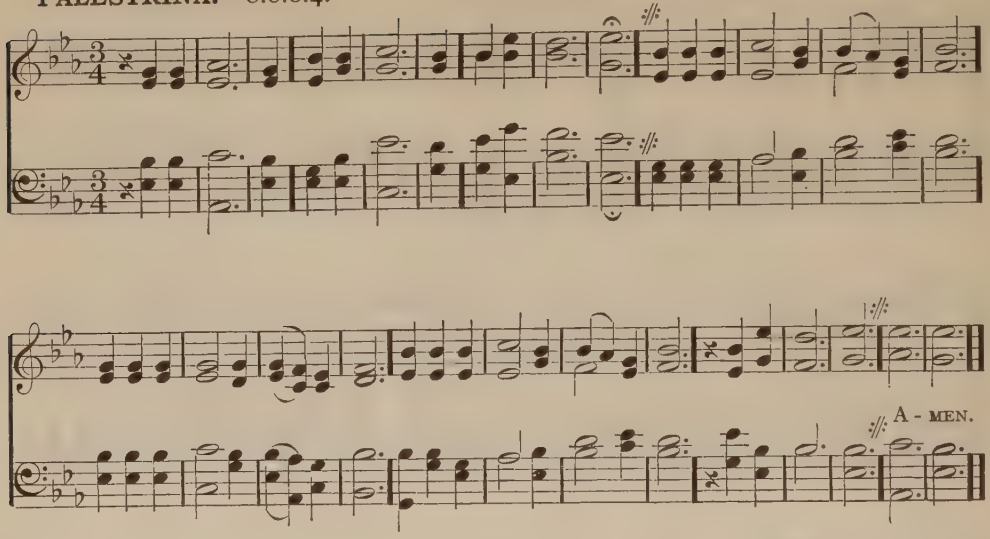
Beyond, beyond that boundless sea,
  Above that dome of sky,
Further than thought itself can flee,
  Thy dwelling is on high:
Yet dear the awful thought to me
  That thou, my God, art nigh.

We hear thy voice when thunders roll
  Through the wide fields of air,
The waves obey thy dread control,
  But still thou art not there:
Where shall I find him, O my soul,
  Who yet is everywhere?

O not in circling depth nor height,
  But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
  There doth his Spirit rest.
O come, thou Presence infinite,
  And make thy creature blest.

JOSIAH CONDER, 1824.

PALESTRINA. 8.8.8.4. Arr. from GIOVANNI PIERLUIGI DA PALESTRINA, 1591.



159.

Day and night.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

O Lord, it is a blesséd thing
To thee both morn and night to bring
Our worship's lowly offering;
Alleluia.

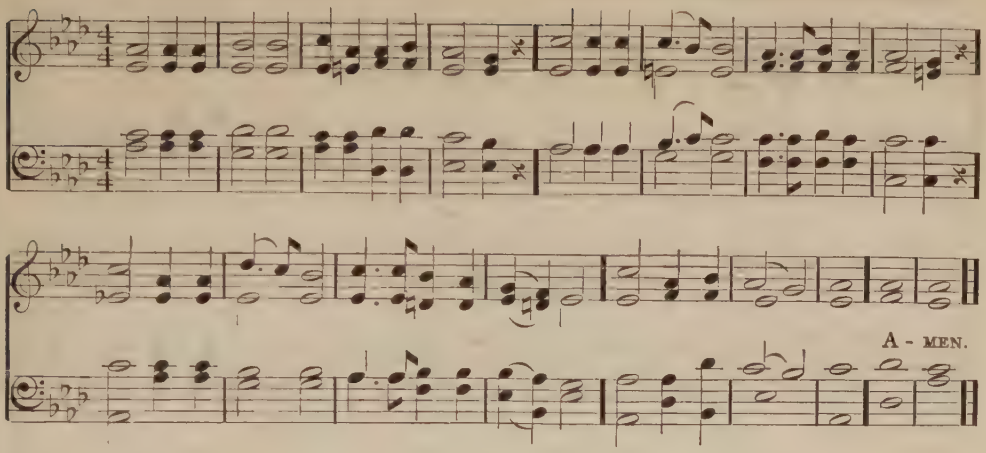
And from the strife of tongues away,
Ere toil begins, to meet and pray
For blessings on the coming day;
Alleluia.

And night by night, forevermore
Again with blended voice to pour
Deep thanks for mercies gone before.
Alleluia.

Light of the world! with us abide,
And to thyself our footsteps guide,
At morn, and noon, and eventide.
Alleluia.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW

INTEGER VITÆ. 11.11.11.5. FRIEDRICH FERDINAND FLEMMING, 1810.



160.

Bless us, Father.

Father Almighty, bless us with thy blessing,
Answer in love thy children's supplication;
Hear thou our prayer, the spoken and unspoken;
Hear us, our Father!

Shepherd of souls, who bringest all who seek thee
To pastures green, beside the peaceful waters;
Tenderest guide, in ways of cheerful duty,
Lead us, good Shepherd!

Father of mercy, from thy watch and keeping
No place can part, nor hour of time remove us:
Give us thy good, and save us from our evil,
Infinite Spirit!

Berwick Hymnal, 1886.

161.

'Die Nacht ist kommen drin wir ruhen sollen.'

Now God be with us, for the night is closing, —
The light and darkness are of his disposing,
And 'neath his shadow here to rest we yield us,
For he will shield us.

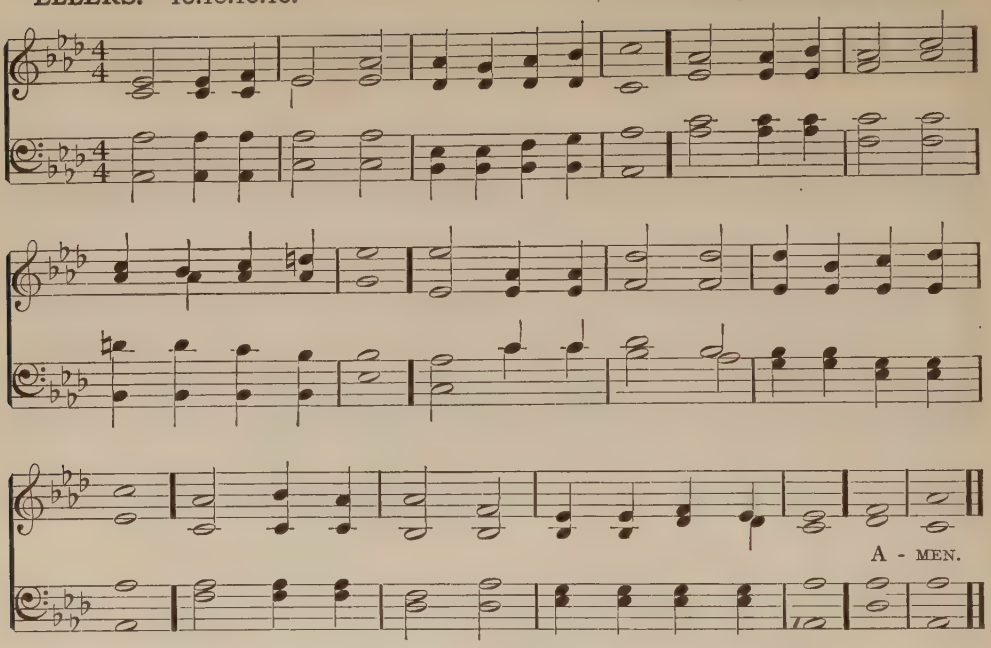
Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us,
Our earliest thoughts be thine when morning wakes us;
All day serve thee, in all that we are doing
Thy praise pursuing.

We have no refuge; none on earth to aid us,
Save thee, O Father, who thine own hast made us;
But thy dear Presence will not leave them lonely,
Who seek thee only.

Father, thy name be praised, thy kingdom given.
Thy will be done on earth as 't is in heaven;
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever.

PETRUS HERBERT, 1566.
Trans. CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1863.

ELLERS. 10.10.10.10. EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS, 1868.



162.

The Lord shall give his people the blessing of peace. Psalm XXIX.

Father, again to thy dear name we raise,
With one accord, our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

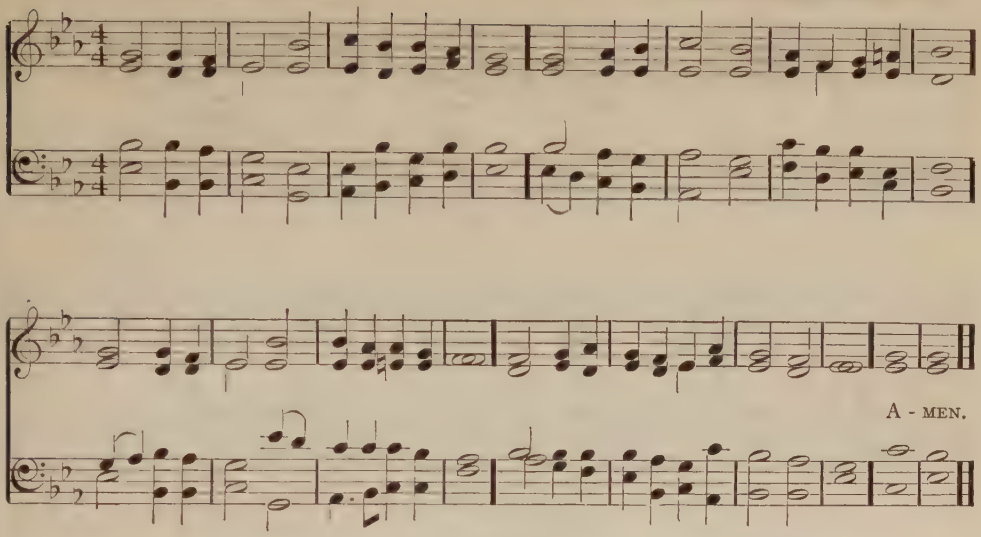
Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

JOHN ELLERTON,* 1866.

EVENTIDE. 10.10.10.10. WILLIAM HENRY MONK, 1861.



163.

Abide with us, for it is toward evening.

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O thou who changest not, abide with me!

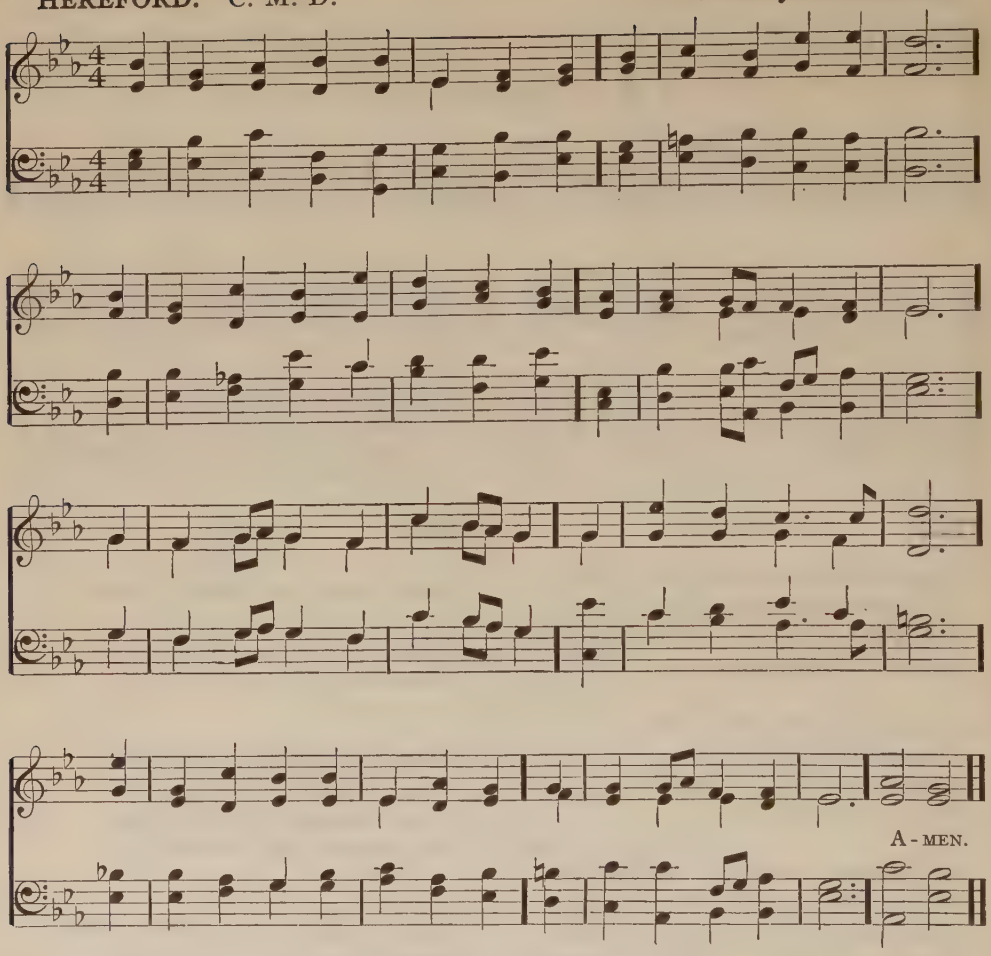
I need thy presence every passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1847.

HEREFORD. C. M. D.

HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT.



Alternative Tune: Colchester.

167.

The summer days.

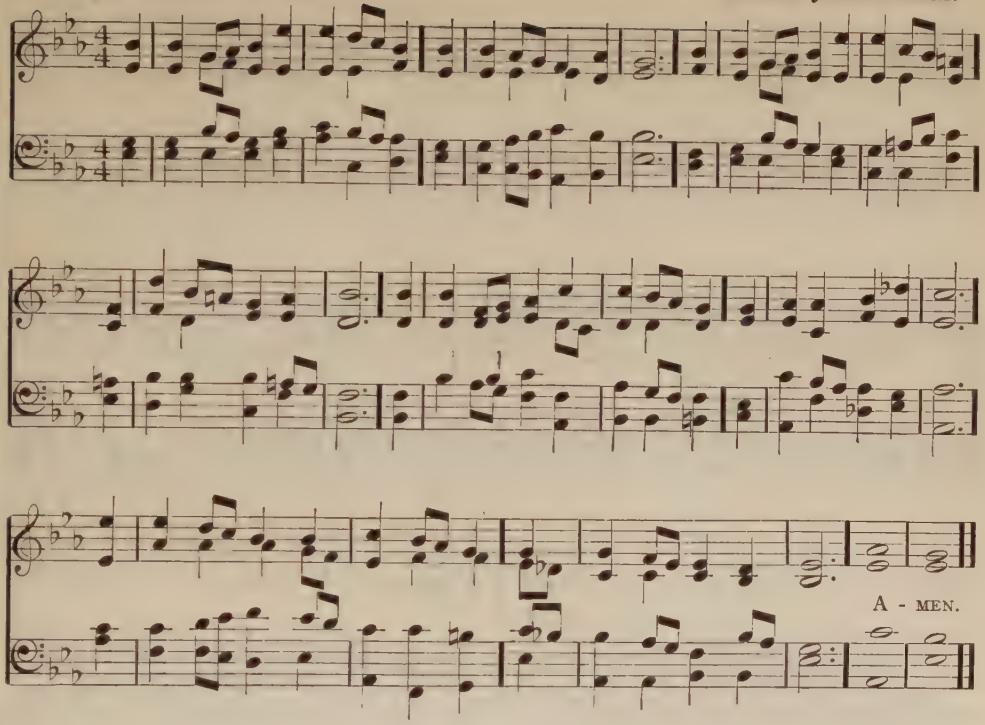
The summer days are come again;
  Once more the glad earth yields
Her golden wealth of ripening grain,
  And breath of clover fields,
And deepening shade of summer woods,
  And glow of summer air,
And winging thoughts and happy moods
  Of love and joy and prayer.

The summer days are come again;
  The birds are on the wing;
God's praises, in their loving strain,
  Unconsciously they sing.
We know who giveth all the good
  That doth our cup o'erbrim;
For summer joy in field and wood
  We lift our song to him.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

EPIPHANY. C. M. D.

EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS.



168.

'Winter Glory.'

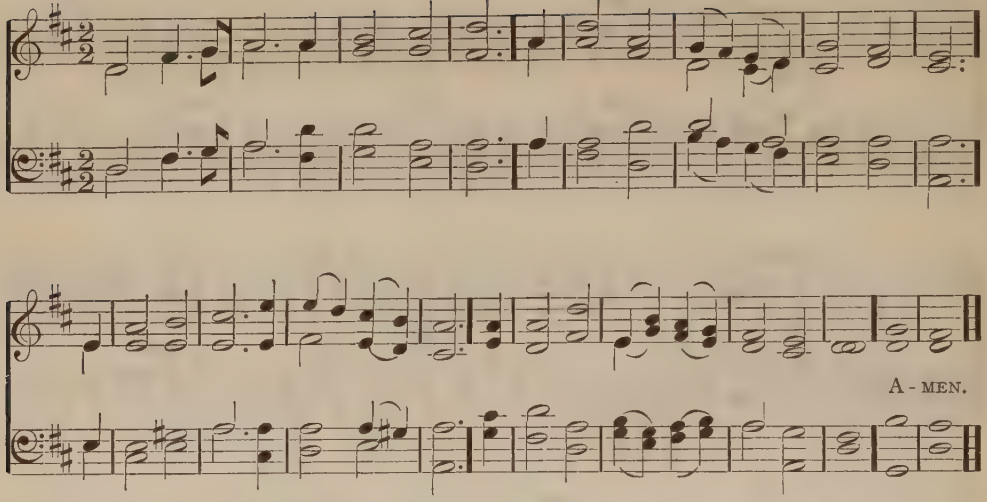
All beautiful the march of days,
  As seasons come and go;
The hand that shaped the rose hath wrought
  The crystal of the snow;
Hath sent the hoary frost of heaven,
  The flowing waters sealed,
And laid a silent loveliness
  On hill and wood and field.

O'er white expanses sparkling pure
  The radiant morns unfold;
The solemn splendors of the night
  Burn brighter through the cold;
Life mounts in every throbbing vein,
  Love deepens round the hearth,
And clearer sounds the angel-hymn,
  'Good-will to men on earth!'

O Thou from whose unfathomed law
  The year in beauty flows,
Thyself the vision passing by
  In crystal and in rose,
Day unto day doth utter speech,
  And night to night proclaim,
In ever-changing words of light,
  The wonder of thy name!

FRANCES WHITMARSH WILE.

TRURO. L. M. CHARLES BURNEY, 1789.



169. *Autumn.*

O God! in thine autumnal skies
The dying woodlands glow and flame;
And wheresoe'er we turn our eyes,
All conquering Life! we trace thy name.

Bright emblem of that tranquil faith
Whose evening beams 'Good Morrow' give,
Each leaf, transfigured, mutely saith,
'As dying, and, behold, we live.'

God of the living, — not the dead!
Like autumn leaves we fade and flee;
Yet reigns eternal spring o'erhead,
Where souls forever live to thee.

O help us meekly, bravely tread
The path of righteousness and love,
Till, joined to all the immortal dead,
We walk in cloudless light above.

CHARLES TIMOTHY BROOKS, 1867.

170. *Winter.*

'T is winter now: the fallen snow
Has left the heavens all coldly clear;
Through leafless boughs the sharp winds blow,
And all the earth lies dead and drear.

And yet God's love is not withdrawn:
His life within the keen air breathes,
His beauty paints the crimson dawn,
And clothes the boughs with glittering wreaths.

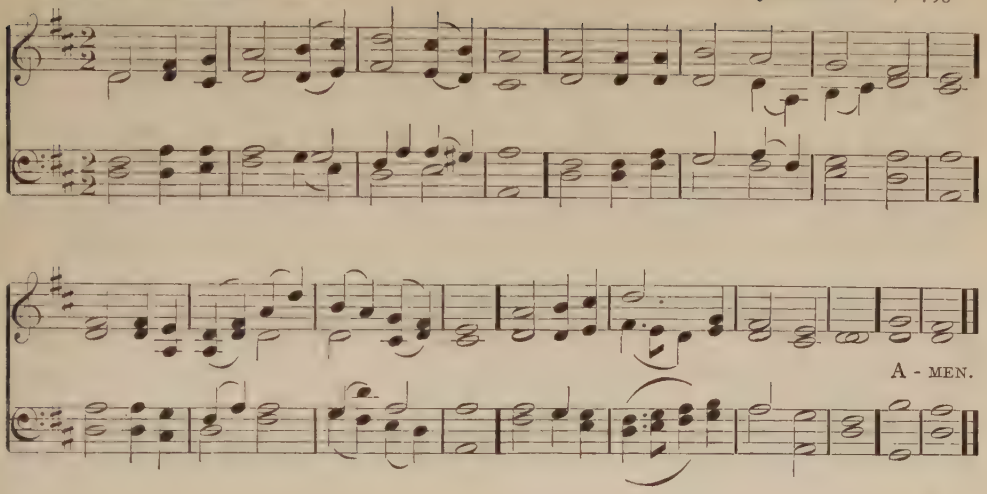
And though abroad the sharp winds blow,
And skies are chill, and frosts are keen,
Home closer draws her circle now,
And warmer glows her light within.

O God, who giv'st the winter's cold,
As well as summer's joyous rays,
Us warmly in thy love enfold,
And keep us through life's wintry days.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON, 1793.



171. *'God crowning the year with his goodness.'*

Eternal Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

The flowery spring at thy command
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts abundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

Seasons and months and weeks and days
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light and evening shade.

O may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more!

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1736.

172. *'Help obtained of God.'*

Great God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it till it close.

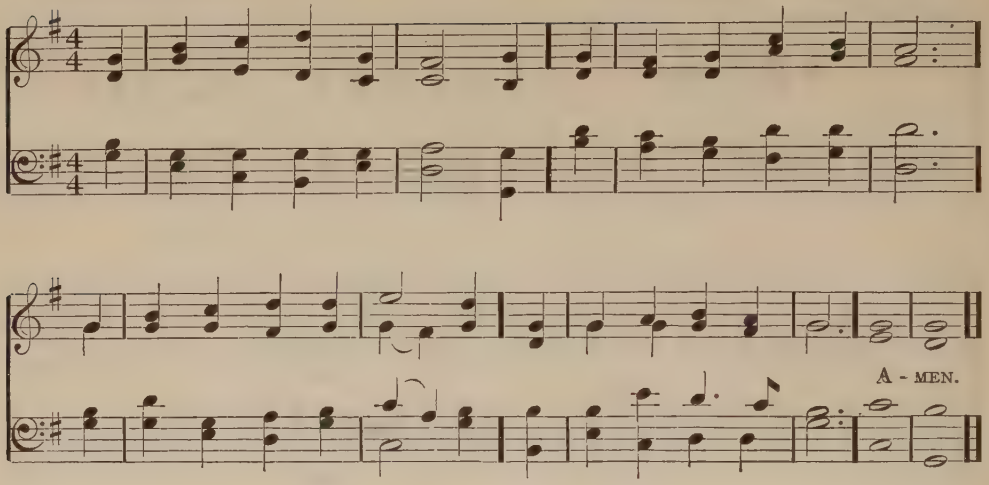
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God,
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own:
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And, peaceful, leave before thy feet.

In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

ST. ALPHEGE. 7.6.7.6. HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, 1852.



173.

The ever-changing seasons.

The ever-changing seasons
In silence come and go;
But thou, Eternal Father,
No time or change canst know.

O pour thy grace upon us,
That we may worthier be,
Each year that passes o'er us,
To dwell in heaven with thee.

Behold the bending orchards
With bounteous fruit are crowned;
Lord, in our hearts more richly
Let heavenly fruits abound.

O by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain,
By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain, —

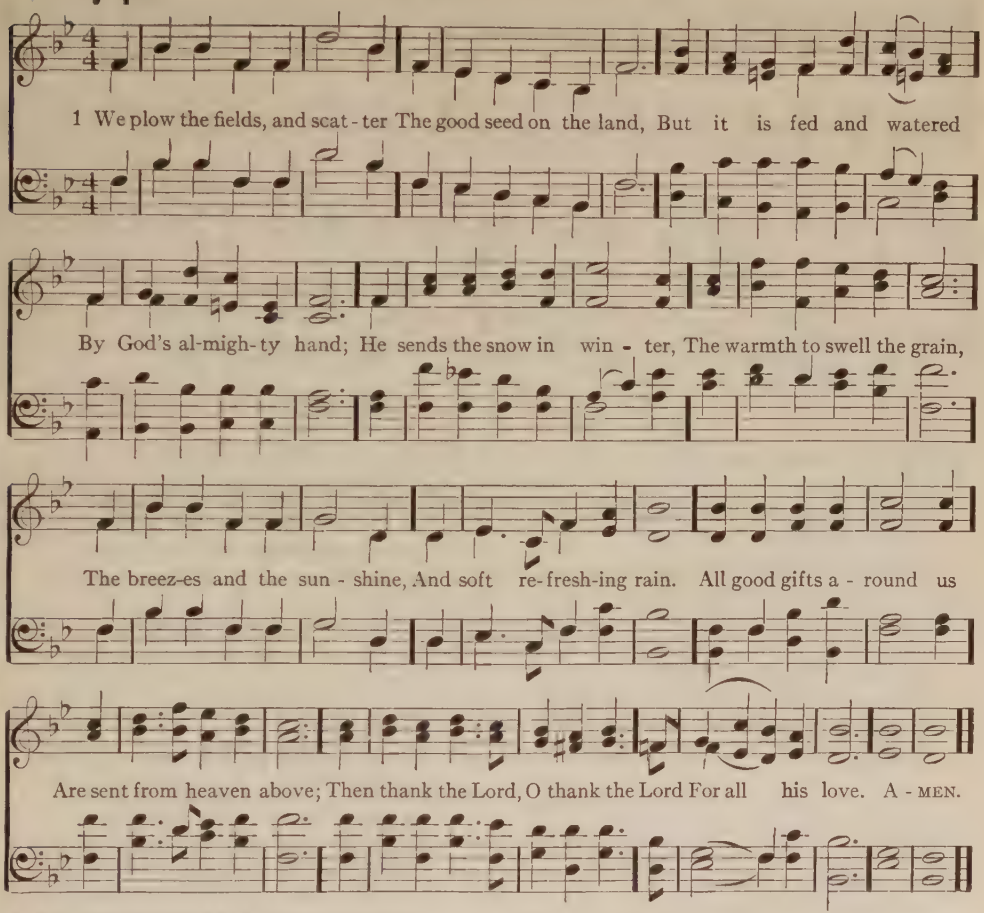
Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace,
That we thy name may hallow,
And see at last thy face.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW.

WIR PFLÜGEN. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.6.6.8.4. JOHANN ABRAHAM PETER SCHULZ, 1800.

174.

Wir pflügen und wir streuen.

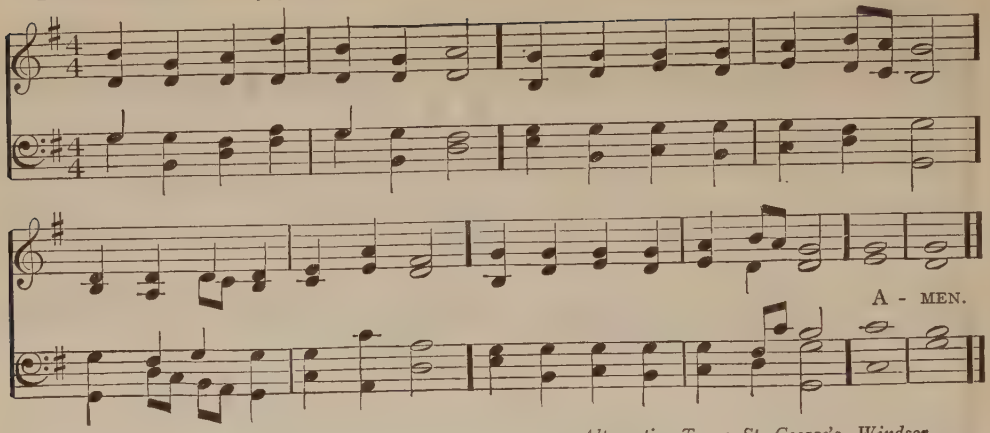

1 We plow the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land, But it is fed and watered
By God's al-migh-ty hand; He sends the snow in win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain,
The breez-es and the sun - shine, And soft re-fresh-ing rain. All good gifts a - round us
Are sent from heaven above; Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord For all his love. A - MEN.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord
For all his love.

3 We thank thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer,
For all thy love imparts,
And what thou most desirest, —
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord
For all his love.

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS, 1782.
Trans. JANE MONTGOMERY CAMPBELL,* 1861.

NUREMBERG. 7·7·7·7. JOHANN RUDOLF AHLE, 1664.



Alternative Tune: St. George's, Windsor.

175. *All things present to God.*

Mighty God, the first, the last,
What are ages in thy sight
But as yesterday when past,
Or a watch within the night?

All that being ever knew,
Down, far down, ere time had birth,
Stands as clear within thy view
As the present things of earth.

All that being e'er shall know,
On, still on, through farthest years,
All eternity can show,
Bright before thee now appears.

In thine all-embracing sight,
Every change its purpose meets,
Every cloud floats into light,
Every woe its glory greets.

Whatsoe'er our lot may be,
Calmly in this thought we'll rest, —
Could we see as thou dost see,
We should choose it as the best.

WILLIAM GASKELL, 1837.

176. *Habakkuk, III. 17, 18.*

Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield:
Flocks, that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:

All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores, —

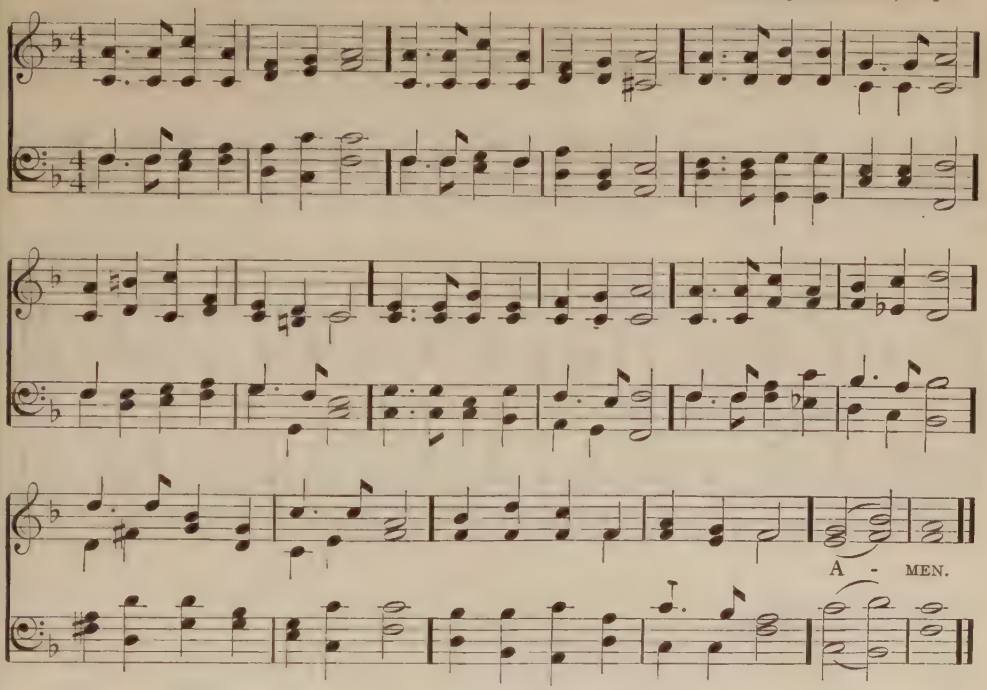
These to thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

And should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;

Yet to thee our souls should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

ANNA LAETITIA BARBAULD, 1772. Arranged.

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. 7·7·7·7·7·7·7·7· GEORGE JOB ELVEY, 1858.



177.

The joy of harvest.

Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home:
All is safely gathered in
Ere the winter storms begin:
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home.

All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

HENRY ALFORD, 1844.

178.

'The Year of the Lord.'

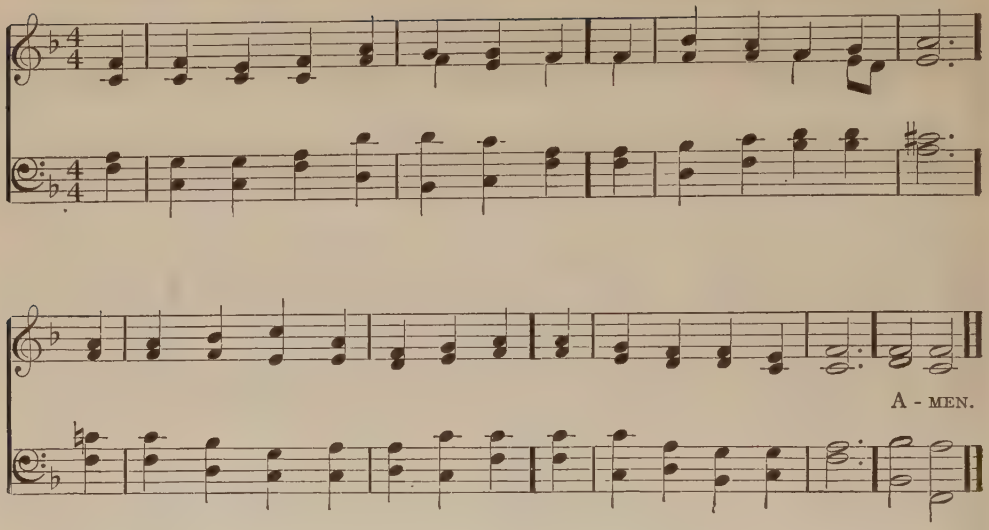
Praise to God and thanks we bring, —
Hearts, bow down, and voices, sing!
Praises to the Glorious One,
All his year of wonder done!
Praise him for his budding green,
April's resurrection-scene;
Praise him for his shining hours,
Starring all the land with flowers!

Praise him for his summer rain,
Feeding day and night the grain;
Praise him for his tiny seed,
Holding all his world shall need;
Praise him for his garden root,
Meadow grass and orchard fruit;
Praise for hills and valleys broad,
Each the table of the Lord!

Praise him now for snowy rest,
Falling soft on nature's breast;
Praise for happy dreams of birth,
Brooding in the quiet earth!
For his year of wonder done,
Praise to the All-glorious One!
Hearts, bow down, and voices, sing
Praise, and love, and thanksgiving!

WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT, 1882.

ST. FLAVIAN. C. M. JOHN DAY'S PSALTER, 1562.



179.

The coming year.

Father, throughout the coming year,
We know not what shall be;
But we would leave without a fear
Its ordering all to thee.

It may be we shall toil in vain
For what the world holds fair;
And all its good we thought to gain
Deceive, and prove but care.

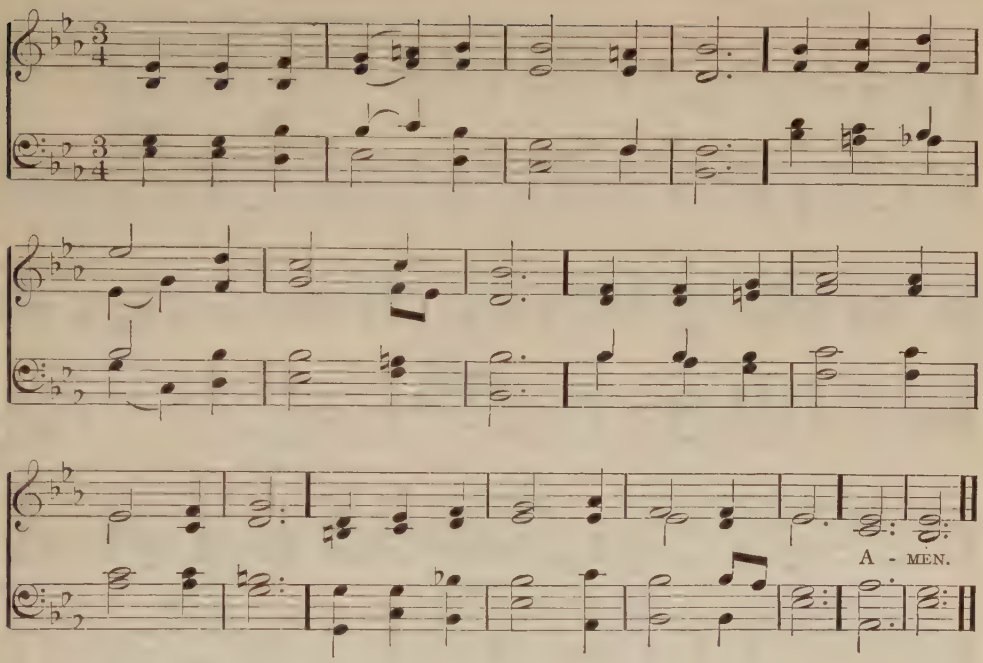
It may be it shall bring us days
And nights of lingering pain,
And bid us take our farewell gaze
Of these loved haunts of men.

But calmly, Lord, on thee we rest,
No fears our trust shall move;
Thou knowest what for each is best;
And thou art perfect love.

WILLIAM GASKELL, 1837.

ANGELUS. L. M.

GEORG JOSEPHI, *circa* 1657.



180.

Shadows.

Like shadows gliding o'er the plain,
  Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass;
  And while we gaze their forms are gone.

'He lived, — he died;' behold the sum,
  The abstract, of the historian's page!
Alike in God's all-seeing eye
  The infant's day, the patriarch's age.

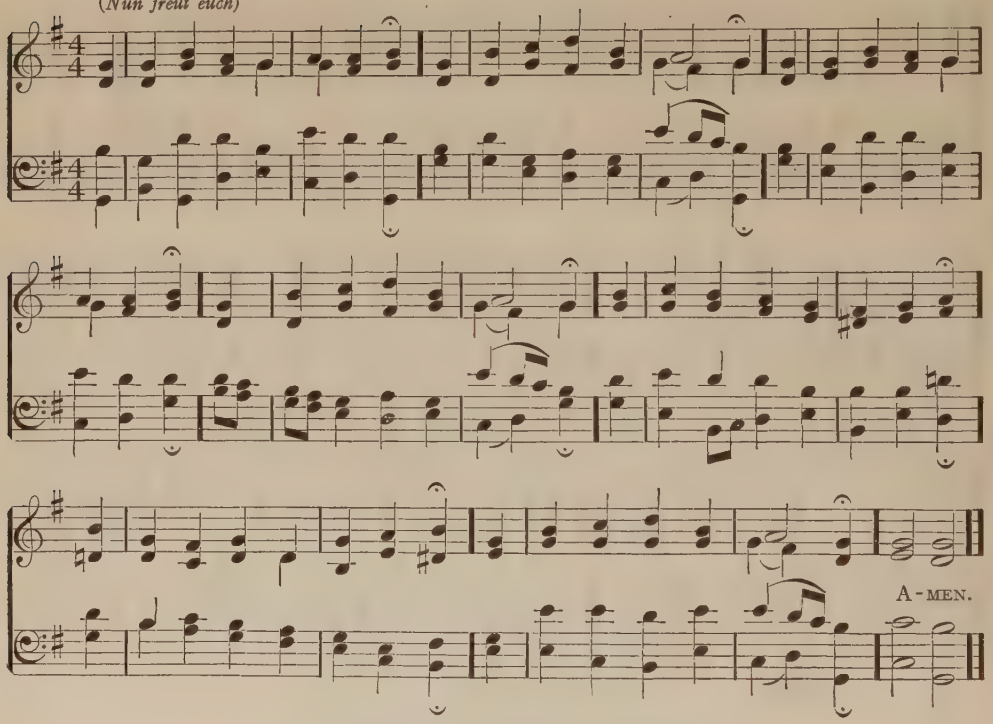
O Father, in whose mighty hand
  The boundless years and ages lie,
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
  And use the moments as they fly, —

To crowd the narrow span of life
  With wise designs and virtuous deeds.
So shall we wake from death's dark night
  To share the glory that succeeds.

JOHN TAYLOR, 1810.

LUTHER'S HYMN. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. JOSEPH KLUG'S GEISTLICHE LIEDER, 1535.

(Nun freut euch)



Alternative Tune: The Golden Chain.

181.

For a watch-night service.

Across the sky the shades of night
This winter's eve are fleeting:
We deck thine house, O Lord, with light,
In solemn worship meeting:
And as the year's last hours go by,
We lift to thee our earnest cry,
Once more thy love entreating.

And, while we kneel, we lift our eyes
To dear ones gone before us;
Safe housed with thee in paradise,
Their spirits hovering o'er us:
And beg of thee, when life is past,
To re-unite us all at last,
And to our lost restore us.

We gather up, in this brief hour,
The memory of thy mercies;
Thy wondrous goodness, love, and power
Our grateful song rehearses:
For thou hast been our Strength and Stay,
In many a dark and dreary day
Of sorrow and reverses.

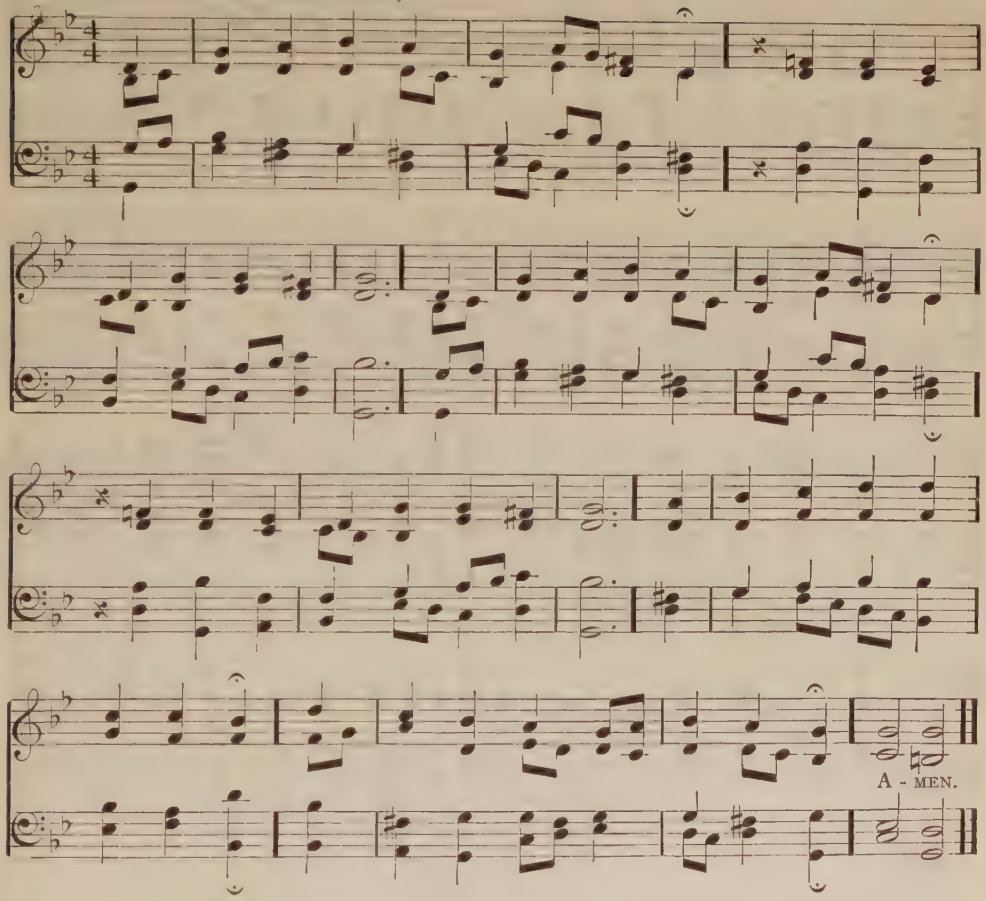
Then, O great God, in years to come,
Whatever fate betide us,
Right onward through our journey home
Be thou at hand to guide us:
Nor leave us till, at close of life,
Safe from all perils, toil, and strife,
Heaven shall enfold and hide us.

JAMES HAMILTON,* 1882.

NEUMARK. 9.8.9.8.8.8.

(*Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten.*)

GEORG NEUMARK, 1657.



182.

'*Hilf, Herr Jesus, lass gelingen.*'

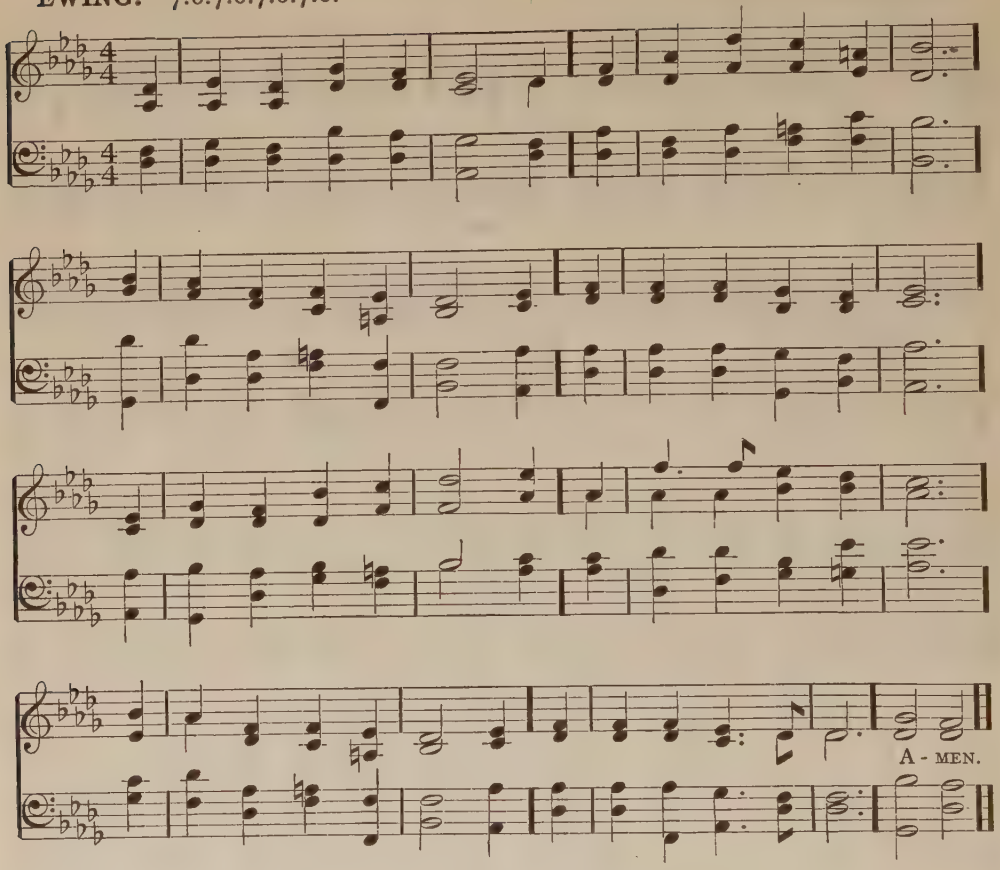
Help us, O Lord! behold, we enter
  Upon another year to-day;
In thee our hopes and thoughts now center;
  Renew our courage for the way.
New life, new strength, new happiness,
We ask of thee. O hear and bless!

May every plan and undertaking
  This year be all begun with thee;
When I am sleeping or am waking,
  Still let me know thou art with me;
Abroad, do thou my footsteps guide,
At home, be ever at my side!

And grant, Lord, when the year is over,
  That it for me in peace may close;
In all things care for me, and cover
  My head in time of fears and woes;
So may I, when my years are gone,
Appear with joy before thy throne.

JOHANN RIST, 1642
Trans. CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1863.

EWING. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. ALEXANDER EWING, 1853.



183.

New Year's hymn.

Another year is dawning!
Dear Father, let it be
In working or in waiting
Another year with thee!
Another year of leaning
Upon thy loving breast,
Another year of trusting,
Of quiet, happy rest.

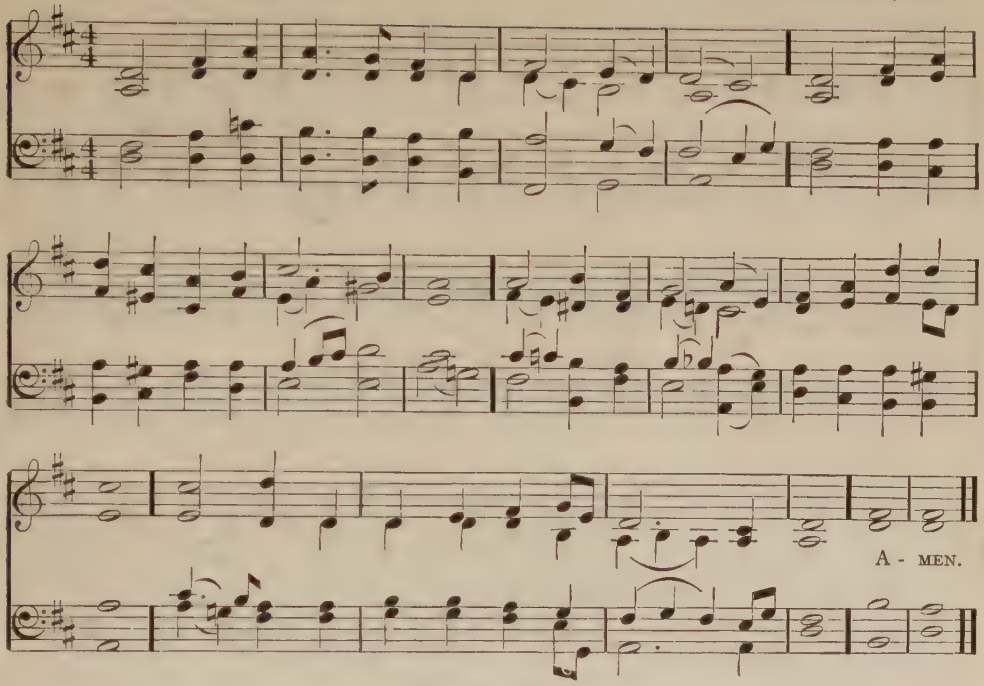
Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of thy face.

Another year of progress,
Another year of praise,
Another year of proving
Thy presence 'all the days.'

Another year of service,
Of witness for thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above.
Another year is dawning!
Dear Father, let it be
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for thee.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL*, 1874.

PAX DEI. 10.10.10.10. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1868.



184.

God of the changing year.

God of the changing year! whose arm of power
In safety leads through danger's darkest hour, —
Here in thy temple bow thy children down,
To bless thy mercy and thy might to own.

Thine are the beams that cheer us on our way,
And pour around the gladdening light of day;
Thine is the night, and the fair orbs that shine
To cheer its hours of darkness; — all are thine.

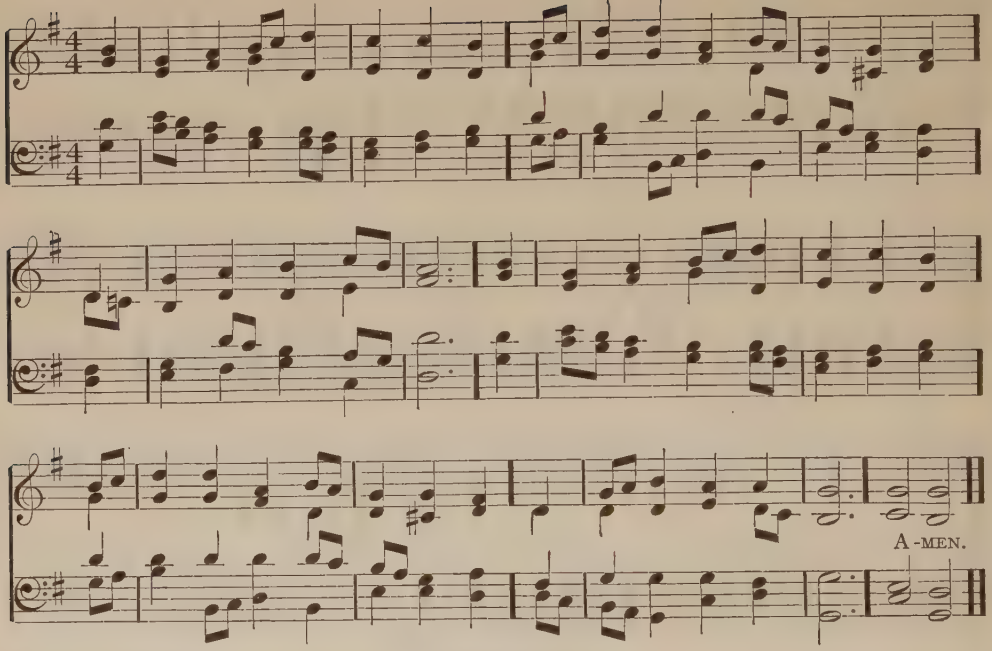
If round our path the thorns of sorrow grew,
And mortal friends were faithless, thou wast true;
Did sickness shake the frame, or anguish tear
The wounded spirit, thou wast present there.

O lend thine ear, and lift our voice to thee;
Where'er we dwell, still let thy mercy be;
From year to year still nearer to thy shrine
Draw our frail hearts, and make them wholly thine!

EMILY TAYLOR, 1818.

INNSBRÜCK. 8.8.6.8.8.6. HEINRICH ISAAC, *circa* 1500.

(O Welt, ich muss dich lassen.)



Alternative Tune: Ransom.

185.

Immutabilis mutans omnia.

Lord God, by whom all change is wrought,
By whom new things to birth are brought,
In whom no change is known,
Whate'er thou dost, whate'er thou art,
Thy people still in thee have part,
Still, still, thou art our own.

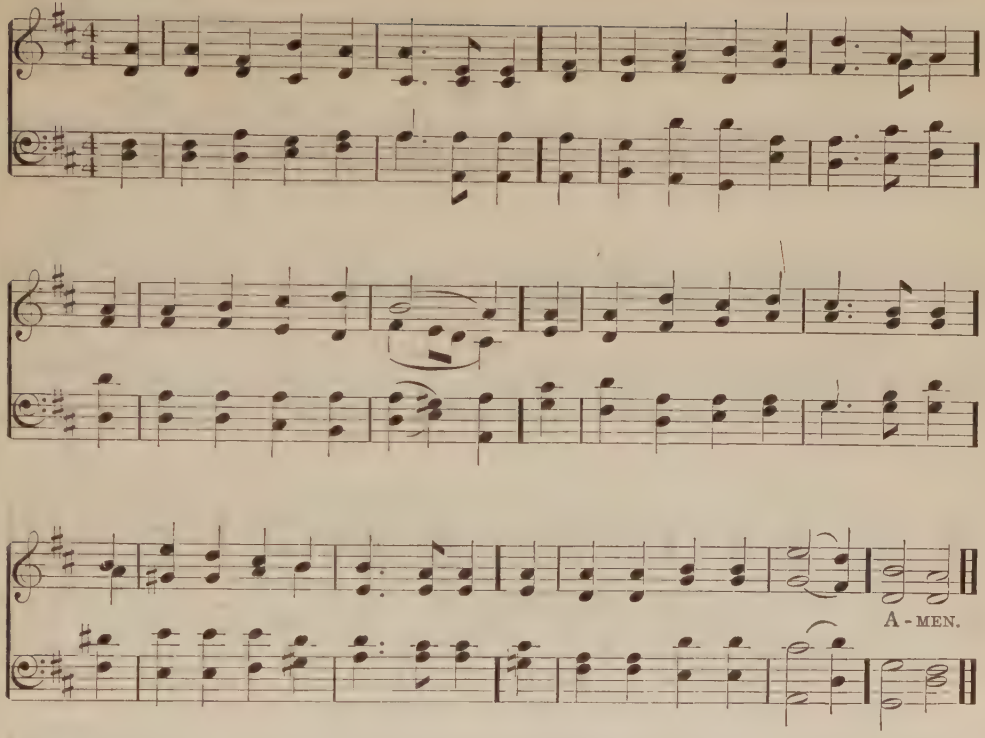
Spirit who makest all things new,
Thou leadest onward; we pursue
The heavenly march sublime;
'Neath thy renewing fire we glow,
And still from strength to strength we go,
From height to height we climb.

Darkness and dread we leave behind;
New light, new glory, still we find,
New realms divine possess,
New births of grace new raptures bring;
Triumphant the new song we sing,
The great Renewer bless.

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL, 1869.

RANSOM. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

EDWARD BUNNETT.



Alternative Tune: Innsbrück.

186.

The mighty cloud of witnesses.

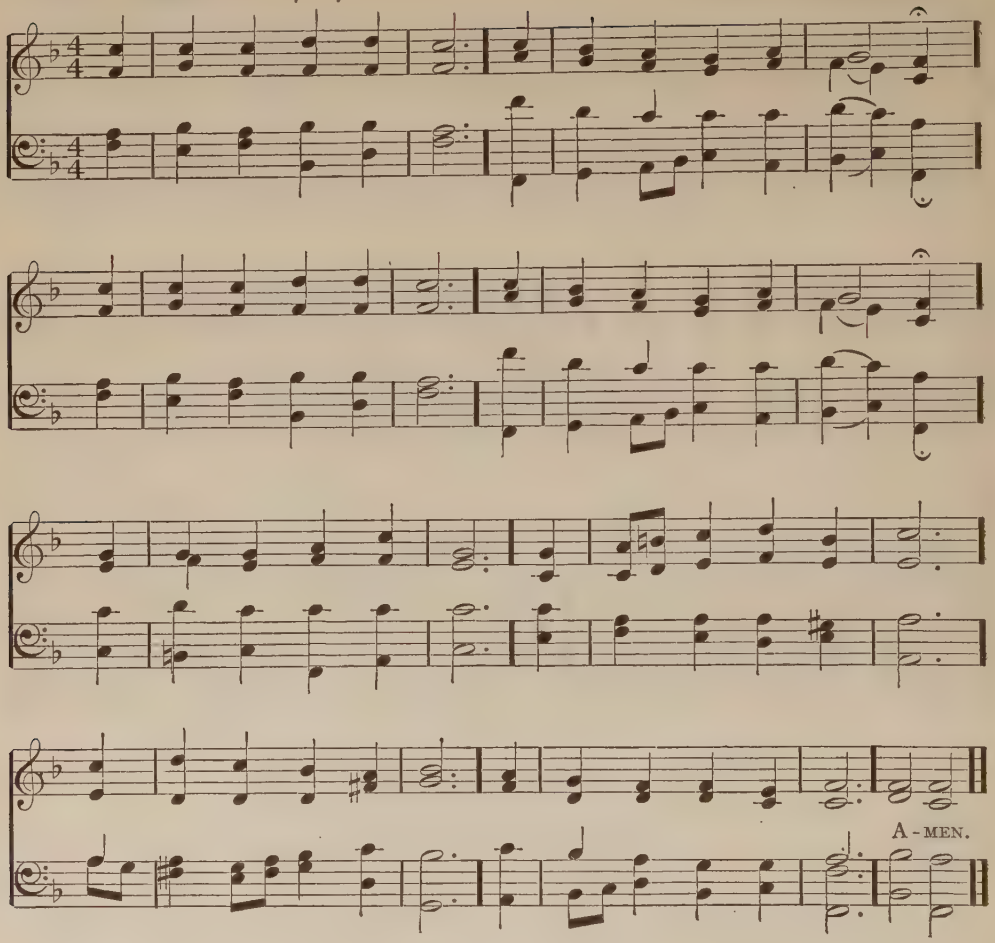
Oft as we run the weary way
That leads through shadows unto day,
  With trial sore amazed,
We deem our sorrows are unknown,
Our battle joined and fought alone,
  Our victory unpraised.

Faithless and blind, we cannot trace
The witnesses who watch our race
  Beyond our senses' ken:
The mighty cloud of all who died
With faithful rapture, humble pride,
  For love of God and man.

For heaven is round us as we move:
Our days are compassed with its love,
  Its light is on our road;
And when the knell of death is rung,
Sweet alleluias shall be sung
  To welcome us to God.

STOPFORD AUGUSTUS BROOKE.

NUN DANKET. 6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6. JOHANN CRÜGER, 1647.



187.

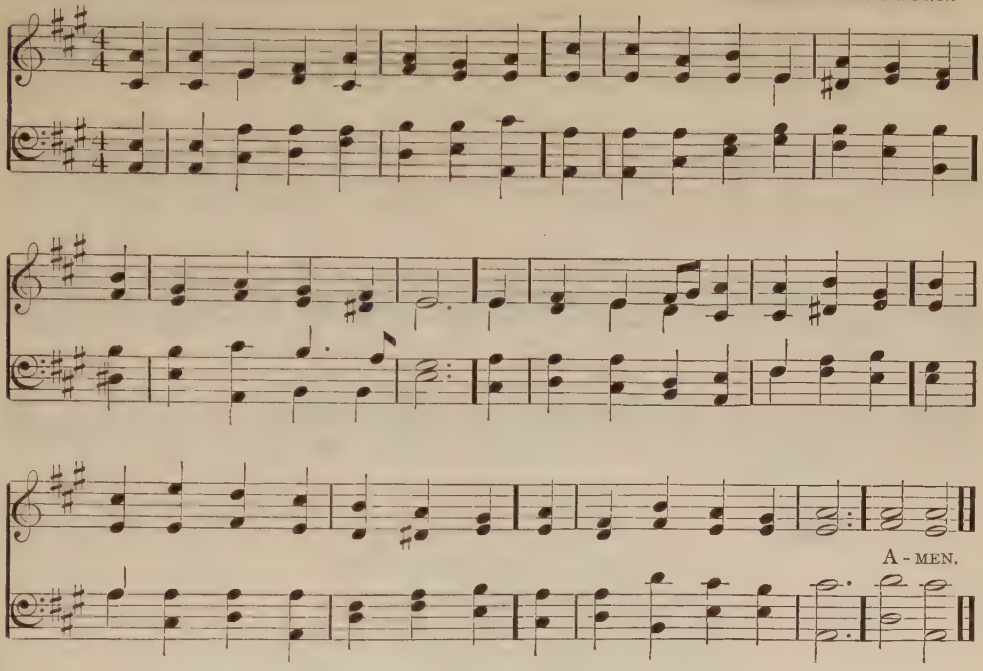
'Nun danket alle Gott.'

Now thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blesséd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

MARTIN RINKART, 1636.
Trans. CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1858.

PURLEIGH. 8.8.6.8.8.6. ARTHUR HENRY BROWN.



Alternative Tune: Innsbrück.

188.

The Living God.

Not, Lord, thine ancient works alone,
Thy wonders to past ages shown,
Make our glad spirits glow:
Our eyes behold thy works of might;
On us full beam thy wonders bright;
The living God we know.

We joy not only to be told,
How with thy saints and seers of old
Thou madest sweet abode.
We of thy presence bright can tell;
Thou in thy living saints dost dwell;
We feel the living God.

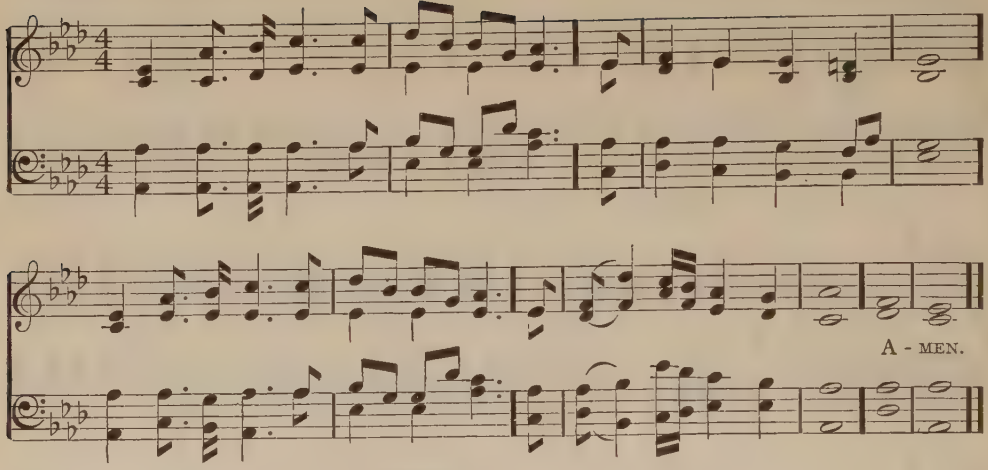
Thou settest us each task divine;
We bless that helping hand of thine,
That strength by thee bestowed.
Thou minglest in the glorious fight;
Thine own the cause — thine own the might;
We serve the living God.

Ah, soon we droop! ah, soon we tire!
Our fainting souls new strength require,
Again would quickened be.
We ask no priest; we seek no shrine;
To thee we come for life divine,
Thou living God, to thee.

O more than satisfy our need;
Our most divine desire exceed;
Our daily quickener be.
Thou living God, possess us still;
Thy wondrous life in us fulfil,
Our blesséd life in thee.

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL, 1894.

GOULD. C. M. JOHN EDGAR GOULD.



Alternative Tune: St. Agnes.

189.

'Christmas song.'

Calm, on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The Dayspring from on high.

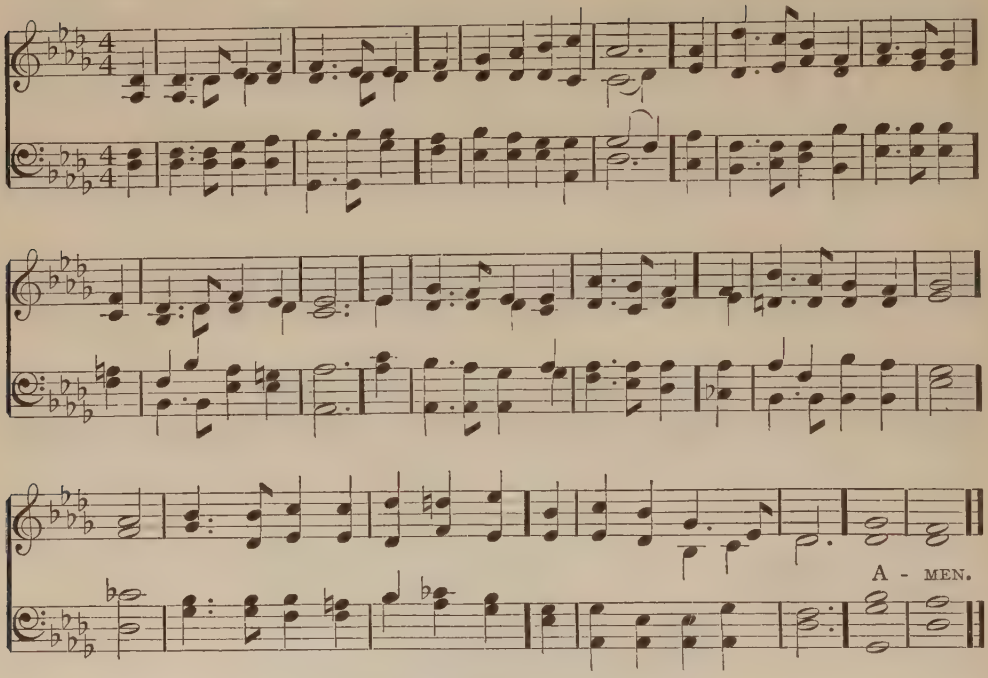
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

'Glory to God!' the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring;
'Peace to the earth, good will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!'

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Prince of Peace is born!
And bright, on Bethlehem's joyous plains,
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS,* 1834.

ASPIRATION. C. M. D. (First Tune) JOSEPH BARNBY, 1867.



Alternative Tune: Carol or St. Leonard.

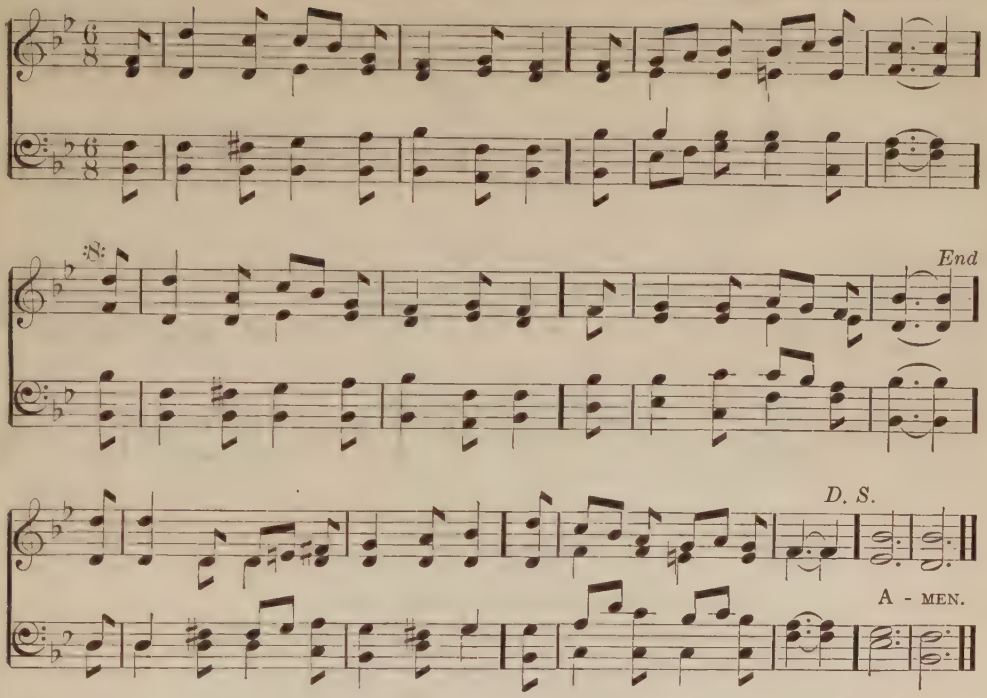
191.

Peace on earth.

1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
'Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King.'
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blesséd angels sing.

CAROL. C. M. D. (Second Tune) RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, 1850.



191. (*Continued.*) *Alternative Tune: Aspiration or St. Leonard.*

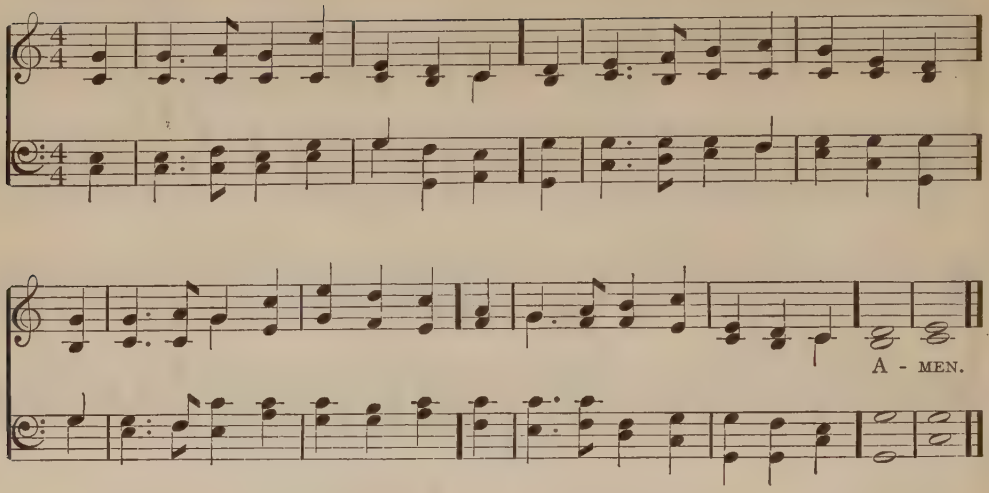
3 But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow, —
Look now; for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

5 For, lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold:
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS, 1849.

ALSTONE. L. M. CHRISTOPHER EDWARD WILLING.



192.

What means this glory?

'What means this glory round our feet,'
The magi mused, 'more bright than morn?'
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
'To-day the Prince of Peace is born.'

'What means that star,' the shepherds said,
'That brightens through the rocky glen?'
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang, 'Peace on earth, good will to men.'

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet life which is the law.

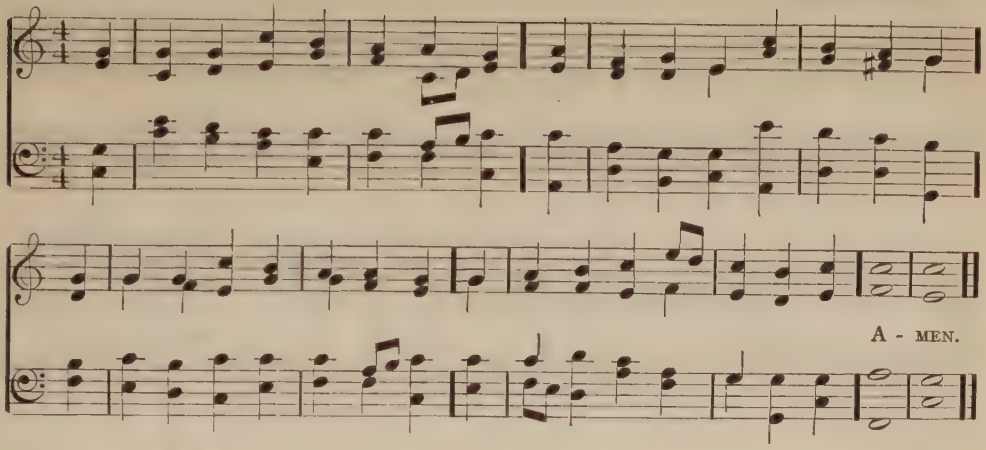
So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And clasping kindly hand in hand,
Sing, 'Peace on earth, good will to men.'

And they who to their childhood cling,
And keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angels sing,
'To-day the Prince of Peace is born.'

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, 1866.

MAINZER. L. M.

JOSEPH MAINZER.



193.

I heard the bells on Christmas day.

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat,
Of 'Peace on earth, good will to men!'

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song,
Of 'Peace on earth, good will to men!'

Till ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,—
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublimé,
Of 'Peace on earth, good will to men!'

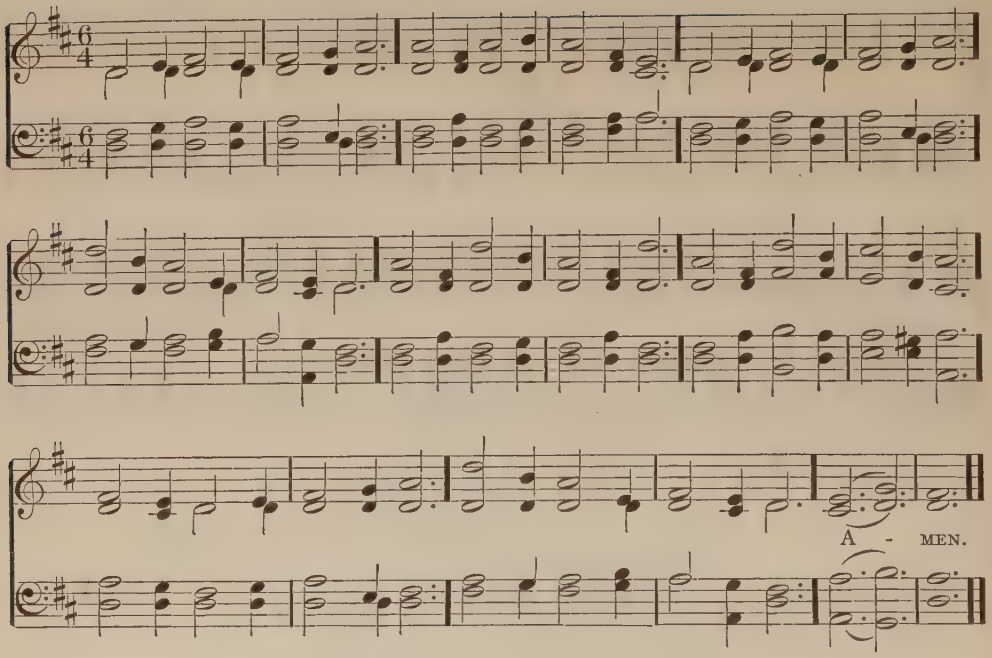
And in despair I bowed my head;
'There is no peace on earth,' I said,
'For hate is strong
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!'

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
'God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men!'

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

WATCHMAN. 7·7·7·7·7·7·7·7·

LOWELL MASON, 1830.



Alternative Tune: St. George's, Windsor.

194.

Watchman, what of the night?

Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star.
Watchman, doth its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller, yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

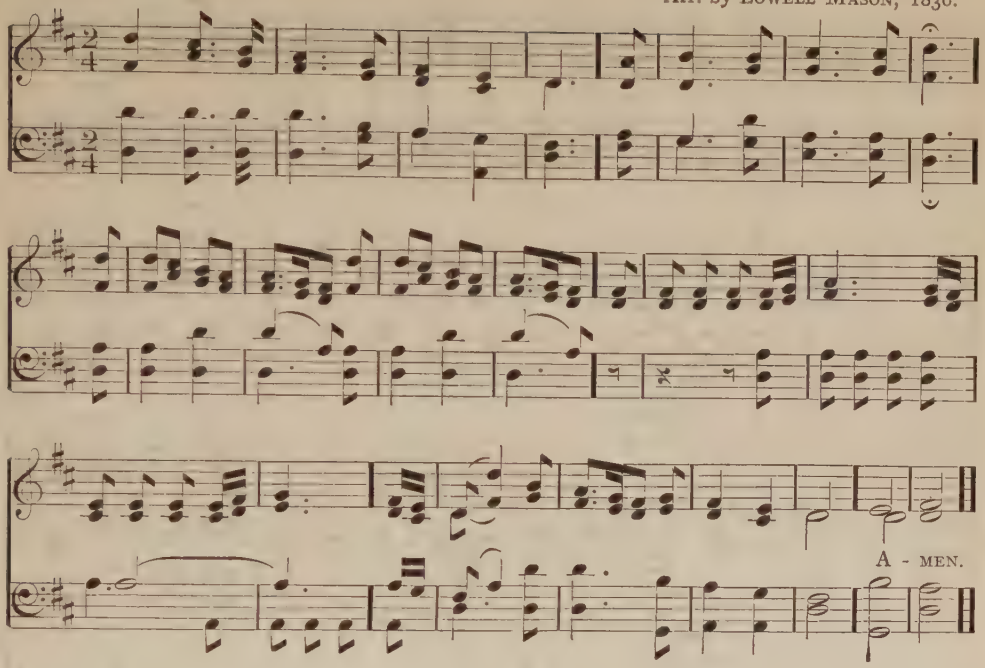
Watchman, tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own,
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

GEORG FRIEDRICH HÄNDEL, 1742.
Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1836.



195.

Joy to the world!

Joy to the world! the Lord is come:
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth! the Savior reigns:
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow
As far as sin is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

ISAAC WATTS,* 1719.

HOREB. L. M. D.

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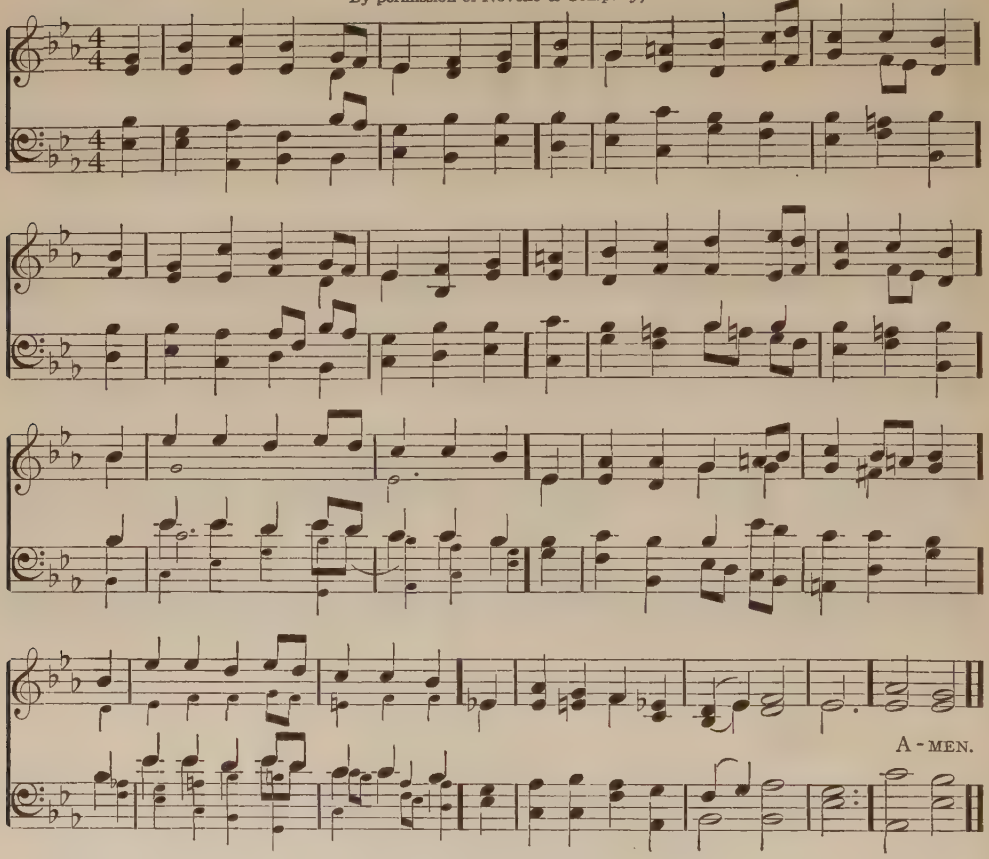
JOSEPH BARNBY, 1872.



196.

'Hymn for Advent.'

The Lord is come. On Syrian soil
The child of poverty and toil,
The man of sorrows, born to know
Each varying shade of human woe,
His joy, his glory, to fulfil
In earth and heaven his Father's will;
On lonely mount, by festive board,
On bitter cross, — despised, adored,

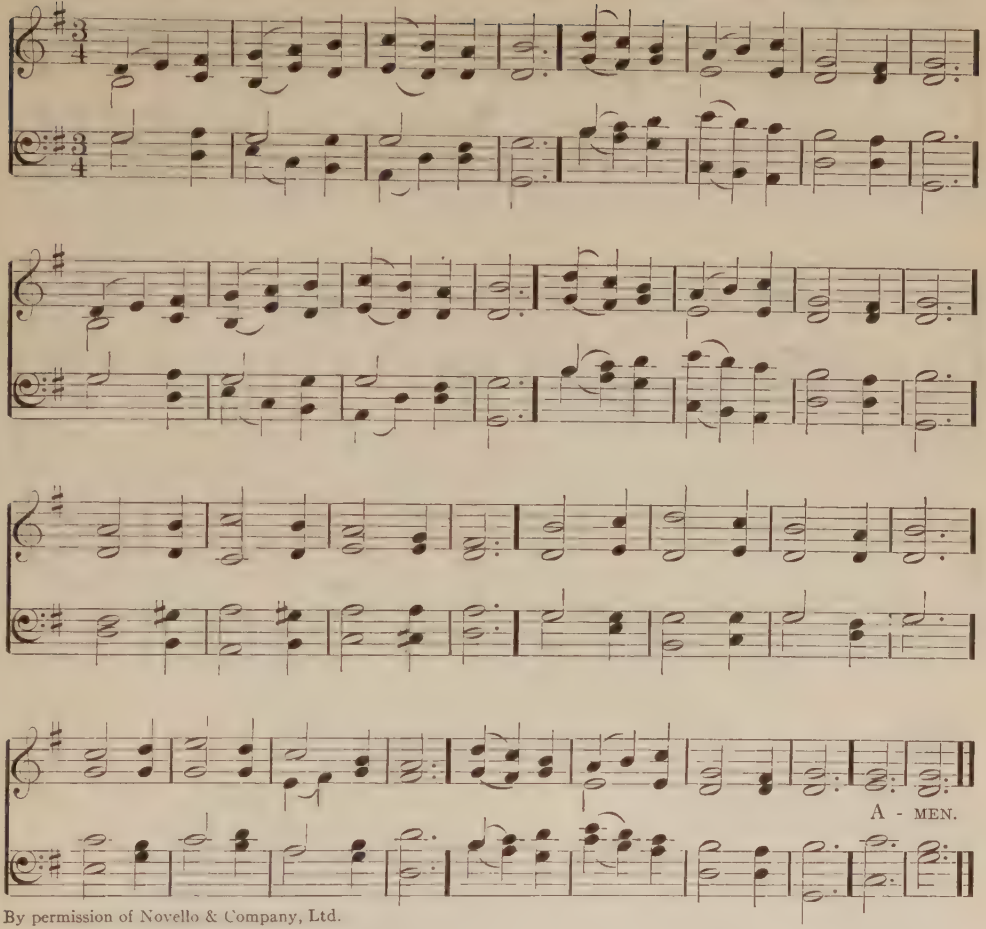
The Lord is come. Dull hearts to wake,
He speaks, as never man yet spake,
The truth which makes his servants free,
The royal law of liberty.

Though heaven and earth shall pass away,
His living words our spirits stay,
And from his treasures, new and old,
The eternal mysteries unfold.

The Lord is come. In every heart
Where truth and mercy claim a part,
In every land where right is might,
And deeds of darkness shun the light,
In every church where faith and love
Lift earthward thoughts to things above,
In every holy, happy home, —
We bless thee, Lord, that thou hast come.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, 1872.

MAIDSTONE. 7·7·7·7·7·7·7·7. WALTER BOND GILBERT, 1862.



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Alternative Tune: Herald Angels (repeating the last two lines of each stanza).

197.

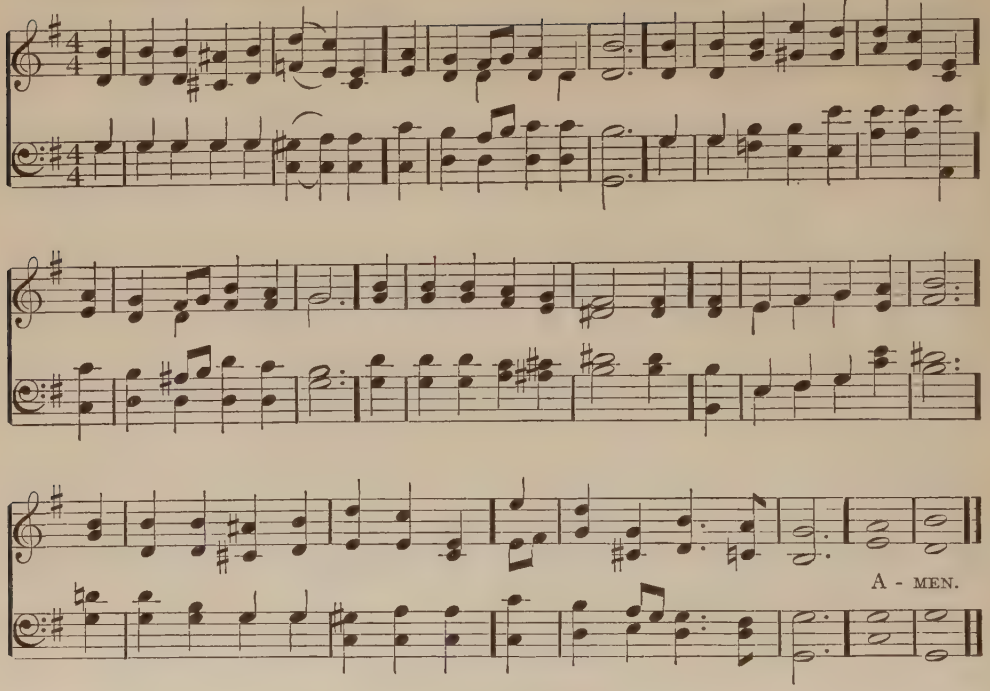
The Day-spring from on high.

Thank we now the Lord of heaven
For the day-spring he has given;
For the light of truth and grace
Shining from the Master's face.
Years have come and years have gone,
Still that light is shining on:
Still the holy child is born
Every blesséd Christmas morn.

Still his words of truth and grace
In a holier world we trace;
Where our hearts to love are stirred,
Still the angels' song is heard.
'Glory be to God on high!'
Sing, ye angels from the sky;
Mortals, raise the glad refrain,
'Peace on earth, good will to men.'

HENRY WARBURTON HAWKES.

ST. LOUIS. 8.6.8.6.7.6.8.6. LEWIS HENRY REDNER, 1868.



198.

O little town of Bethlehem.

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth!

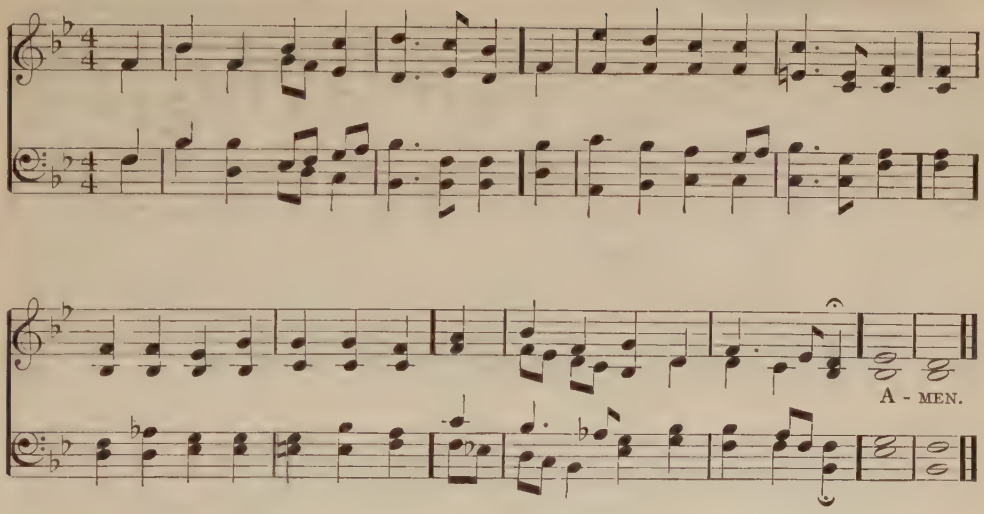
How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray,
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day!
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

PHILLIPS BROOKS, 1868.

ST. DROSTANE. L. M.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1862.



199.

Christ's entry into Jerusalem.

Ride on, ride on in majesty:
Hark! all the tribes 'Hosanna' cry:
Thine humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scattered garments
strewed.

Ride on, ride on in majesty;
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ! thy triumphs now begin,
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

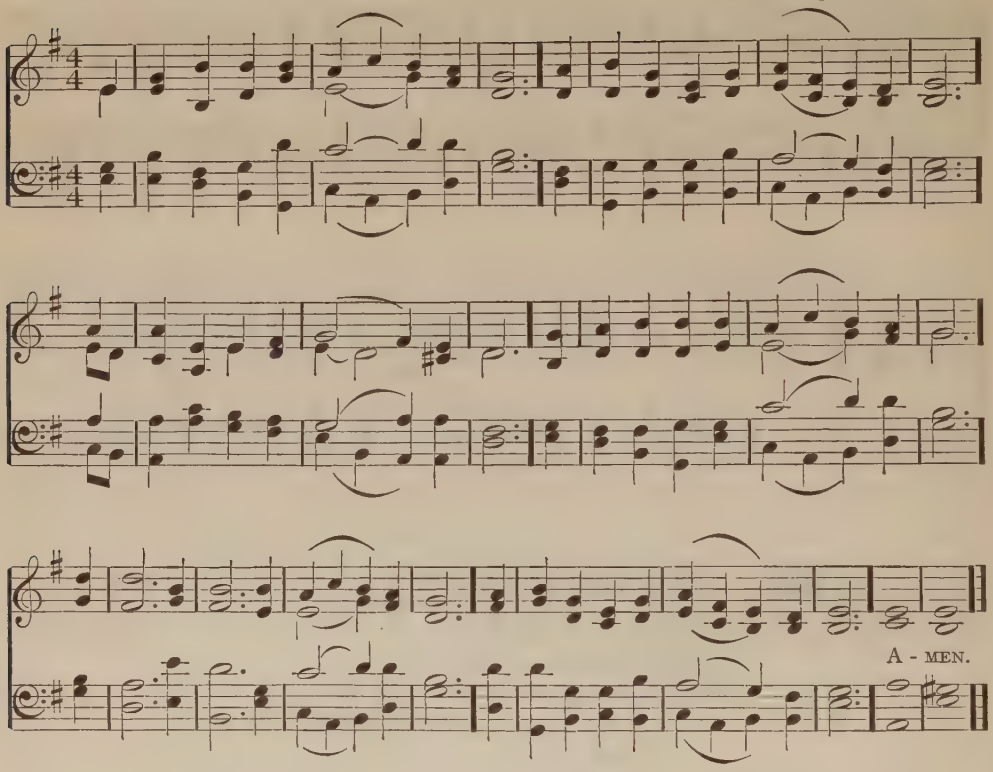
Ride on, ride on in majesty:
The wingéd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on, ride on in majesty;
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O Christ! thy power, and reign.

HENRY HART MILMAN,* 1827

VENI EMMANUEL. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

FRENCH MISSAL.
MELODY OF 13TH CENTURY.



200.

'Macht hoch die Thür, das Thor macht weit.'

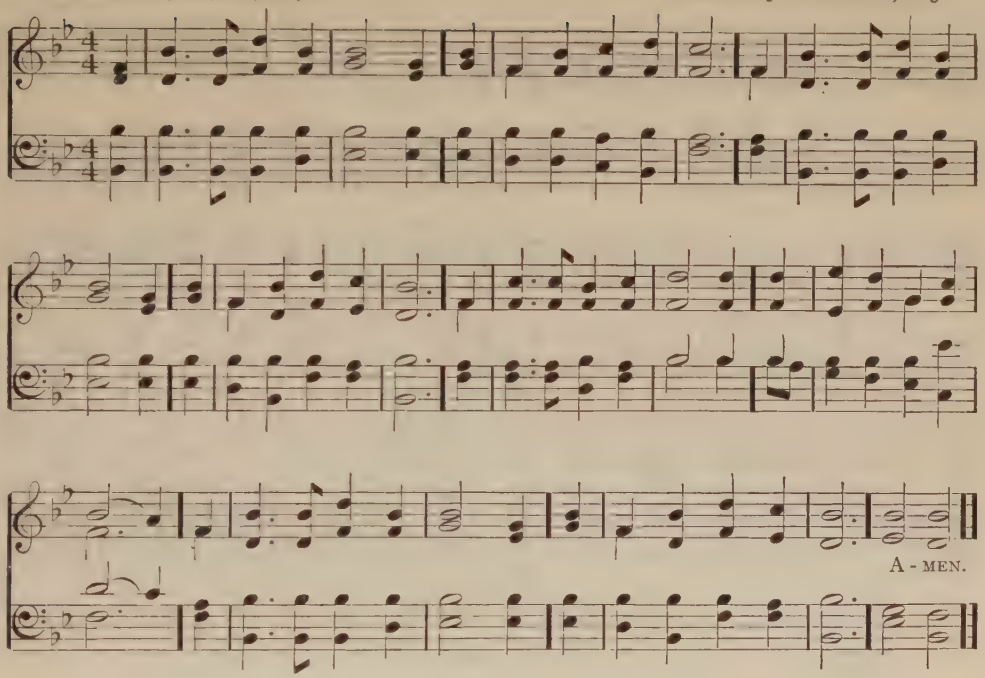
Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates,
Behold the king in glory waits.
The Prince of Peace is drawing near,
The hope of longing hearts is here;
The end of all our woe he brings,
Wherefore the earth is glad and sings.

O blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the ruler is confest!
O happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this king in triumph comes!
His kingly crown is holiness,
His scepter, pity in distress.

Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy;
So shall your sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.

GEORG WEISSEL, 1642.
Trans. CATHERINE WINKWORTH.
Adapted.

WEBB. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. GEORGE JAMES WEBB, 1830.



201.

The reign of the Messiah.

Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

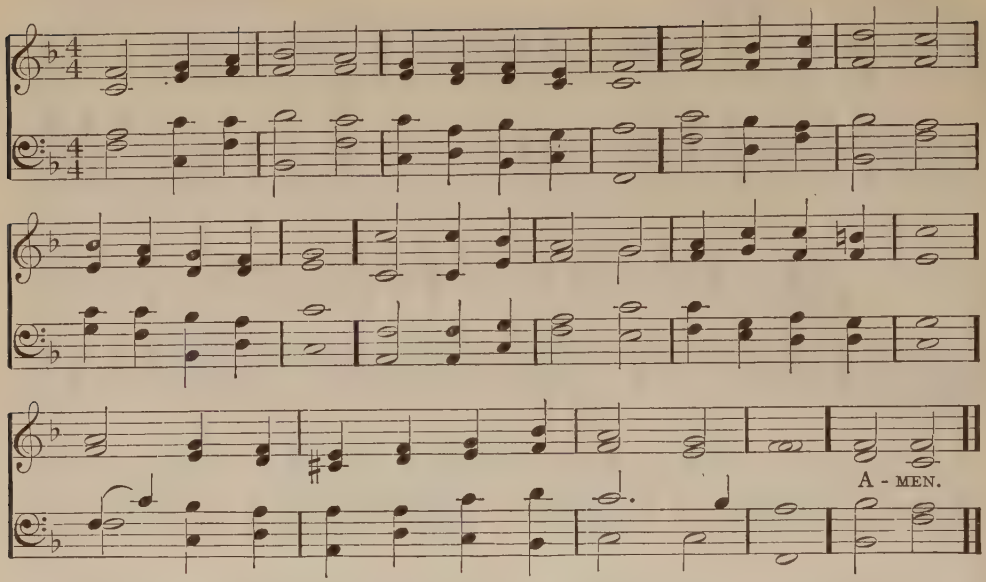
He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever:
That name to us is Love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1821.

OLD 124th. 10. 10. 10. 10. GENEVAN PSALTER, 1551.



202.

The triumphal entry.

Descend to thy Jerusalem, O Lord!
Her faithful children cry with one accord;
Come, ride in triumph on! behold, we lay
Our guilty lusts and proud wills in thy way!

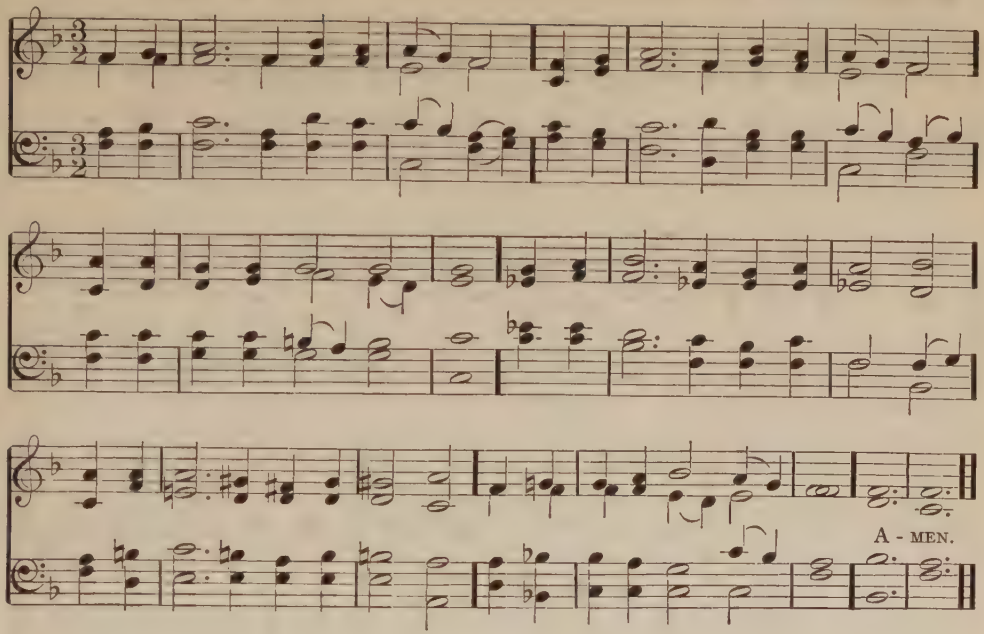
Welcome, O welcome to our hearts, Lord! here
Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear
As that in Zion, and as full of sin:
How long shall thieves and robbers dwell therein?

Enter and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor!
Destroy their strength, that they may never more
Profane with traffic vile that holy place,
Which thou hast chosen, there to set thy face.

And then, if our stiff tongues shall silent be
In praises of thy finished victory,
The temple stones shall cry, and loud repeat
Hosanna! and thy glorious footsteps greet!

JEREMY TAYLOR,* 1655.

STABAT MATER. 8.8.7.8.8.7. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1875.



203.

'The Crucifixion.'

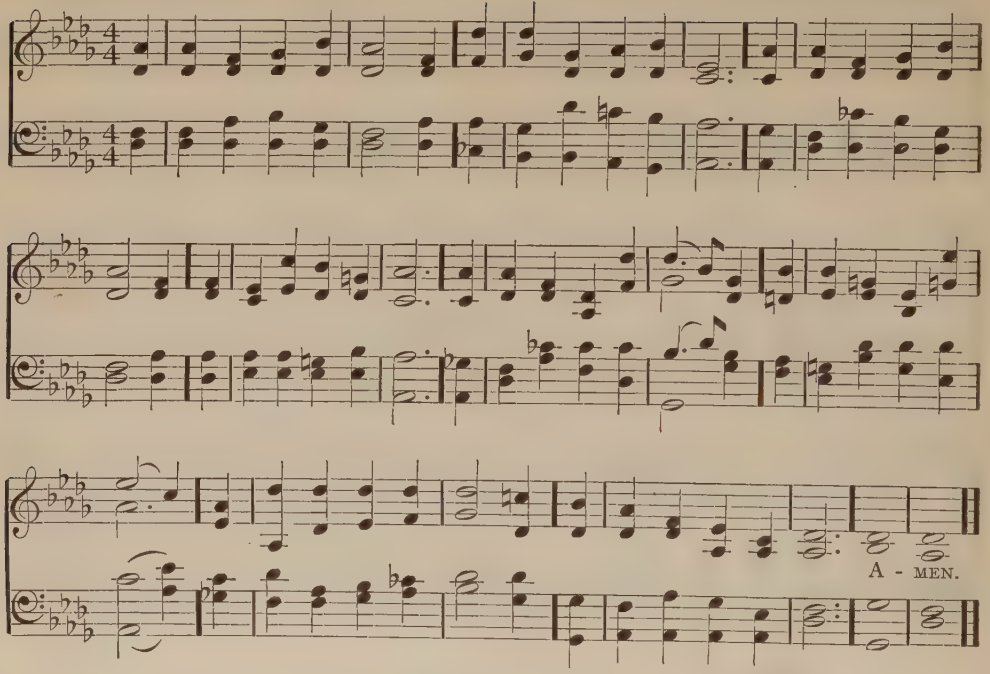
'It is finished!' Man of sorrows!
From thy cross our frailty borrows
  Strength to bear and conquer thus.
While extended there we view thee,
Mighty Sufferer, draw us to thee, —
  Sufferer victorious!

Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted,
  May that sacred emblem be!
Lifted high amid the ages,
Guide of heroes, saints, and sages,
  May it guide us still to thee!

Still to thee, whose love unbounded
Sorrow's depths for us has sounded,
  Perfected by conflicts sore.
Honored be thy cross forever;
Star, that points our high endeavor,
  Whither thou hast gone before!

FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE,* 1843.

LANCASHIRE. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. HENRY SMART, 1836.



Alternative Tune: Aurelia.

204.

Easter gladness.

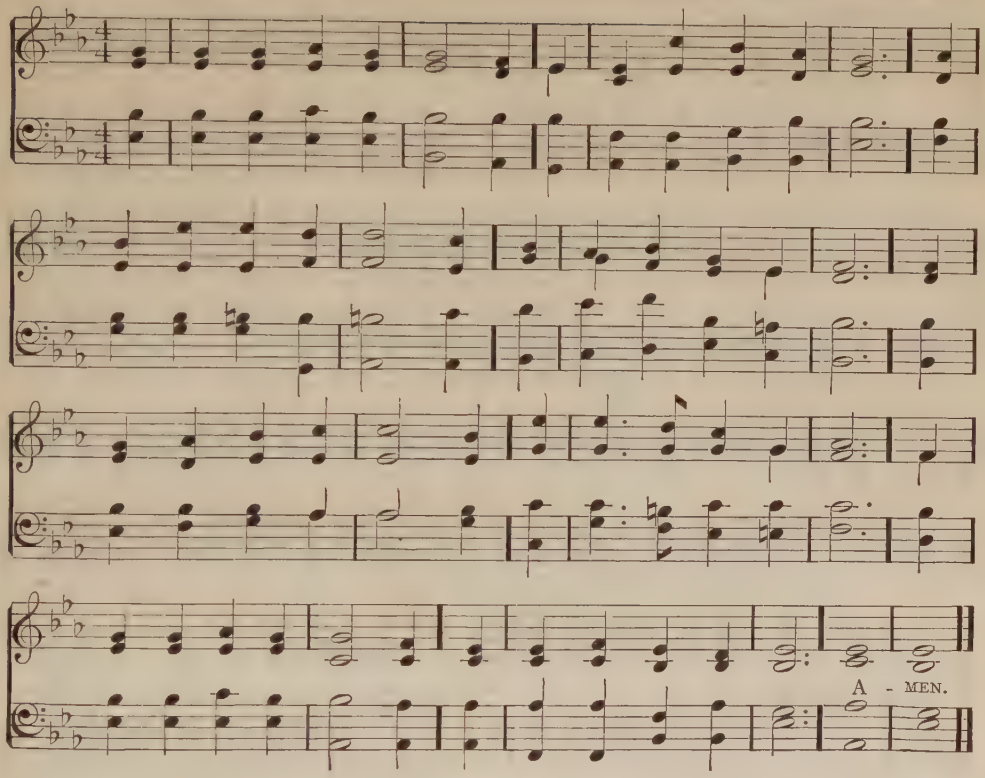
O day of light and gladness,
Of prophecy and song,
What thoughts within us waken,
What hallowed memories throng!
The soul's horizon widens,
Past, present, future blend;
And rises on our vision
The life that hath no end.

Earth feels the season's joyance;
From mountain range to sea
The tides of life are flowing
Fresh, manifold and free.
In valley and on upland,
By forest pathways dim,
All nature lifts in chorus
The resurrection hymn.

O Lord of life eternal,
To thee our hearts upraise
The Easter song of gladness,
The Passover of praise.
Thine are the many mansions,
The dead die not to thee,
Who fillest from thy fulness
Time and eternity.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1903.

AURELIA. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, 1864.



205.

Easter hymn.

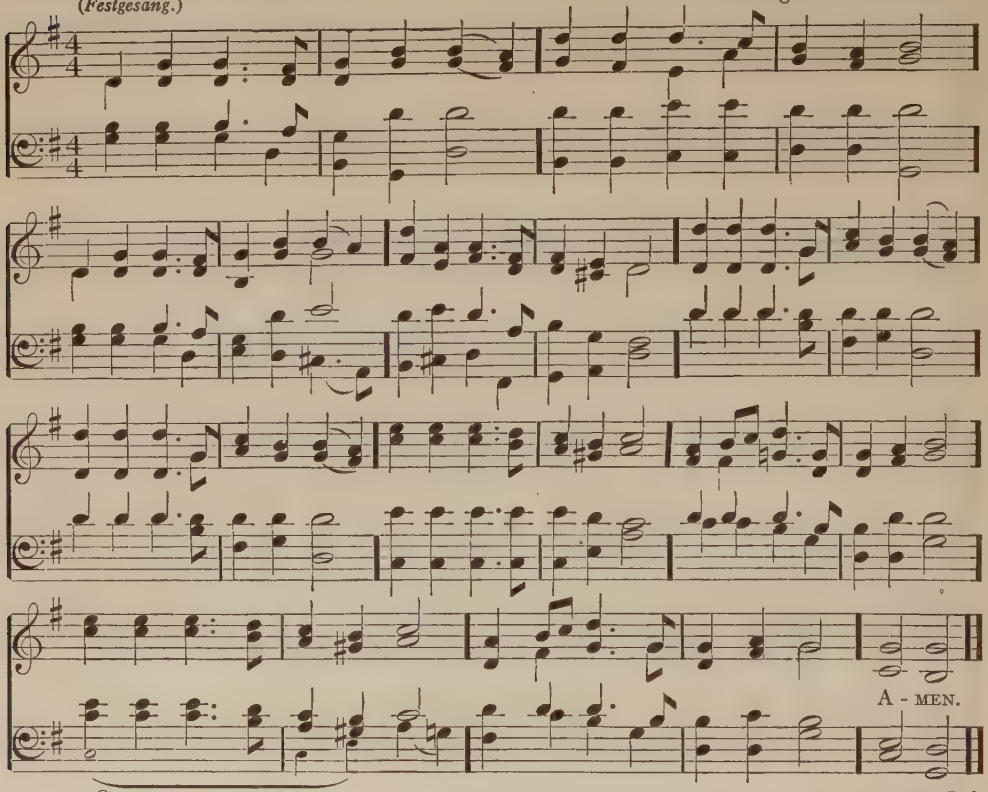
The Light along the ages
  Shines higher as it goes;
From age to age more glorious
  Its radiant splendor grows.
Man's life, begun so lowly,
  Now soars to heaven above,
To share in life eternal
  The joys of endless love!

We thank thee, O our Father,
  For every gift of thine;
All speak alike the bounty
  Of tenderness divine;
But every gift surpassing,
  This wondrous gift we own, —
The Son of Man is risen
  To dwell before thy throne!

Wherever goodness reigneth
  The soul of Christ lives on,
And every Christ-like spirit
  Shall rise where he hath gone:
Earth's dust hath served its mission;
  Henceforth the soul is free,
And through the heights of being
  Ascends, O God, to thee!

WILLIAM GEORGE TARRANT.

HERALD ANGELS. 7·7·7·7·7·7·7·7·7·7. FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, 1840.
(Festgesang.) Arranged.



ORG.

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206.

The day of days.

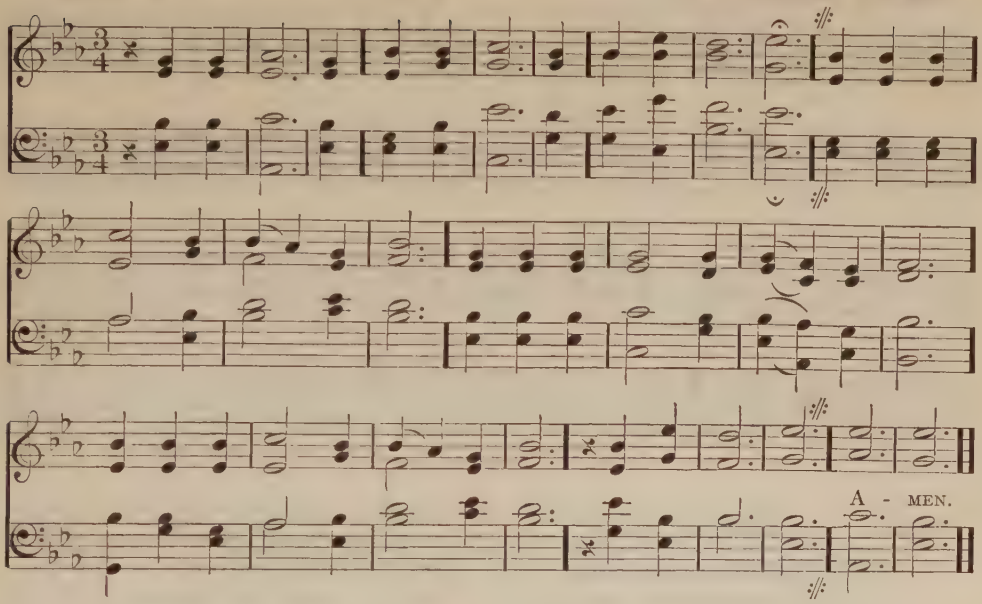
Lo, the day of days is here,
Earth puts on her robes of cheer:
Day of hope and prophecy,
Feast of immortality!
Fields are smiling in the sun,
Loosened streamlets seaward run,
Tender blade and leaf appear,
'T is the spring-tide of the year!
Day of hope and prophecy,
Feast of immortality!

Lo, the day of days is here,
Hearts, awake and sing with cheer!
He who robes his earth anew
Careth for his children too.
They who look to him in faith
Triumph over fear and death;
Speaks the angel by the door
'They are risen' evermore.
Day of hope and prophecy,
Feast of immortality!

Lo, the day of days is here,
Music thrills the atmosphere.
Join, ye people all, and sing
Love and praise and thanksgiving!
Rocky steep or flowery mead,
One the Shepherd that doth lead;
One the hope within us born,
One the joy of Easter morn!
Day of hope and prophecy,
Feast of immortality!

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1890.

PALESTRINA. 8.8.8.4. GIOVANNI PIERLUIGI DA PALESTRINA, 1591. Arranged.



207. *'Unto Him all live.'*

ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!
O Lord of Life, where'er they be,
Safe in thine own eternity,
Our dead are living unto thee.
Alleluia!

All souls are thine, and, here or there,
They rest within thy sheltering care;
One providence alike they share.
Alleluia!

Thy word is true, thy ways are just;
Above the requiem, 'Dust to dust,'
Shall rise our psalm of grateful trust.
Alleluia!

O happy they in God who rest,
No more by fear and doubt oppressed!
Living or dying they are blest.
Alleluia!

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1888.

208. *Victory over pain and death.*

ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!
Past are the cross, the scourge, the thorn
The scoffing tongue, the gibe, the scorn,
And brightly breaks the Easter morn.
Alleluia!

Gone are the gloomy clouds of night;
The shades of death are put to flight;
And from the tomb beams heavenly light.
Alleluia!

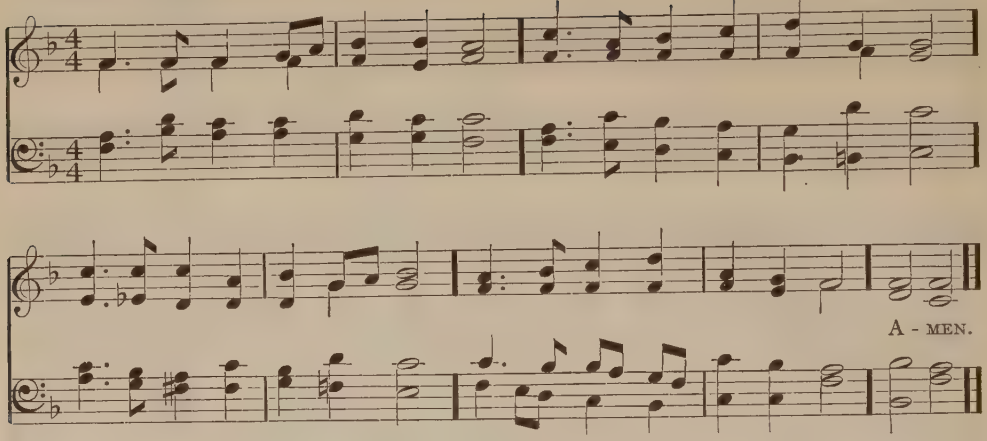
And so in sorrow dark and drear,
Though black the night, the morn is near;
Soon shall the heavenly day appear.
Alleluia!

And when death's darkness dims our eyes,
From out the gloom our souls shall rise
In deathless glory to the skies. Alleluia!

Then let us raise the glorious strain,
Love's triumph over sin and pain,
Faith's victory over terror's reign!
Alleluia!

ALFRED CHARLES JEWITT, 1879.

GLEBE FIELD. 7·7·7·7. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.



209. *He is risen.*

Where is he that came to save?
Where is he that lived to bless?
Lying in the silent grave,
Sorrow-stricken hearts confess.

In the grave, yet not to earth
Wholly sink heroic lives,
While the memory of their worth
In the heart of man survives.

Watching weary nights in tears,
Thinking of the words he said,
Lo! to them again appears
Image of the sacred dead.

Round the holy sepulchre
Never-dying glories shine;
Midst its hallowed silence stir
Echoes of a voice divine.

Oft in weakness, fear, and gloom,
Now, as then, despairing eyes,
Turning to the Master's tomb,
See, with joy, his spirit rise, —

Rise triumphant from its dust,
Rise again to save and bless,
Spirit of immortal trust,
Breath of truth and holiness.

SETH CURTIS BEACH, 1877.

210. *He maketh all things new.*

Lo, the earth is risen again
From the winter's bond and pain!
Bring we leaf and flower and spray
To adorn this holy day.

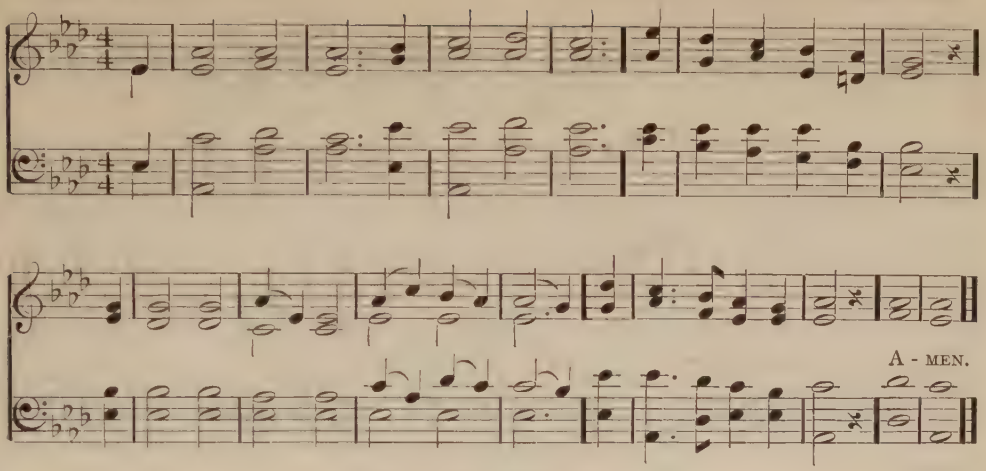
Once again the word comes true,
Lo, he maketh all things new!
Now the dark, cold days are o'er,
Light and gladness are before.

How our hearts leap with the spring!
How our spirits soar and sing!
Light is victor over gloom,
Life triumphant o'er the tomb.

Change, then, mourning into praise,
And, for dirges, anthems raise:
All our fears and griefs shall be
Lost in immortality.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1876.

HUMMEL. C. M. HEINRICH CHRISTOPH ZEUNER, 1832.



211. *O happy Easter morn.*

On eyes that watch through sorrow's night,
On aching hearts and worn,
Rise thou with healing in thy light,
O happy Easter morn!

The dead earth wakes beneath thy rays,
The tender grasses spring;
The woods put on their robes of praise,
And birds returning sing.

O shine within the spirit's skies,
Till, in thy kindling glow,
From out the buried memories
Immortal hopes shall grow:

Till from the seed oft sown in grief,
And wet with bitter tears,
Our faith shall bind the harvest sheaf
Of the eternal years.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1890.

212. *The larger faith.*

Our Father! while our hearts unlearn
The creeds that wrong thy name,
Still let our hallowed altars burn
With faith's undying flame!

Not by the lightning-gleams of wrath
Our souls thy face shall see, —
The star of love must light the path
That leads to heaven and thee.

Help us to read our Master's will
Through every darkening stain
That clouds his sacred image still,
And see him once again,

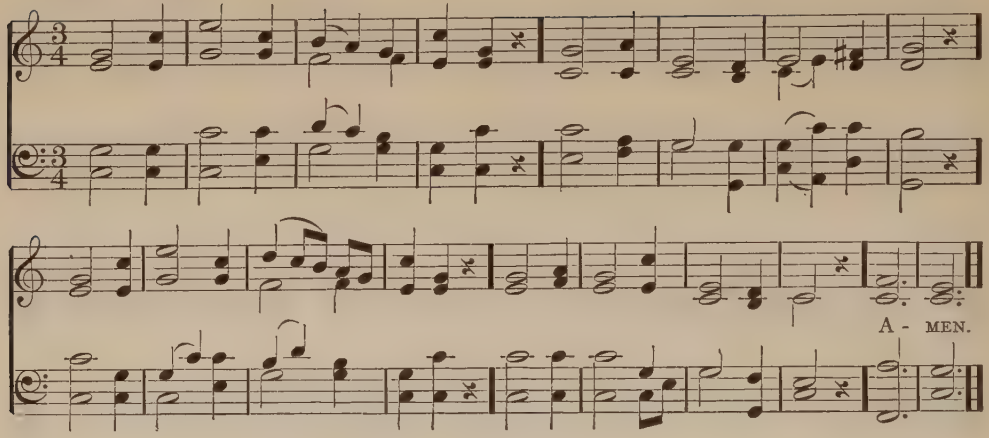
The brother man, the pitying friend,
Who weeps for human woes,
Whose pleading words of pardon blend
With cries of raging foes.

If, mid the gathering storms of doubt
Our hearts grow faint and cold,
The strength we cannot live without
Thy love will not withhold.

Our prayers accept; our sins forgive;
Our youthful zeal renew;
Shape for us holier lives to live
And nobler work to do!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1893

RATHBUN. 8.7.8.7. (First Tune) ITHAMAR CONKEY.



213.

'In the cross of Christ I glory.'

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

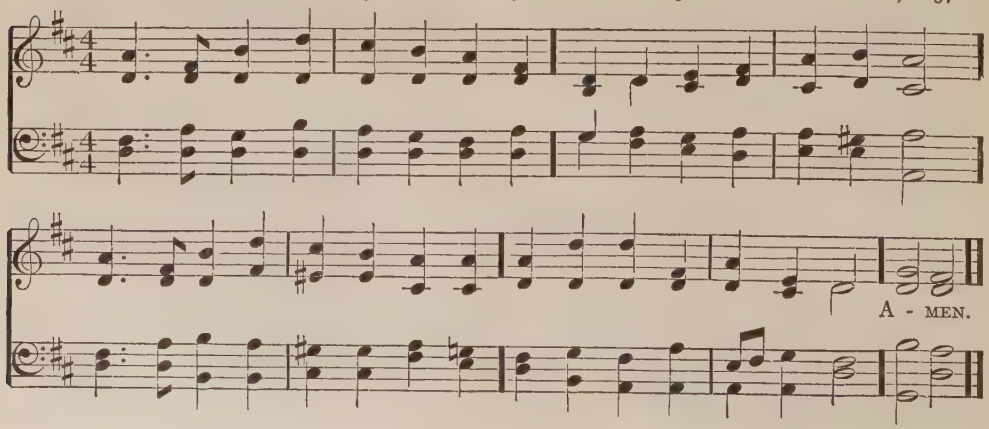
When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

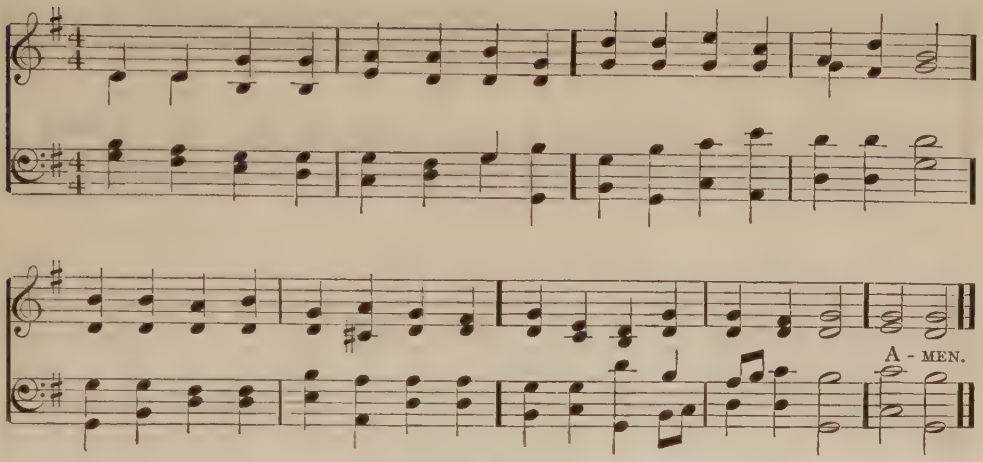
In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

ST. OSWALD. 8.7.8.7. (Second Tune) JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1857.



STUTTGART. 8.7.8.7. NEW GOTHA CANTIONAL, 1715.



214.

'The Conflict of Life.'

Onward, onward, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone;
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee, — press thou on!

By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother!
Jesus trod it, — press thou on!

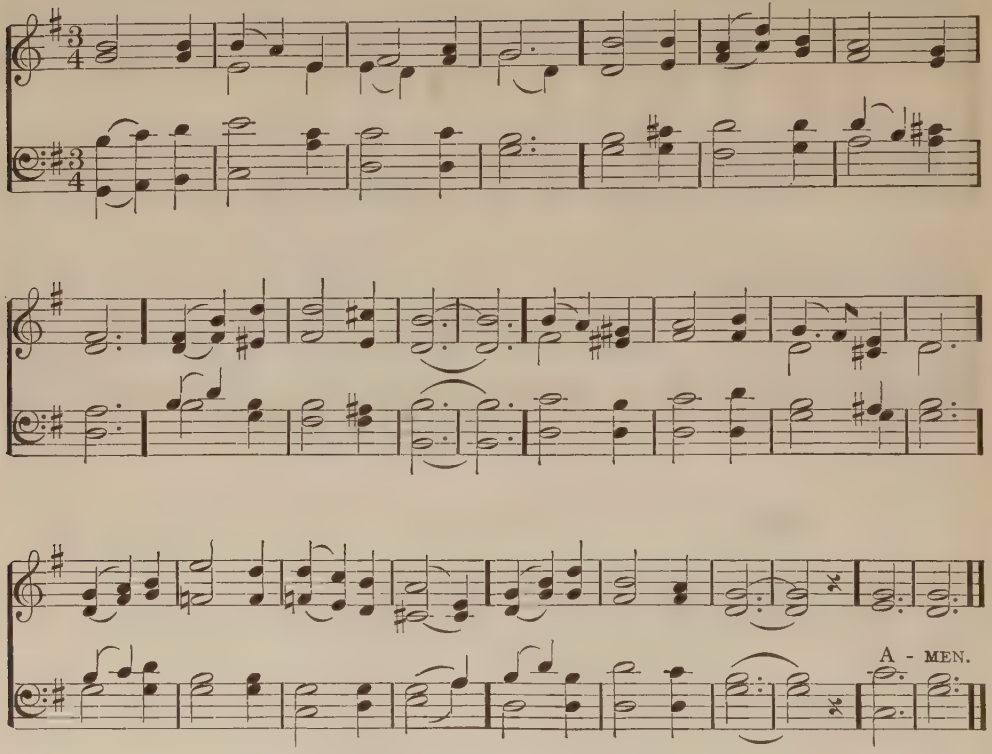
By thy trustful, calm endeavor,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver;
O, for their sake, press thou on!

Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace;
While it needs thee, O no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release;

Pray thou, undisheartened, rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus, — 'Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done!'

SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1847.

ARMSTRONG. 7·7·5·7·7·5. GEORGE WHITFIELD CHADWICK, 1888.



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215.

The Lord of love.

When the Lord of love was here,
Happy hearts to him were dear,
Though his heart was sad;
Worn and lonely for our sake,
Yet he turned aside to make
All the weary glad.

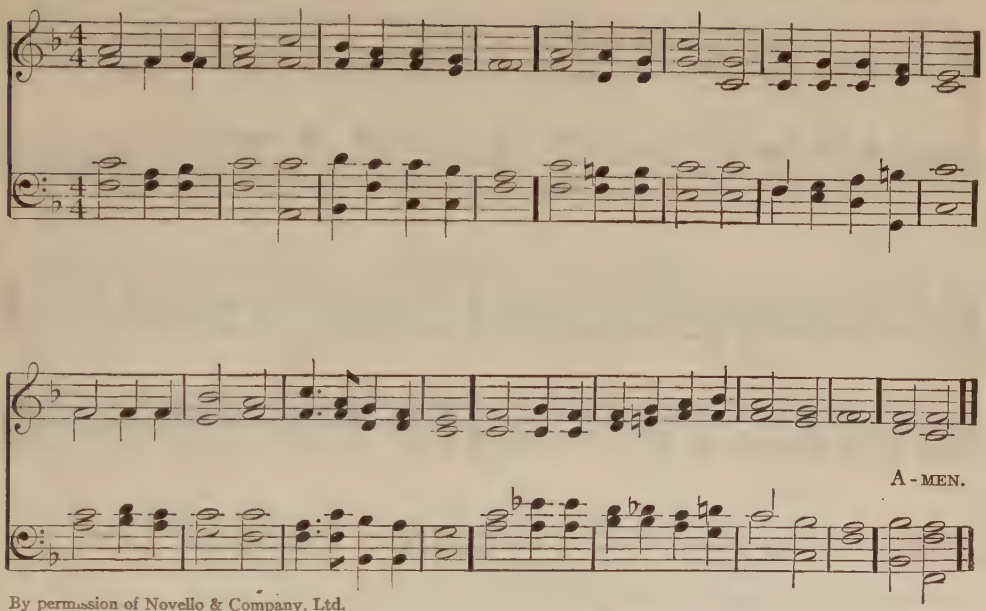
Meek and lowly were his ways,
From his loving grew his praise,
From his giving, prayer:
All the outcasts thronged to hear,
All the sorrowful drew near
To enjoy his care.

When he walked the fields, he drew
From the flowers and birds and dew,
Parables of God;
For within his heart of love
All the soul of man did move,
God had his abode.

Lord, be ours thy power to keep
In the very heart of grief,
And in trial, love;
In our meekness to be wise,
And through sorrow to arise
To our God above.

STOPFORD AUGUSTUS BROOKE, 1881.

LANGRAN. 10.10.10.10. JAMES LANGRAN, 1863.



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216.

The way, the truth, the life.

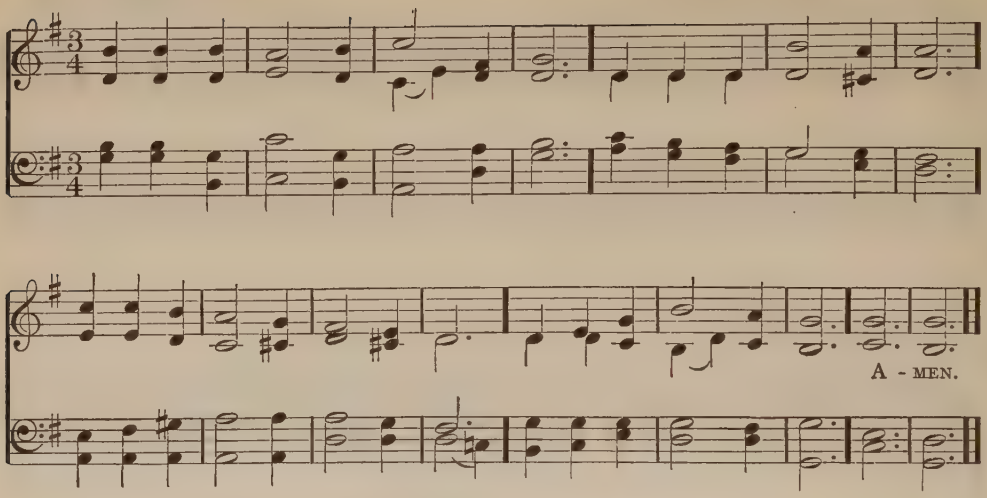
O thou great friend to all the sons of men,
  Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
  And call thy brethren forth from want and woe!

We look to thee: thy truth is still the light
  Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
  Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes: thou art still the life; thou art the way
  The holiest know, — light, life, and way of heaven;
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
  Toil by the light, life, way, which thou hast given.

THEODORE PARKER, 1846.

ST. AGNES. C. M. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1866.



217.

'Our Master.'

He cometh not a king to reign,
The world's long hope is dim;
The weary centuries watch in vain
The clouds of heaven for him.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1866.

218.

O Love! O Life!

O Love! O Life! our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one.
As, through transfigured clouds of white,
We trace the noon-day sun,

So, to our mortal eye subdued,
Flesh-veiled but not concealed,
We know in thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in thee
The light, the truth, the way.

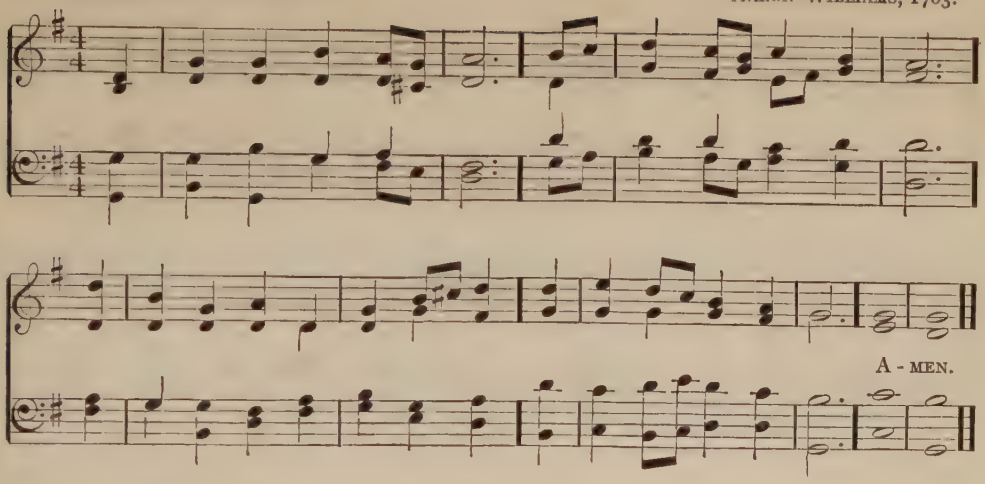
To do thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds;
And simple trust can find thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord;
What may thy service be? —
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following thee.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1866.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

AARON WILLIAMS, 1763.



Alternative Tune: Monk.

219.

Love and duty.

A voice by Jordan's shore!
A summons stern and clear:
Reform! be just! and sin no more!
God's judgment draweth near!

A voice by Galilee,
A holier voice I hear:
Love God! thy neighbor love! for see,
God's mercy draweth near!

O voice of duty, still
Speak forth, I hear with awe;
In thee I own the sovereign will,
Obey the sovereign law.

Thou higher voice of love,
Yet speak thy word in me;
Through duty let me upward move
To thy pure liberty!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864.

220.

Following.

Thou say'st, 'Take up thy cross,
O man, and follow me';
The night is black, the feet are slack,
Yet we would follow thee.

Comes faint and far thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;
How should we follow thee?

O heavy cross—of faith
In what we cannot see!
As once of yore thyself restore
And help to follow thee.

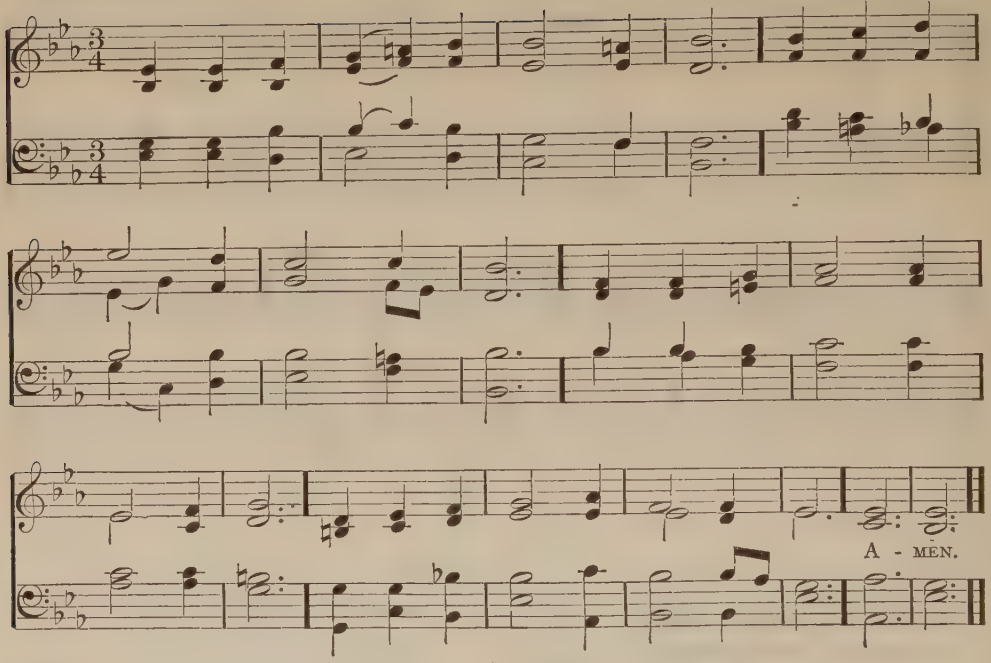
If not as once thou cam'st
In true humanity,
Come yet as guest within the breast
That burns to follow thee.

Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be:
Set up thy throne within thine own:—
Go, Lord: we follow thee.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE, 1865.

ANGELUS. L. M.

GEORG JOSEPHI, *circa* 1657.



221.

Visions and tasks.

Not long on Hermon's holy height
The heavenly vision fills our sight;
We may not breathe that purer air,
Nor build our tabernacles there.

If with the Master we would go,
Our feet must thread the vale below,
Where dark the lonely pathways wind,
The golden glory left behind.

Where hungry souls ask one to feed,
Where wanderers cry for one to lead,
Where helpless hearts in chains are bound, —
There shall the Master still be found:

There, bending patient o'er his task —
No raiment white our eyes shall ask,
Content, while through each cloud we trace
The glory of the Master's face.

THEODORE CLAUDIUS PEASE, 1891.

222.

'On the mount.'

Not always on the mount may we
Rapt in the heavenly vision be:
The shores of thought and feeling know
The Spirit's tidal ebb and flow.

'Lord, it is good abiding here,'
We cry, the heavenly presence near;
The vision vanishes, our eyes
Are lifted into vacant skies.

Yet hath one such exalted hour
Upon the soul redeeming power,
And in its strength through after days
We travel our appointed ways,

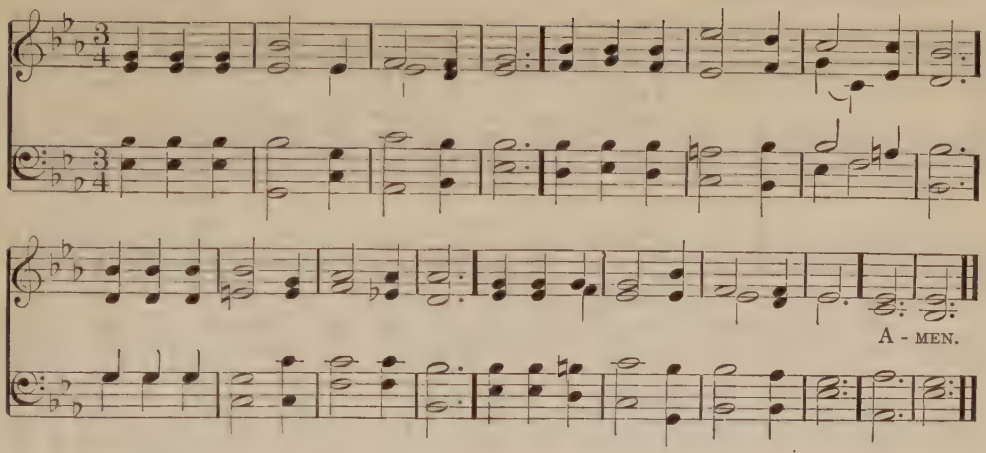
Till all the lowly vale grows bright,
Transfigured in remembered light,
And in untiring souls we bear
The freshness of the upper air.

The mount for vision: but below
The paths of daily duty go,
And nobler life therein shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1882.

ST. CRISPIN. L. M.

GEORGE JOB ELVEY, 1862.



223.

Christ in the city.

Where cross the crowded ways of life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan,
Above the noise of selfish strife,
We hear thy voice, O Son of Man.

In haunts of wretchedness and need,
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of thy tears.

From tender childhood's helplessness,
From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,
Thy heart has never known recoil.

The cup of water given for thee
Still holds the freshness of thy grace;
Yet long these multitudes to see
The sweet compassion of thy face.

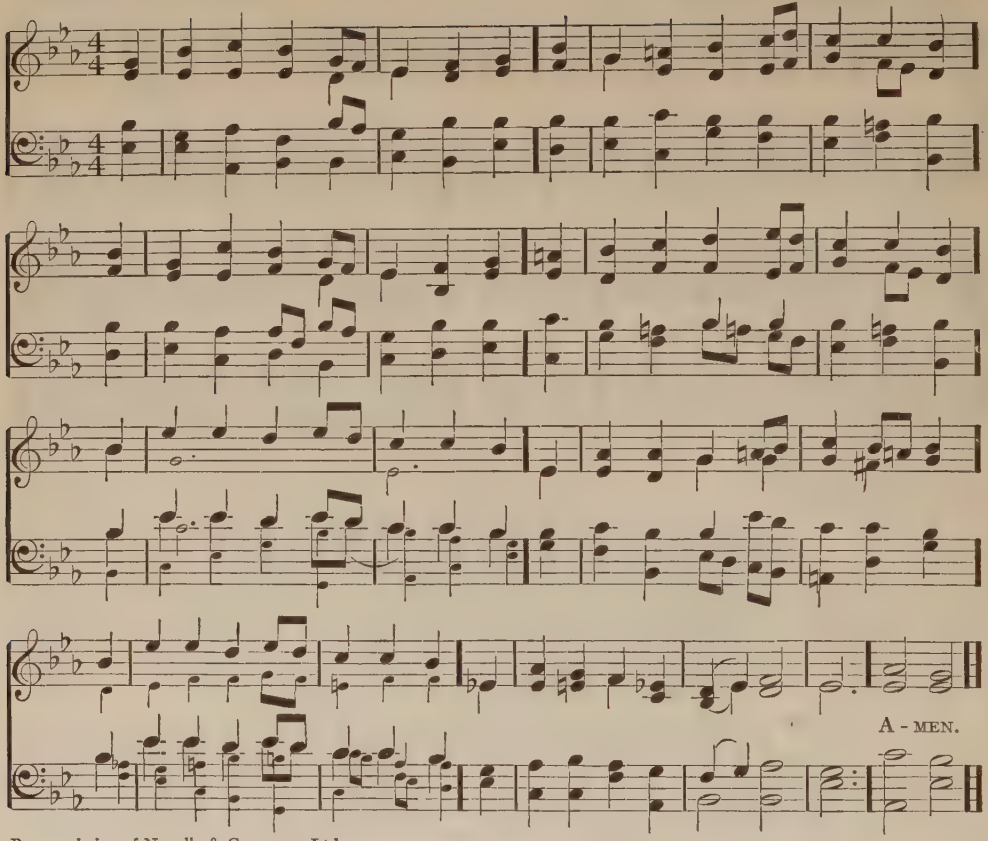
O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again;

Till sons of men shall learn thy love,
And follow where thy feet have trod;
Till glorious from thy heaven above,
Shall come the City of our God.

FRANK MASON NORTH, 1905.

HOREB. L. M. D.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1872.



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Alternative Tune: Ward.

224.

Our Father God!

Our Father God! not face to face
May mortal sense commune with thee,
Nor lift the curtains of that place
Where dwells thy secret majesty;
Yet wheresoe'er our spirits bend
In reverent faith and humble prayer,
Thy promised blessing will descend,
And we shall find thy spirit there.

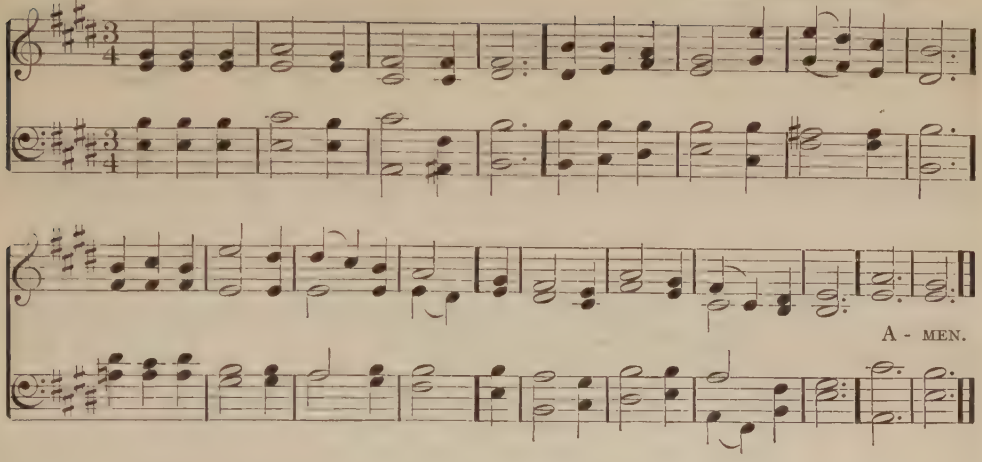
Lord! be the spot where now we meet
An open gateway into heaven;
Here may we sit at Jesus' feet,
And feel our deepest sins forgiven;
Here may desponding care look up,
And sorrow lay its burden down,
Or learn of him to drink the cup,
To bear the cross, and win the crown.

Here may the sick and wandering soul,
To truth still blind, to sin a slave,
Find better than Bethesda's pool,
Or than Siloam's healing wave;
And may we learn, while here apart
From the world's passion and its strife,
That thy true shrine 's a loving heart,
And thy best praise a holy life.

EDWIN HUBBELL CHAPIN.

MARYTON. L. M.

HENRY PERCY SMITH, 1874.



225.

Going about doing good.

O Master, let me walk with thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

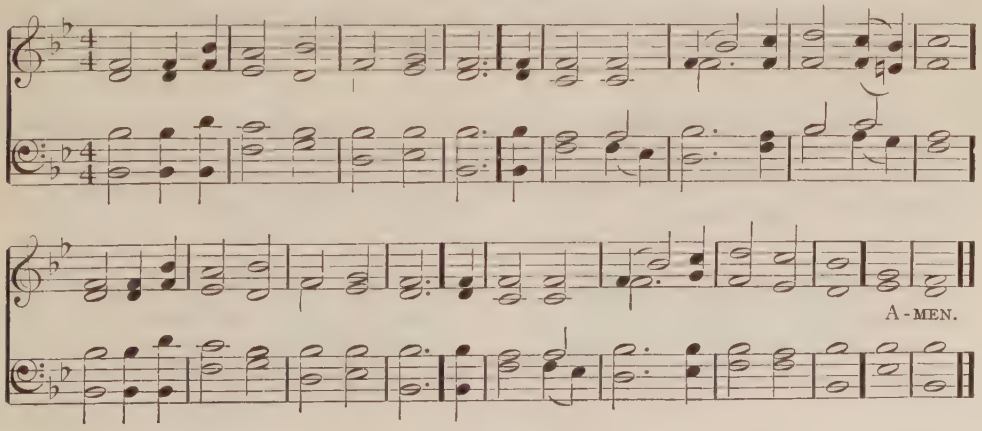
Teach me thy patience; still with thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong;

In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only thou canst give, —
With thee, O Master, let me live!

WASHINGTON GLADDEN, 1879.

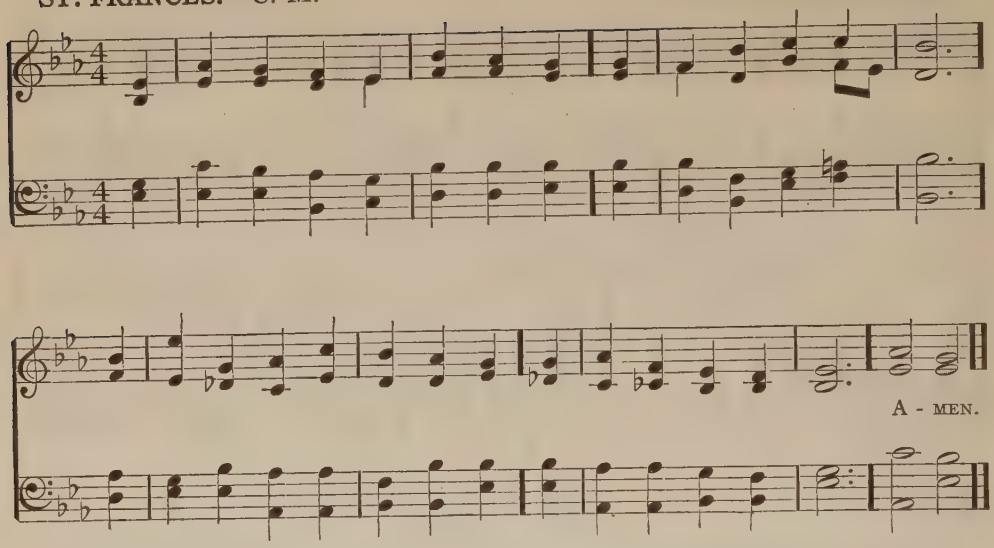
WARD. L. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.



ST. FRANCES. C. M.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS LÖHR, 1861.



226.

Our Brother Christ.

We bear the strain of earthly care,
But bear it not alone;
Beside us walks our brother Christ
And makes our task his own.

Through din of market, whirl of wheels,
And thrust of driving trade,
We follow where the Master leads,
Serene and unafraid.

The common hopes that make us men
Were his in Galilee;
The tasks he gives are those he gave
Beside the restless sea.

Our brotherhood still rests in him,
The Brother of us all,
And o'er the centuries still we hear
The Master's winsome call.

OZORA STEARNS DAVIS, 1909.

227.

Fellow workers with God.

O God, who workest hitherto,
Working in all we see,
Fain would we be, and bear and do,
As best it pleaseth thee.

Where'er thou sendest we will go,
Nor any question ask,
And what thou biddest we will do,
Whatever be the task.

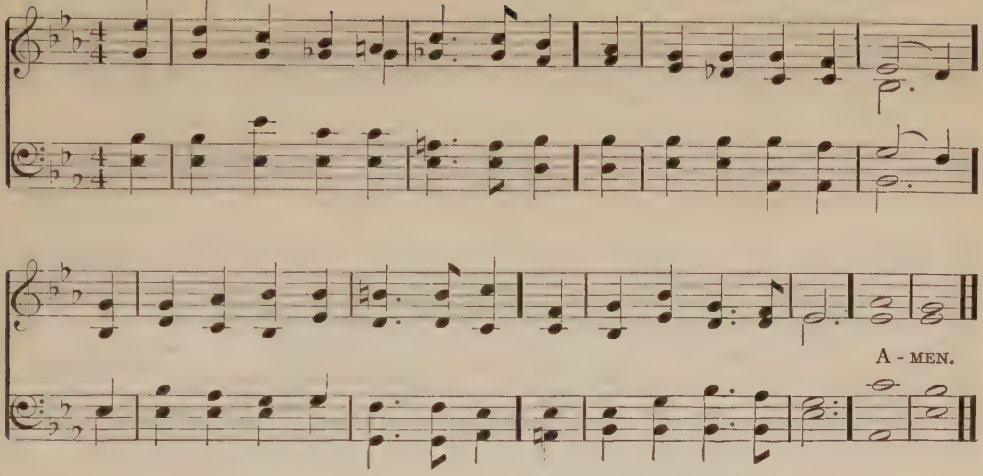
Our skill of hand, and strength of limb,
Are not our own, but thine;
We link them to the work of him
Who made all life divine!

Our brother-friend, thy holy son,
Shared all our lot and strife;
And nobly will our work be done,
If moulded by his life.

THOMAS WESLEY FRECKELTON, 1884.

CONISTON. C. M.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1861.



228. *'The spirit of Jesus.'*

Immortal by their deed and word,
Like light around them shed,
Still speak the prophets of the Lord,
Still live the sainted dead.

The voice of old by Jordan's flood
Yet floats upon the air;
We hear it in beatitude,
In parable and prayer.

And still the beauty of that life
Shines star-like on our way,
And breathes its calm amid the strife
And burden of to-day.

Earnest of life forevermore
That life of duty here, —
The trust that in the darkest hour
Looked forth and knew no fear!

Spirit of Jesus, still speed on!
Speed on thy conquering way,
Till every heart the Father own,
And all his will obey!

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1885.

229. *Mercies ever new.*

I little see, I little know,
Yet can I fear no ill:
He who hath guided me till now
Will be my leader still.

No burden yet was on me laid
Of trouble or of care,
But he my trembling step hath stayed,
And given me strength to bear.

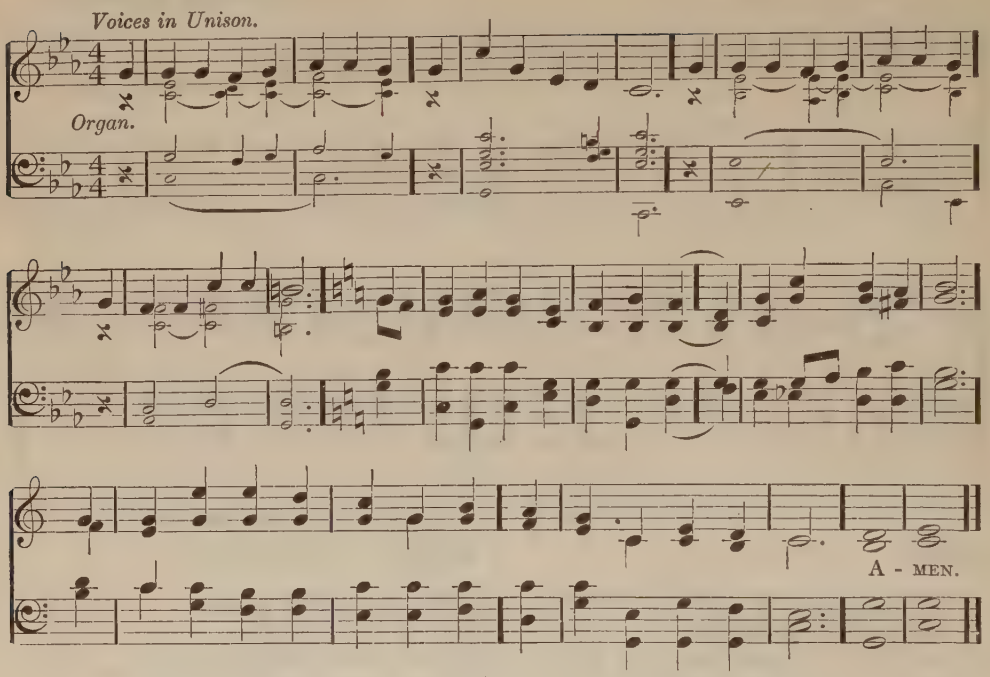
He will not leave my soul forlorn;
I still must find him true,
Whose mercies have been new each morn
And every evening new.

Upon his providence I lean,
As lean in faith I must:
The lesson of my life hath been
A heart of grateful trust.

And so my onward way I fare
With happy heart and calm,
And mingle with my daily care
The music of my psalm.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1883.

AUDITE AUDIENTES ME. C. M. D. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.



Alternative tune : Coniston.

230.

With him of Galilee.

Amid the din of earthly strife,
Amid the busy crowd,
The whispers of eternal life
Are lost in clamors loud;
When lo! I find a healing balm,
The world grows dim to me;
My spirit rests in sudden calm
With him of Galilee.

I linger near him in the throng,
And listen to his voice;
I feel my weary soul grow strong,
My saddened heart rejoice.
Amid the storms that darkly frown
I hear his call to me,
And lay my heavy burden down
With him of Galilee.

HENRY WARBURTON HAWKES,* 1898.

231.

'Their silent ministry.'

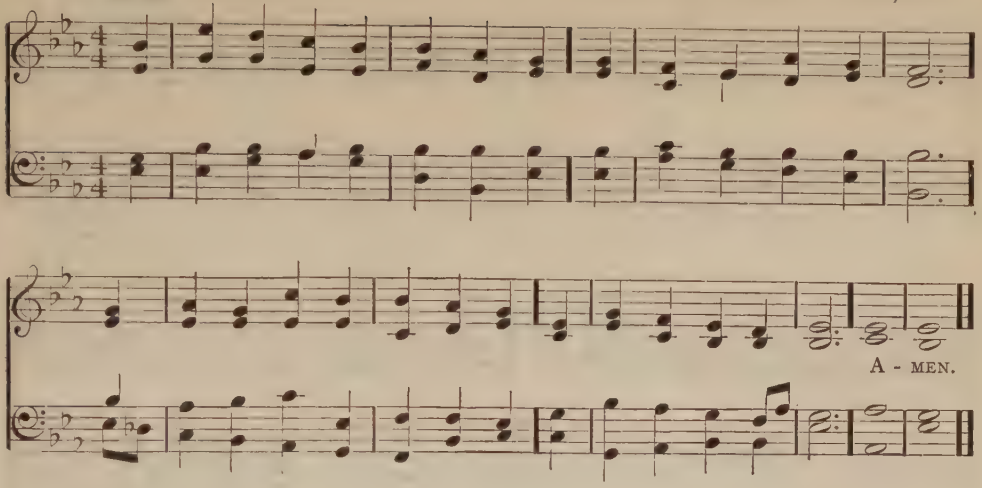
I cannot think of them as dead
Who walk with me no more;
Along the path of life I tread
They have but gone before.
The Father's house is mansioned fair
Beyond my vision dim;
All souls are his, and here or there
Are living unto him.

And still their silent ministry
Within my heart hath place
As when on earth they walked with me
And met me face to face.
Mine are they by an ownership
Nor time nor death can free;
For God hath given to love to keep
Its own eternally.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1882.

ST. PETER. C. M.

ALEXANDER ROBERT REINAGLE, 1826.



232.

'My Psalm.'

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope or fear,
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

I plow no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare;
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay
Aside the toiling oar;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

And all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

233.

Resting.

My heart is resting, O my God!
I will give thanks and sing:
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise;
I seek the treasure of thy love,
And close at hand it lies.

Mine be the reverent, listening love
That waits all day on thee,
The service of a watchful heart
Which no one else can see;

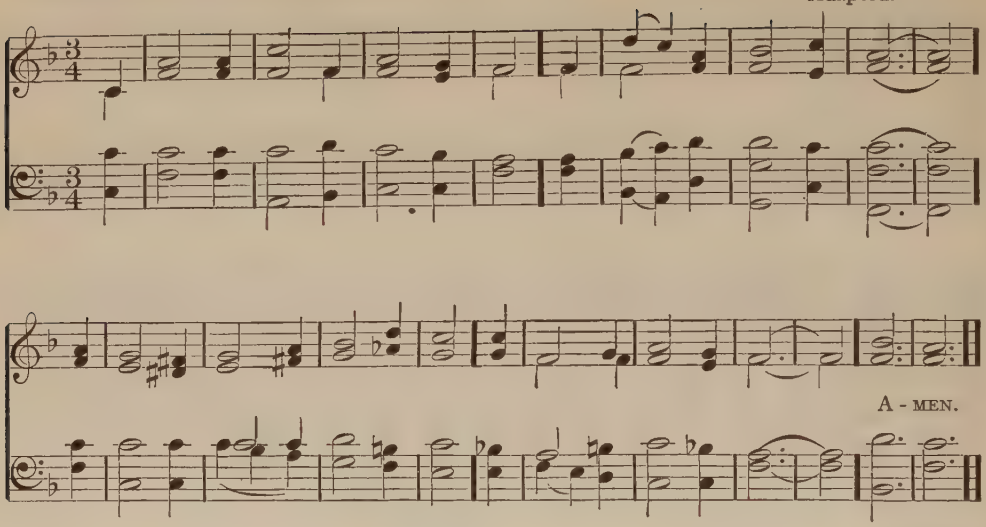
The faith that, in a hidden way
No other eye may know,
Finds all its daily work prepared.
And loves to have it so.

My heart is resting, O my God!
My heart is in thy care:
I hear the voice of joy and peace
Resounding everywhere.

ANNA LÆTITIA WARING,* 1850

SPOHR. C. M.

LUDWIG SPOHR, 1835.
Adapted.



234.

Psalm XLII.

As pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty Divine!

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, and he 'll employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

NAHUM TATE &
NICHOLAS BRADY, 1696.

235.

Author of Good, we rest on thee.

Eternal God, we look to thee,
To thee for help we fly,
Thine eye alone our wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

In thine all-gracious providence
Our cheerful hopes confide:
O let thy power be our defense,
Thy love our footsteps guide!

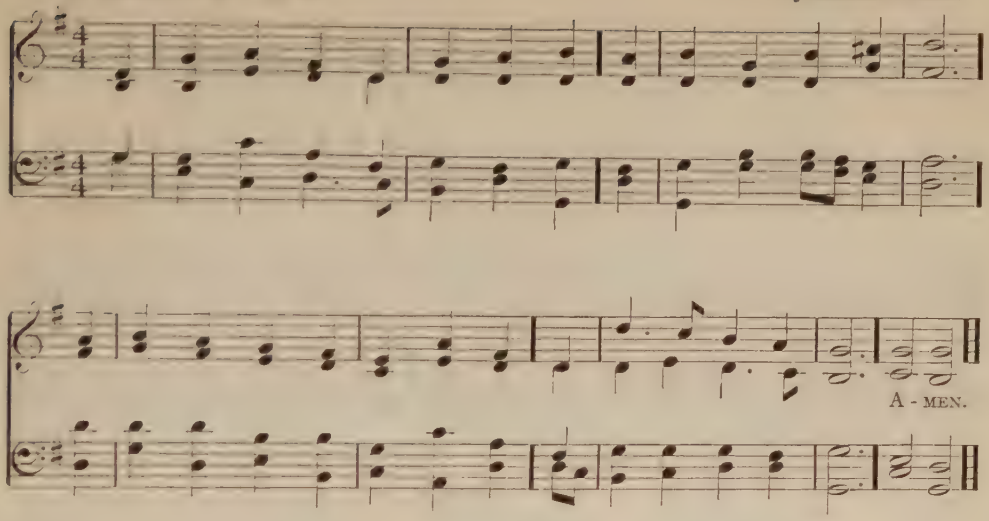
And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill, —

Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply:
The good unasked, O Father, grant;
The ill, though asked, deny.

JAMES MERRICK,* 1763.

ST. MAGNUS. C. M.

JEREMIAH CLARK.



236.

'Twixt gleams of joy and clouds of doubt.'

'Twixt gleams of joy and clouds of doubt
Our feelings come and go;
Our best estate is tossed about
In ceaseless ebb and flow;

No mood of feeling, form of thought,
Is constant for a day;
But thou, O Lord! thou changest not;
The same thou art alway.

I grasp thy strength, make it mine own,
My heart with peace is blest;
I lose my hold, and then comes down
Darkness and cold unrest.

Let me no more my comfort draw
From my frail hold of thee, —
In this alone rejoice with awe;
Thy mighty grasp of me.

Out of that weak unquiet drift
That comes but to depart,
To that pure heaven my spirit lift
Where thou unchanging art.

Lay hold of me with thy strong grasp,
Let thine almighty arm
In its embrace my weakness clasp,
And I shall fear no harm.

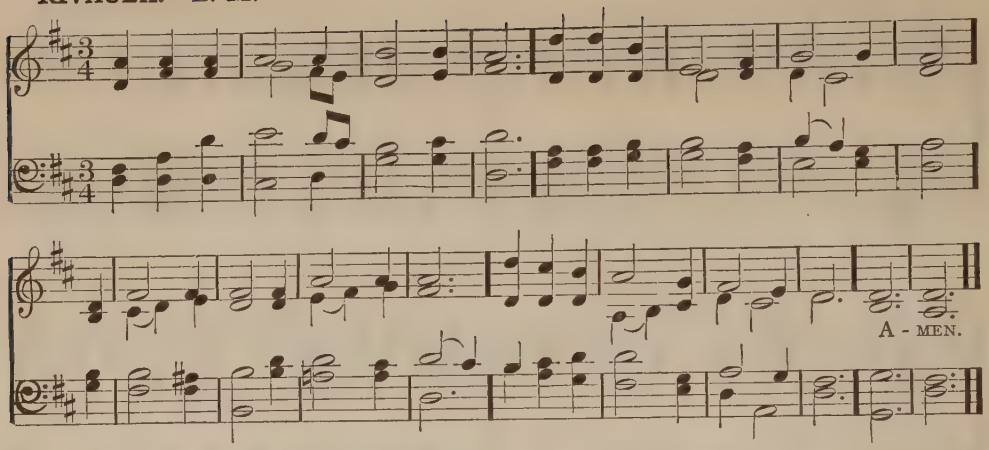
Thy purpose of eternal good
Let me but surely know;
On this I 'll lean, let changing mood
And feeling come or go;

Glad when thy sunshine fills my soul;
Not lorn when clouds o'ercast;
Since thou within thy sure control
Of love dost hold me fast.

JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP, 1871

RIVAULX. L. M.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1866.



237.

From darkness to light.

Out of the dark the circling sphere
Is rounding onward to the light;
We see not yet the full day here,
But we do see the paling night;

And hope, that lights her fadeless fires,
And faith, that shines, a heavenly will,
And love, that courage re-inspires, —
These stars have been above us still.

Look backward, how much has been won;
Look round, how much is yet to win!
The watches of the night are done;
The watches of the day begin.

O thou, whose mighty patience holds
The night and day alike in view,
Thy will our dearest hopes enfolds,
O keep us steadfast, patient, true.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1856.

238.

The unsearchable God.

Lord, my weak thought in vain would climb
To search the starry vault profound;
In vain would wing her flight sublime,
To find creation's outmost bound.

But weaker yet that thought must prove
To search thy great eternal plan, —
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love,
Long ages ere the world began.

When my dim reason would demand
Why that, or this, thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

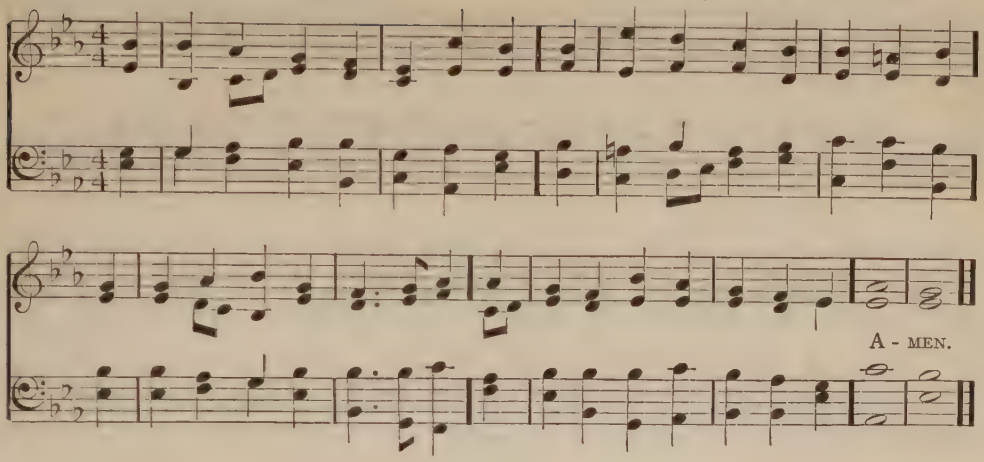
When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock, I rest, —
That so it seemeth good to thee.

Be this my joy, that evermore
Thou rulest all things at thy will;
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
And calmly, sweetly, trust thee still.

RAY PALMER, 1858.

MELCOMBE. L. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE, 1782.
Arranged by WILLIAM HENRY MONK.



239. *'The Mystery of God.'*

No human eyes thy face may see;
No human thought thy form may know;
But all creation dwells in thee,
And thy great life through all doth flow.

And yet, O strange and wondrous thought!
Thou art a God who hearest prayer,
And every heart with sorrow fraught
To seek thy present aid may dare, —

And though most weak our efforts seem
Into one creed these thoughts to bind,
And vain the intellectual dream
To see and know the Eternal Mind, —

Yet thou wilt turn them not aside,
Who cannot solve thy life divine,
But would give up all reason's pride
To know their hearts approved by thine.

So, though we faint on life's dark hill,
And thought grow weak, and knowledge flee,
Yet faith shall teach us courage still,
And love shall guide us on to thee.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

240. *The unseen God.*

In thee, O God, the hosts above
Forever live supremely blest;
And we, on earth, like them would love;
Like them upon thy goodness rest.

We may not know thee as thou art,
While here our earthly way we tread;
Yet thank thee that we know in part,
And hourly by thy hand are led.

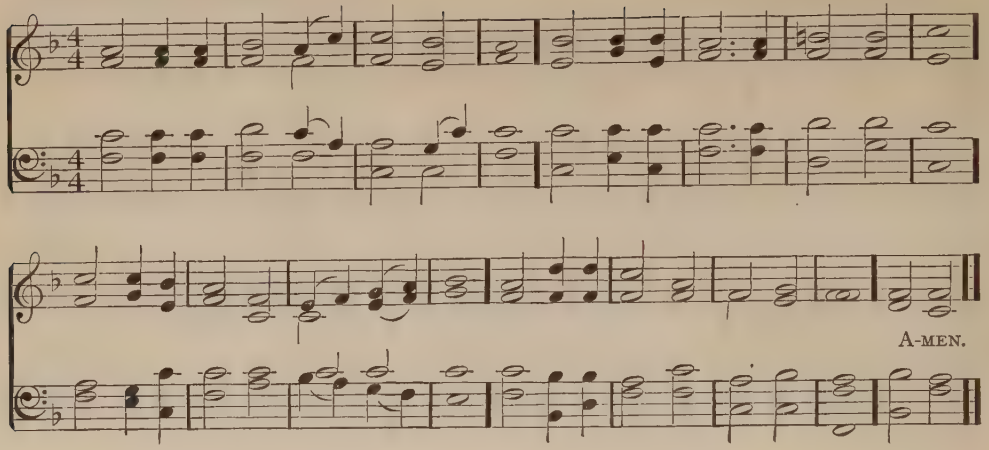
Unseen, thou dost thyself reveal,
In thine own ways to sense unknown;
Thy hidden glories oft we feel
Come flowing o'er us from thy throne.

The joy, that through our being streams,
New gladness lends to brightest days;
Morn fresher wakes, and evening gleams
More lovely, while we breathe thy praise.

As past us fly the swift-winged years,
Thy mercies all their circuits fill;
Thy goodness, like the sun, appears
Throughout all time resplendent still.

RAY PALMER.*

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. HENRY KEMBLE OLIVER, 1832.



241. *'Eternal beam of light divine!'*

Eternal Source of light divine!
Fountain of unexhausted love!
O let thy glories on me shine
In earth beneath, from heaven above!

Thou art the weary wanderer's rest;
Give me thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.

Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh!
So shall each murmuring thought be gone;
And grief and fear and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

Speak to my warring passions, Peace!
Speak to my troubled heart, Be still!
Thy power my strength and fortress is;
For all things serve thy sovereign will.

CHARLES WESLEY,* 1739.

242. *God is my light.*

Thou rulest, Lord, the lights on high,
Sun, moon, and stars thy servants be;
But every glory of the sky
Is darkness, if I have not thee.

How vast the marvel of the mind,
How far the beams of reason go!
But all the wisdom of mankind —
How blind, how vain, till thee I know.

Where'er I look is light and joy:
A blooming flower, an eagle's wing
Their sinless jubilee employ,
And to thy praise full tribute bring.

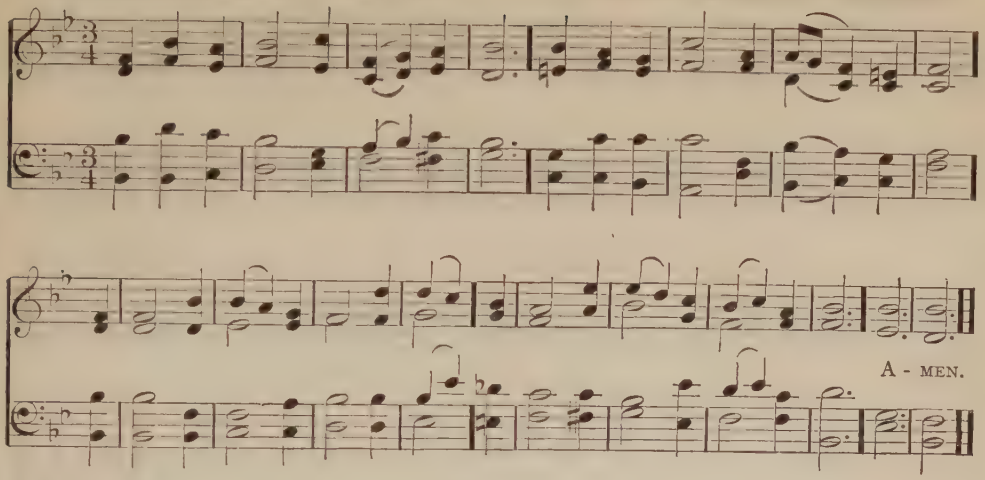
Thy gifts to man beyond compare
Like royal crowns and emblems shine,
But bring to failure and despair
Until I hold each gift as thine.

Delight and wisdom, peace and power,
A heart of hope, serene and free,
Through life's dim dream and transient hour
I find, O God, alone in thee.

THEODORE CHICKERING WILLIAMS, 1911.

GERMANY. L. M. (First Tune)

Ascribed to Ludwig van Beethoven.



243.

'Hymn of trust.'

O Love divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care;
We smile at pain while thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread;
Our hearts still whispering, thou art near!

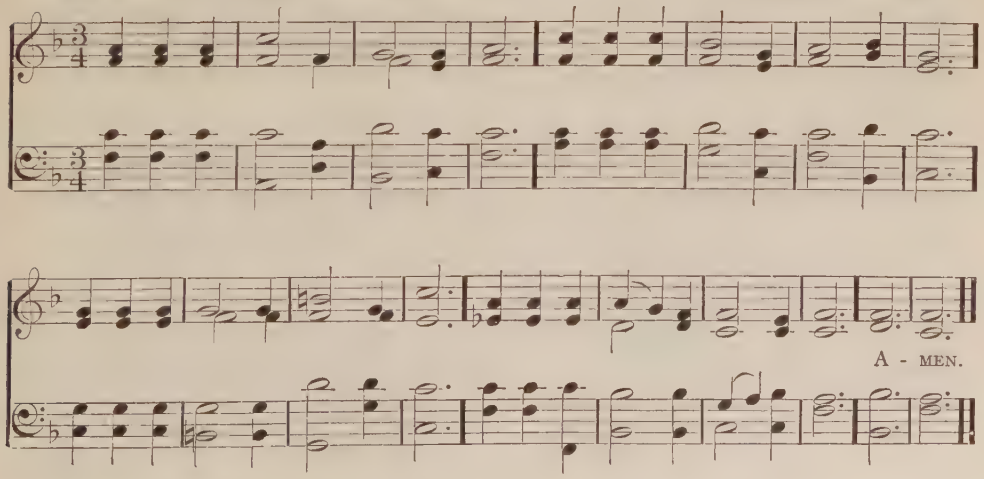
When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, thou art near!

On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O **Love** divine, forever dear!
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near.

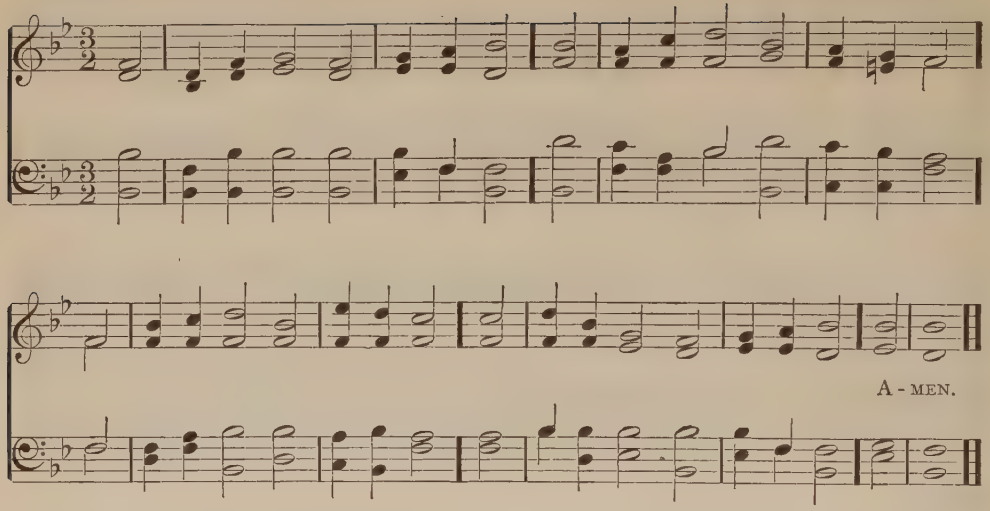
Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1859.

HESPERUS. L. M. (Second Tune)

Henry Baker, 1854.



HEBRON. L. M. LOWELL MASON, 1830.



244. *Paternal providence of God.*

Through all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God! conducts, unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.

Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To all their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thine eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue the appointed end.

Be this my care: to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be;
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixed my soul, great God, on thee.

SAMUEL COLLETT, 1763.

245. *The Light Divine.*

The Lord hath said, 'Seek ye my face,'
Thy face, O Lord, we fain would see;
Though with the eyes in any place
This glorious vision may not be.

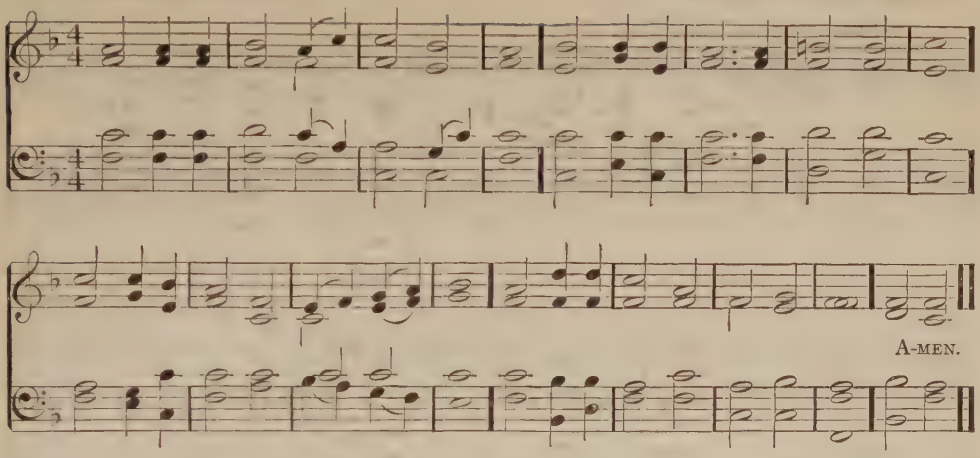
But to the pure in heart is given
A calm and blessèd inward light,
By which they see the things of heaven,
Though hidden from all outward sight.

We lift our hearts, O Lord, to thee
To beg that thou wilt make them pure,
That we by light divine may see
And live the life that shall endure.

May no unhallowed thought or care,
No passion base, no sordid love,
That mirror bright in us impair,
In which are imaged things above.

THOMAS SADLER.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. HENRY KEMBLE OLIVER, 1832.



246. *'I will arise, and go unto my Father.'*

To thine eternal arms, O God,
Take us, thine erring children, in;
From dangerous paths too boldly trod,
From wandering thoughts and dreams of sin.

Those arms were round our childish ways,
A guard through helpless years to be;
O leave not our maturer days,
We still are helpless without thee!

We trusted hope and pride and strength:
Our strength proved false, our pride was vain,
Our dreams have faded all at length, —
We come to thee, O Lord, again!

A guide to trembling steps yet be,
Give us of thine eternal powers!
So shall our paths all lead to thee,
And life smile on, like childhood's hours.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, 1847.

247. *'Trust and submission.'*

My God, I thank thee! may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay:
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

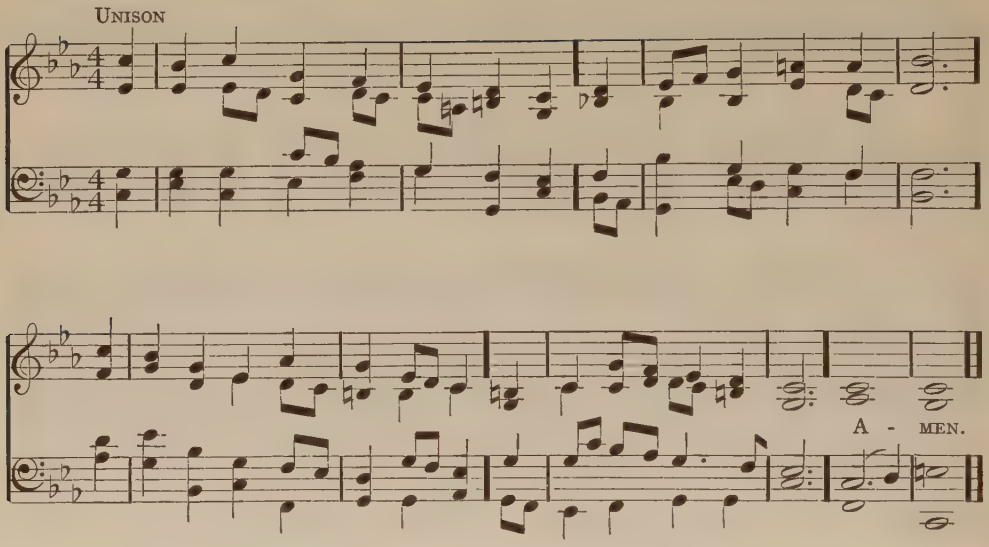
Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ,
Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And, mid the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

ANDREWS NORTON, 1809.

CLOVELLY. C. M.

HORATIO WILLIAM PARKER, 1903.



Alternative Tune: Dundee.

248. *The shadow of the cross.*

Beneath the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives, —
His blessed word of love.

O bond of union, strong and deep!
O bond of perfect peace!
Not even the lifted cross can harm
If we but hold to this.

Then, Jesus, be thy spirit ours,
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1848.

249. *Unworthy to be called thy son.*

Unworthy to be called thy son,
I come with shame to thee,
Father, O more than father thou
Hast always been to me.

Help me to break the heavy chains
The world has round me thrown,
And know the glorious liberty
Of an obedient son.

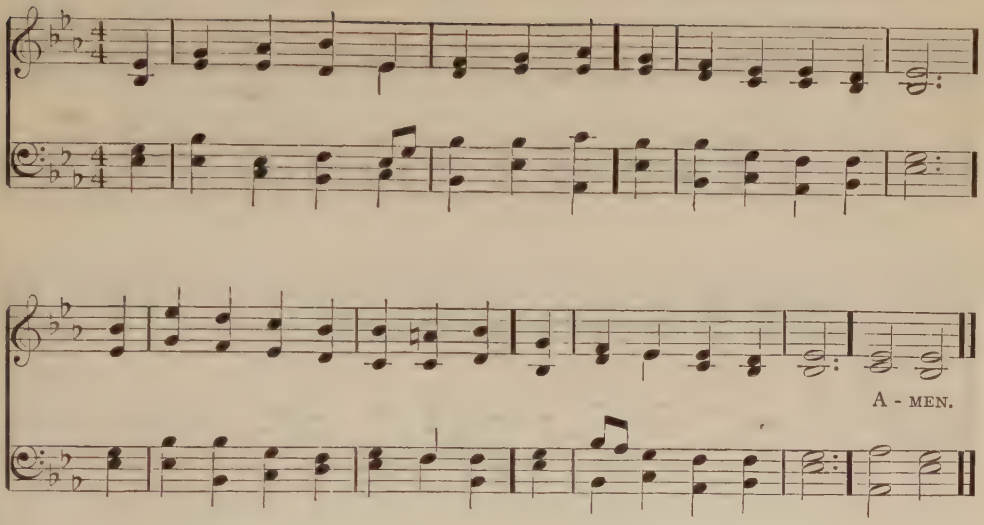
That I may henceforth heed whate'er
Thy voice within me saith,
Fix deeply in my heart of hearts
The mighty power of faith, —

Faith that, like armor to my soul,
Shall keep all evil out,
More mighty than an angel host
Encamping round about.

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS, 1823.

DUNDEE. C. M.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1615.



250. *'Though he slay me, yet will I trust him.'*

Thy way is in the deep, O Lord;
E'en there we 'll go with thee:
We 'll meet the tempest at thy word,
And walk upon the sea.

Poor tremblers at his rougher wind,
Why do we doubt him so?
Who gives the storm a path will find
The way our feet shall go,

A moment may his hand be lost,
Drear moment of delay;
We cry, 'Lord, help the tempest-tost,'
And safe we 're borne away.

O happy soul of faith divine,
Thy victory how sure!
The love that kindles joy is thine,
The patience to endure.

JAMES MARTINEAU, 1840.

251. *Worship in spirit and in truth.*

Lord, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

Our contrite spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart;
Then let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

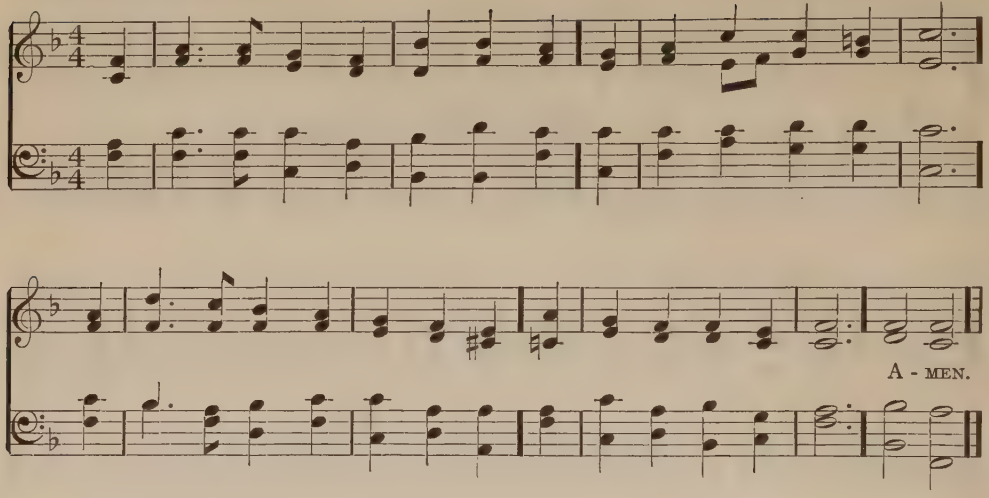
When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 't is goodness still,
That grants it, or denies.

JOSEPH DACRE CARLYLE,* 1802.

WINCHESTER OLD. C. M.

CHRISTOPHER TYE, 1592.



Alternative Tune: Southwell.

252.

In time of pestilence.

O Lord of life and death, we come
In sorrow to thy throne,
Yet not bewildered, blind, and dumb,
Before some power unknown.

The scourge is in our Father's hand,
The plague comes forth from thee:
O give us hearts to understand,
And faith thy ways to see!

Forgive the foul neglect that brought
Thy chastening to our door, —
The homes uncleansed, the souls untaught,
The unregarded poor;

The slothful ease, the greed of gain,
The wasted years, forgive;
Purge out our sins by needful pain,
Then turn, and bid us live!

So shall the lives for which we plead
Be spared to praise thee still,
And we, from fear and danger freed,
Be strong to do thy will.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1871.

253.

'The Eternal Goodness.'

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin:

Yet in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings, —
I know that God is good.

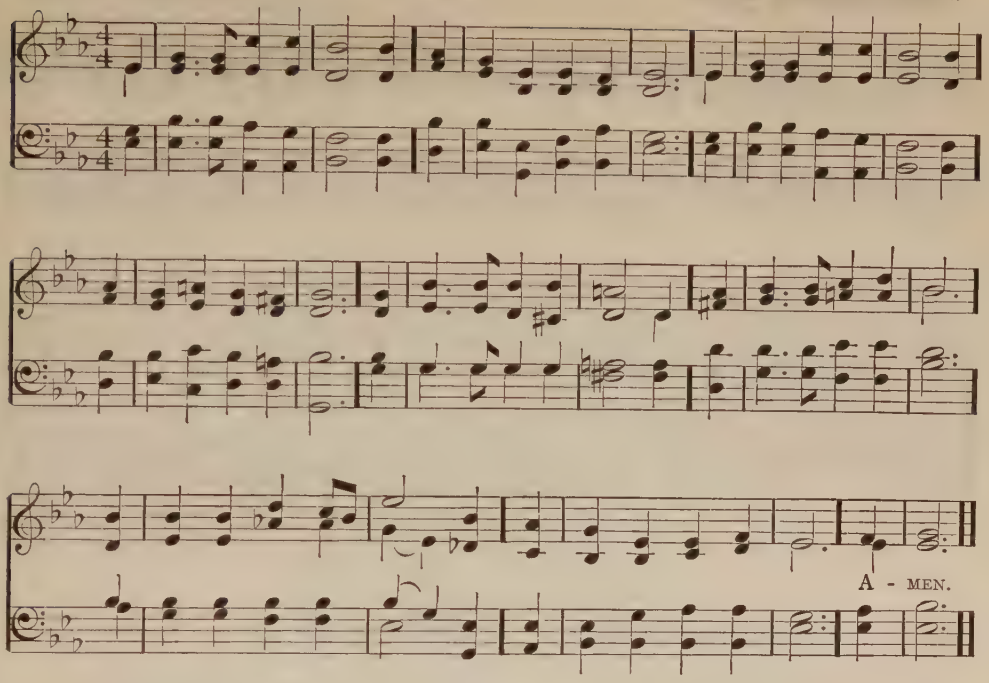
Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see:
But nothing can be good in him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above;
I know not of his hate, — I know
His goodness and his love.

And thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me, if too close I lean
My human heart on thee!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1865.

O BONA PATRIA. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.



254.

'He turneth the shadow of death into morning.'

Around my path life's mysteries
  Their deepening shadows throw;
And as I gaze and ponder,
  They dark and darker grow.
Yet still, amid the darkness,
  I feel the light is near;
And in the awful silence
  God's voice I seem to hear:

But hear it as the thunder,
  Or murmuring of the sea;
The secret it is telling, —
  But tells it not to me.
Yet hark! a voice above me,
  Which says, 'Wait, trust, and pray:
The night will soon be over;
  And light will come with day.'

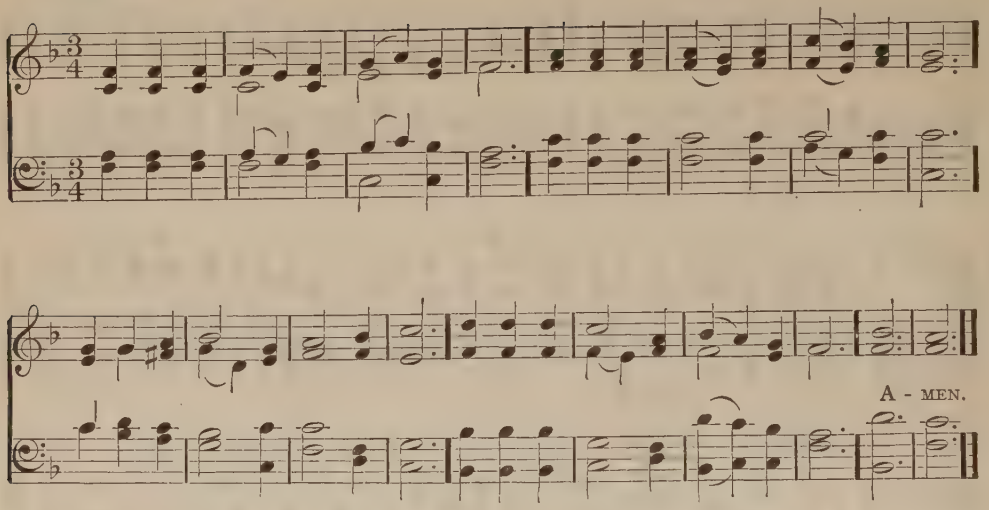
Amen! the light and darkness
  Are both alike to thee:
Then to thy waiting servant
  Alike they both shall be.
That great, unending future!
  I cannot pierce its shroud;
But I nothing doubt, nor tremble:
  God's bow is on the cloud.

To him I yield my spirit;
  On him I lay my load:
Fear ends with death; beyond it
  I nothing see but God:
Thus moving toward the darkness,
  I calmly wait his call:
Seeing and fearing nothing;
  Hoping and trusting all!

SAMUEL GREG, 1868.

HURSLEY. L. M.

Adapted from KATHOLISCHES GESANGBUCH, VIENNA, c. 1774.



255. *For the dedication of a hospital.*

Thou Lord of life, our saving health,
Who mak'st thy suffering ones our care,
Our gifts are still our truest wealth,
To serve thee our sincerest prayer.

As on the river's rising tide
Flow strength and coolness from the sea,
So through the ways our hands provide
May quickening life flow in from thee

To heal the wound, to still the pain,
And strength to failing pulses bring,
Till the lame feet shall leap again,
And the parched lips with gladness sing.

Bless thou the gifts our hands have brought;
Bless thou the work our hearts have planned:
Ours is the hope, the will, the thought;
The rest, O God, is in thy hand.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1886.

256. *'Made perfect through suffering.'*

I bless thee, Lord, for sorrows sent
To break my dream of human power;
For now, my shallow cisterns spent,
I find thy founts, and thirst no more.

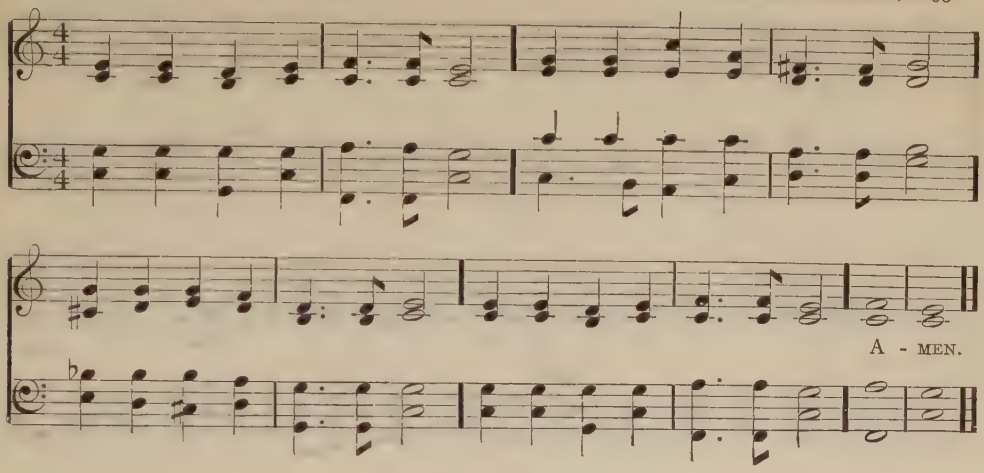
I take thy hand, and fears grow still;
Behold thy face, and doubts remove;
Who would not yield his wavering will
To perfect truth and boundless love?

That love this restless soul doth teach
The strength of thine eternal calm;
And tune its sad and broken speech
To join, on earth, the angels' psalm.

O be it patient in thy hands,
And drawn, through each mysterious hour,
To service of thy pure commands,
The narrow way to love and power.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

REST (Redhead No. 47). 7.7.7.7. RICHARD REDHEAD, 1853.



257.

In our dark and doubtful strife.

In our dark and doubtful strife,
Through the careful days of life,
When we wander, wide and far,
Lord, be thou our stay and star.

In the darker wastes of thought,
In the net of passions caught,
When the sorrow of the heart
Deepens, — do not thou depart!

Thou dost never leave us, though,
In the unbelief of woe,
We have seemed to lose thy hand,
Stumbling through a lonely land,

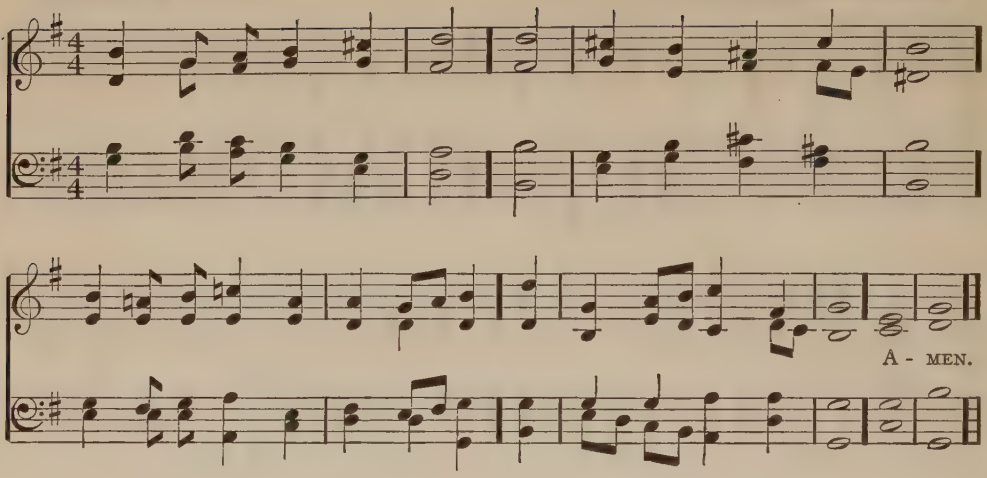
Yet because we see thee not,
Vainly think we are forgot,
Let thy love, persistent still,
Seem to seek us on the hill.

Through the mist and blinding rack,
Bring us from our wandering back;
Over rocks, through haunted cleft,
Lead us to the fold we left.

There, where Love's sweet waters flow,
Through thy meadows soft and low,
Let thy joy in mercy spread
Trees of comfort o'er our head.

STOPFORD AUGUSTUS BROOKE

MONK. S. M. EDWIN GEORGE MONK.



258.

Comfort of Love.

O love of God most full,
O love of God most free,
Thou warm'st my heart, thou fill'st my soul,
With might thou strengthenest me.

No foe can cast me down,
No fear can make me flee,
No sorrow fill my life with ill;
Thy love surroundeth me.

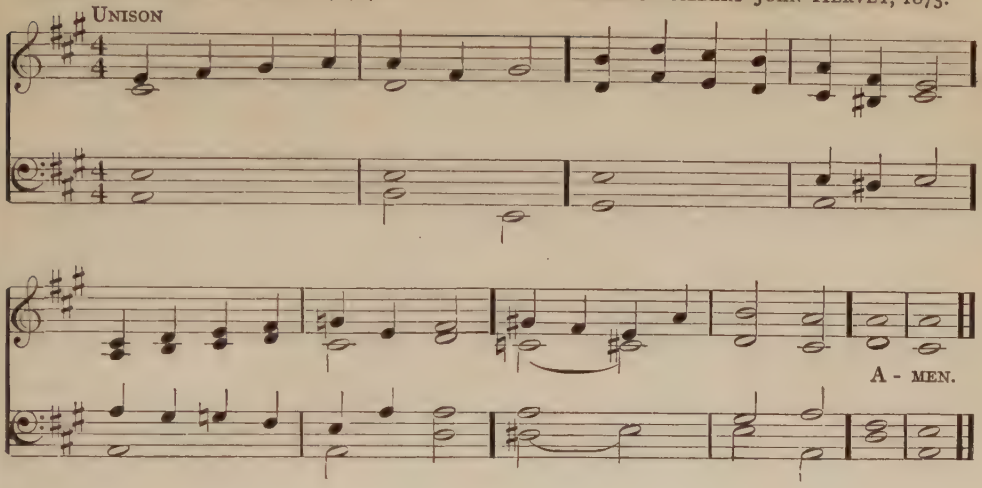
The wildest sea is calm,
The tempest brings no fear,
The darkest night is full of light,
Because thy love is near.

I triumph over sin,
I put temptation down:
The love of God doth give me strength
To win the victor's crown.

O love of God most full,
O love of God most free,
Come warm my heart, come fill my soul,
Come lead me unto thee!

OSCAR CLUTE.

HERVEY'S LITANY. 7·7·7·6. FREDERICK ALBERT JOHN HERVEY, 1875.



259.

'Litany.'

When the world around us throws
All its proud, deceiving shows,
Yet the heart no danger knows;
Help us, Lord most holy.

In thy light alone to see,
By thy truth to be made free,
And to lean on none but thee;
Help us, Lord most holy.

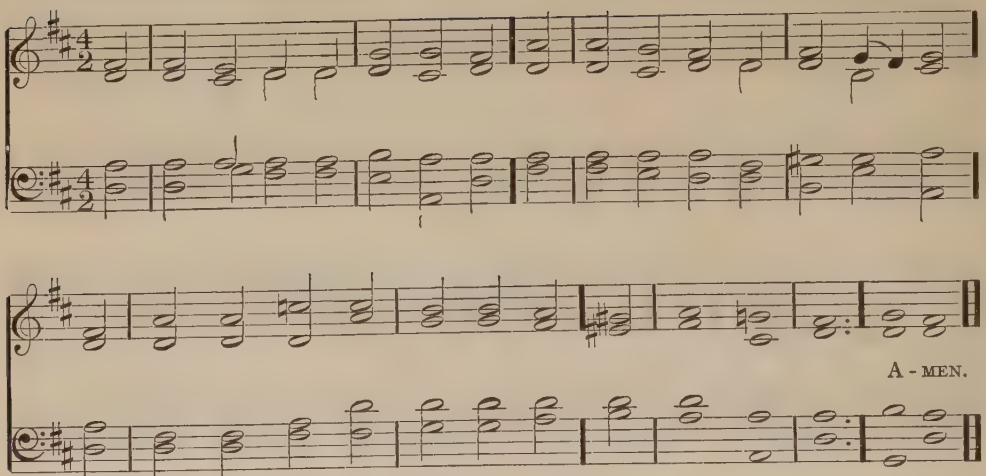
By the joys that look above,
By the pains our faith to prove,
By the conquering power of love;
Help us, Lord most holy.

To our sinful selves to die,
Base desires to crucify,
And to set our hearts on high;
Help us, Lord most holy.

Thus to do thy will below,
Daily in thy grace to grow,
More and more thy love to know;
Help us, Lord most holy.

THEODORE CHICKERING WILLIAMS, 1899

IN MEMORIAM. 8.8.8.4. FREDERICK CHARLES MAKER.



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260. *Thou art Love.*

We cannot always trace the way
Where thou, our gracious Lord, dost move,
But we can always surely say
That thou art love.

When fear its gloomy cloud will fling
O'er earth, — our souls to heaven above,
As to their sanctuary, spring;
For thou art love.

When mystery shrouds our darkened path,
We'll check our dread, our doubts reprove;
In this our soul sweet comfort hath,
That thou art love.

Yes, thou art love; and truth like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes to bliss;
Our God is love.

JOHN BOWRING.

261. *'Thy will is done.'*

O God, not only in distress,
In pain, and want, and weariness,
Thy tender Spirit stoops to bless,
Thy will is done;

But oftener on the wings of peace
And girt about with tenderness,
Thou comest, and all troubles cease;
Thy will is done.

In all that nature hath supplied,
In flowers along the country side,
In morning light, in eventide,
Thy will is done.

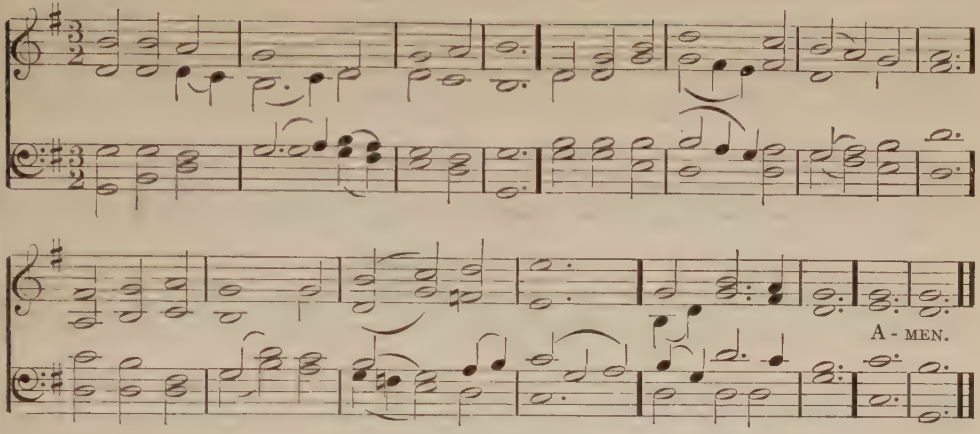
In youthful days, when joys increase,
In light, in hope, in happiness,
In quiet times of trustful peace,
Thy will is done.

And when the burdened heart can bring
Its sorrow to thy feet, and cling
Till hope surpasses sorrowing,
Thy will is done.

Thy will is pure, O Lord, and just,
And we, frail creatures of the dust,
Through good or ill, can only trust
Thy will is done.

FREDERIC SMITH, c. 1870.

ALMSGIVING. 8.8.8.4. (First Tune) JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1865.



262.

Thy will be done.

My God and Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
'Thy will be done.'

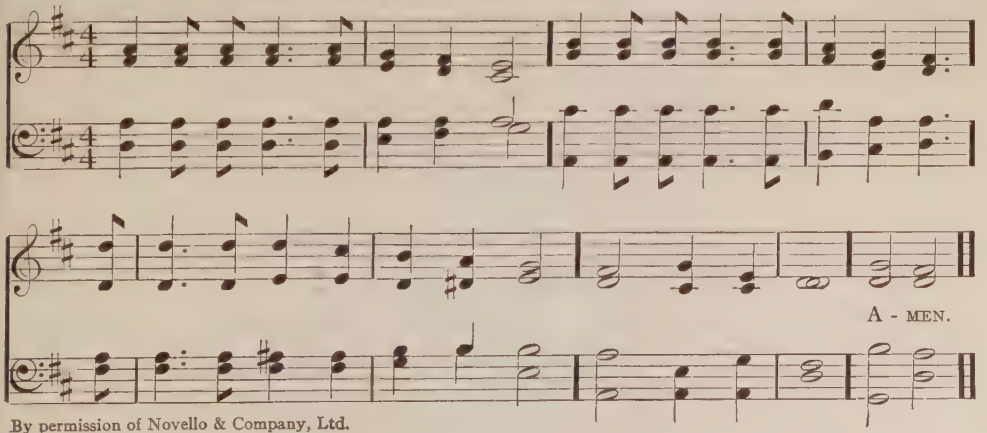
Though thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine:
I have but yielded what was thine, —
'Thy will be done.'

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest, —
'Thy will be done.'

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
'Thy will be done.'

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834.

HANFORD. 8.8.8.4. (Second Tune) ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1874.



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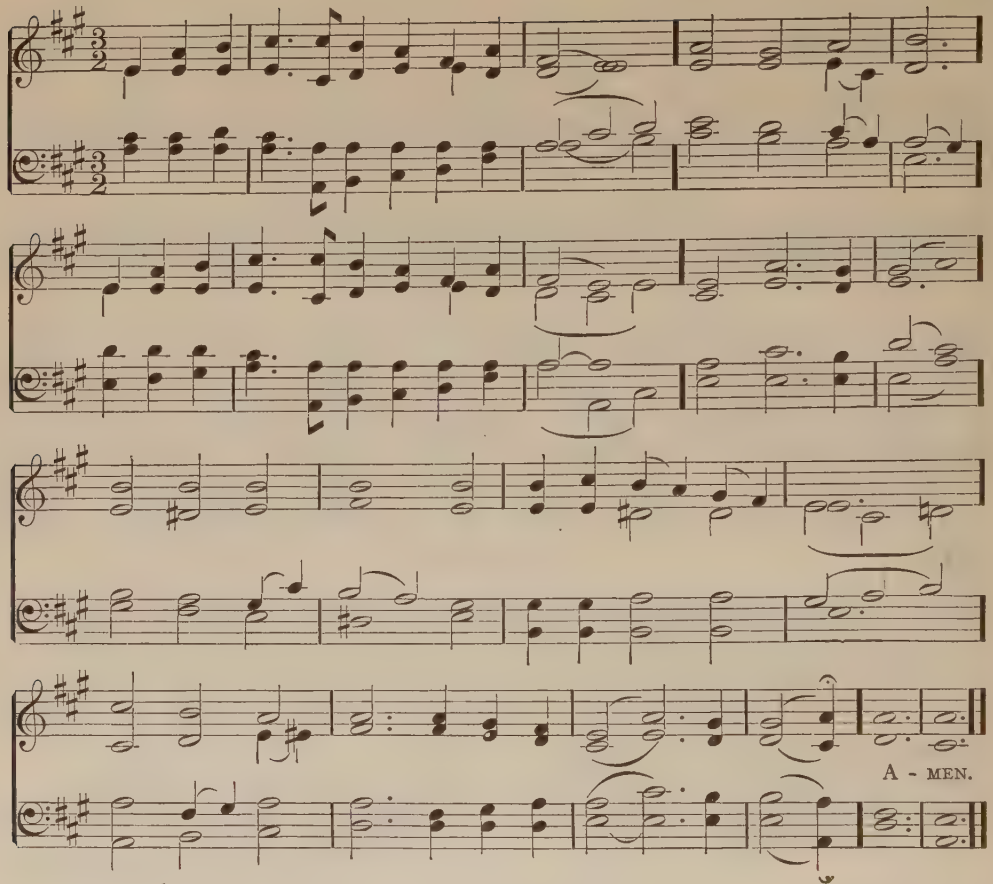
LUX BENIGNA. 10.4.10.4.10.10. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1865.



263.

'The pillar of the cloud.'

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home, —
Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene, — one step enough for me.

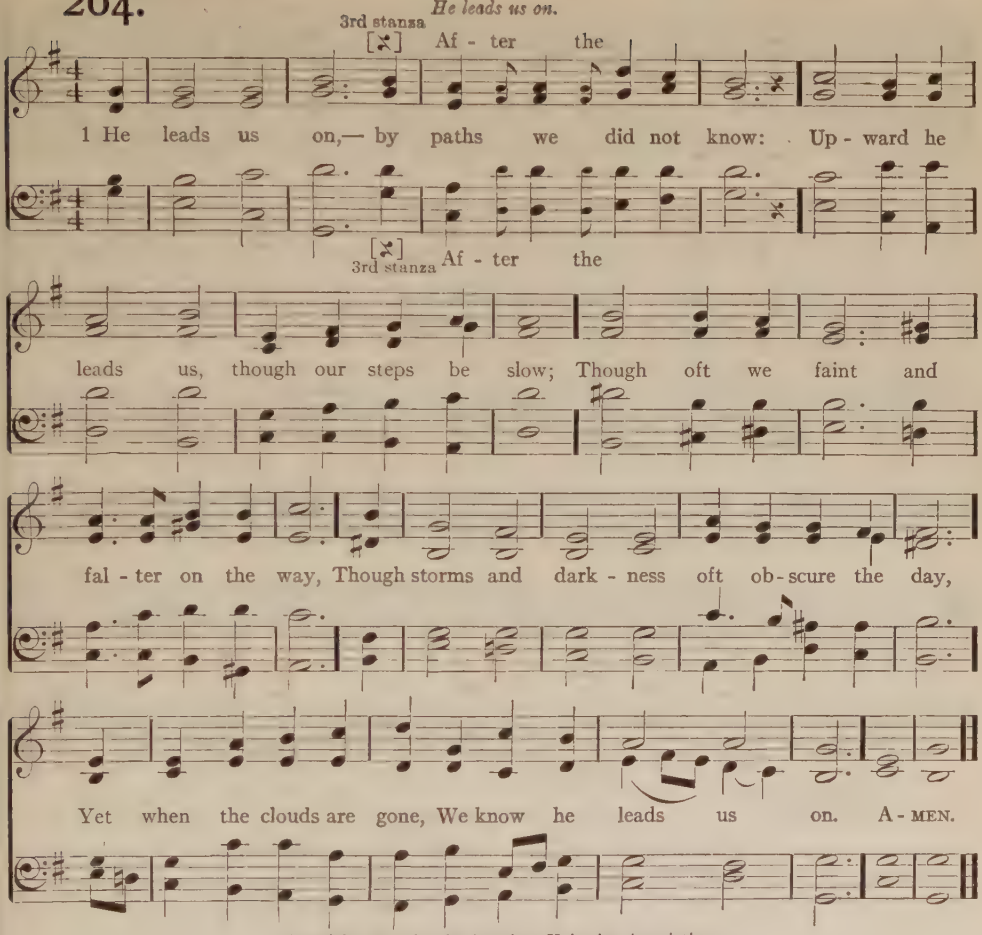
I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1833.

HE LEADS US ON. 10.10.10.10.6.6. MARY PHILLIPS WEBSTER, 1913.

264.


He leads us on.
3rd stanza
Af - ter the
1 He leads us on,— by paths we did not know: Up - ward he
3rd stanza
Af - ter the
leads us, though our steps be slow; Though oft we faint and
fal - ter on the way, Though storms and dark - ness oft ob - scure the day,
Yet when the clouds are gone, We know he leads us on. A - MEN.

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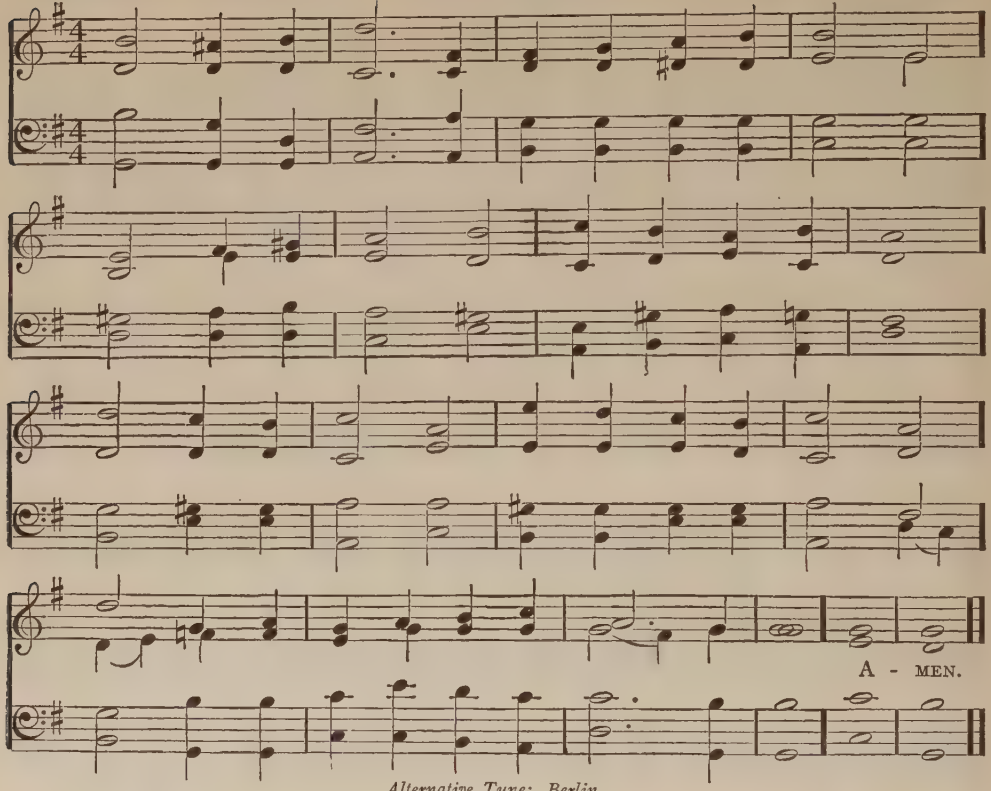
2 He leads us on,— through all the unquiet years;
Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts, and fears
He guides our steps; through all the tangled maze
Of losses, sorrows, and o'erclouded days
We know his will is done;
And still he leads us on.

3 And he, at last, after the weary strife,
After the restless fever we call life,
After the dreariness, the aching pain,
The wayward struggles which have proved in vain,
After our toils are past,
Will give us rest at last.

HIRAM OZIAS WILEY, 1865.

VENTNOR. 11.10.11.10. By permission of Novello & Company, Ltd. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1883.



Alternative Tune: Berlin.

265.

'When winds are raging.'

When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'T is said, far down beneath the wild commotion
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

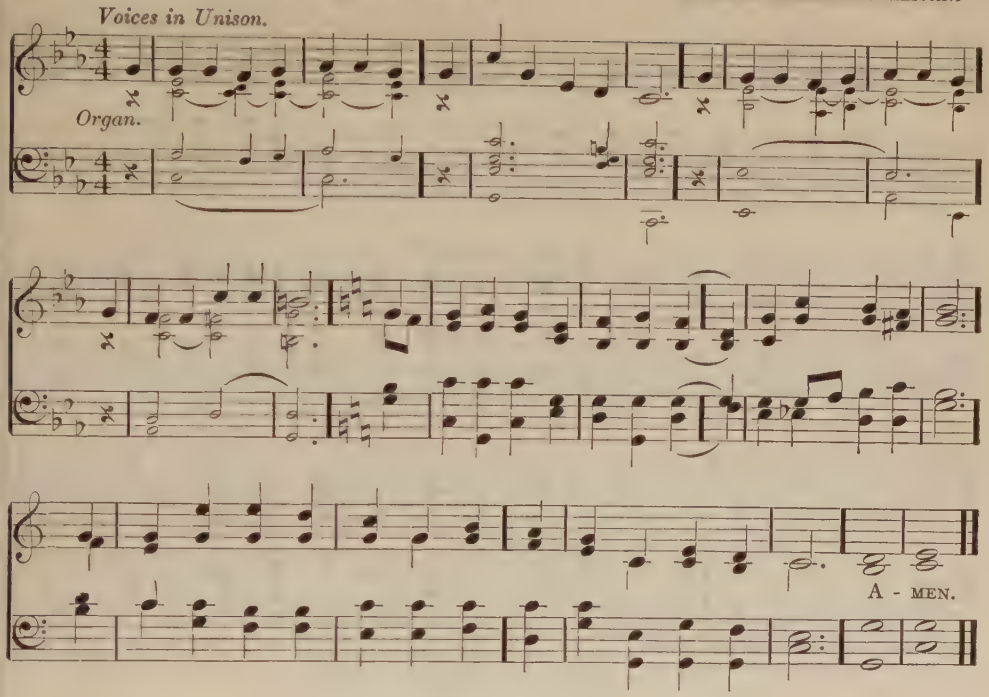
Far, far beneath, the noise of tempest dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er he flieth,
Disturbs the sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the soul that knows thy love, O Purest,
There is a temple, peaceful evermore;
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its sacred door.

Far, far away, the noise of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise ever peacefully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er he flieth,
Disturbs that deeper rest, O Lord, in thee.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

AUDITE AUDIENTES ME. C. M. D. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.



266.

O troubled sea of Galilee.

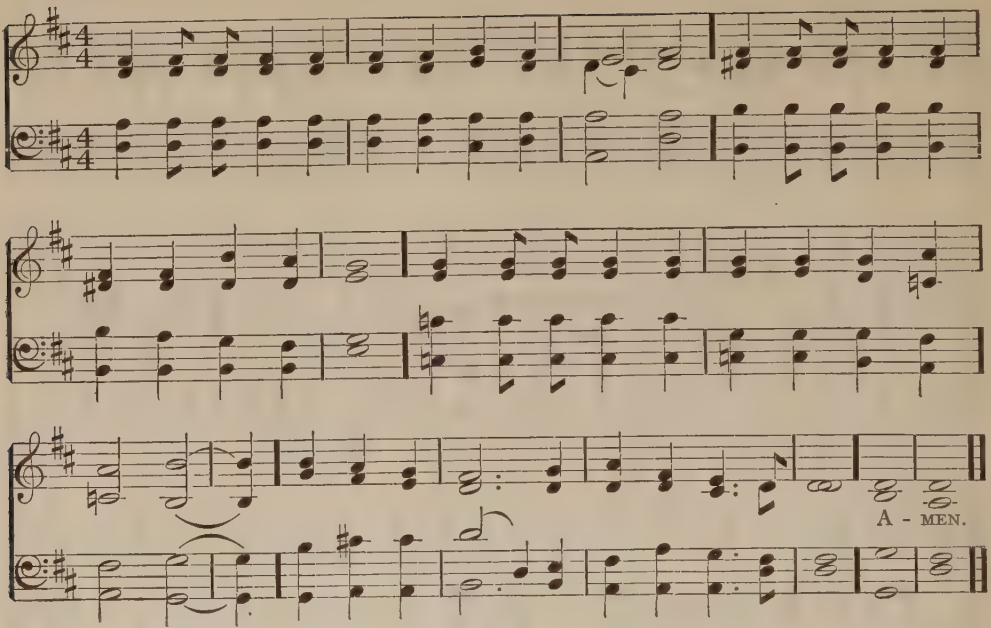
O troubled sea of Galilee,
When run thy billows high,
And through thy dreaded storms I see
That pain and death are nigh;
O when thy threatening clouds appear
And floods impending chill,
Through surge and tempest may I hear
A voice say, 'Peace, be still.'

O storied sea of Galilee,
Through all the changing years,
Thy stress is type of storms to be
And sign of rising fears;
Thy tempests drive our hopes across
The floods of human ill;
The conquest o'er all pain and loss
Is in thy 'Peace, be still.'

Thou vaster sea than Galilee,
Where may I look for peace?
What wondrous power commanding thee
Can cause thy winds to cease?
Praise God! that o'er all surging tides
There broods his sovereign will;
That in each inmost soul abides
His conquering 'Peace be still.'

LEWIS GILBERT WILSON, 1912.

NEWNHAM. 11.10.11.10. JOSEPH BARNBY.



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Alternative Tune: Strength and Stay.

267.

A prayer of repentance.

Thou knowest, Lord! thou know'st my life's deep story,
And all the mingled good and ill I do!
Thou seest my shame, my few stray gleams of glory,
Where I am false and where my soul rings true.

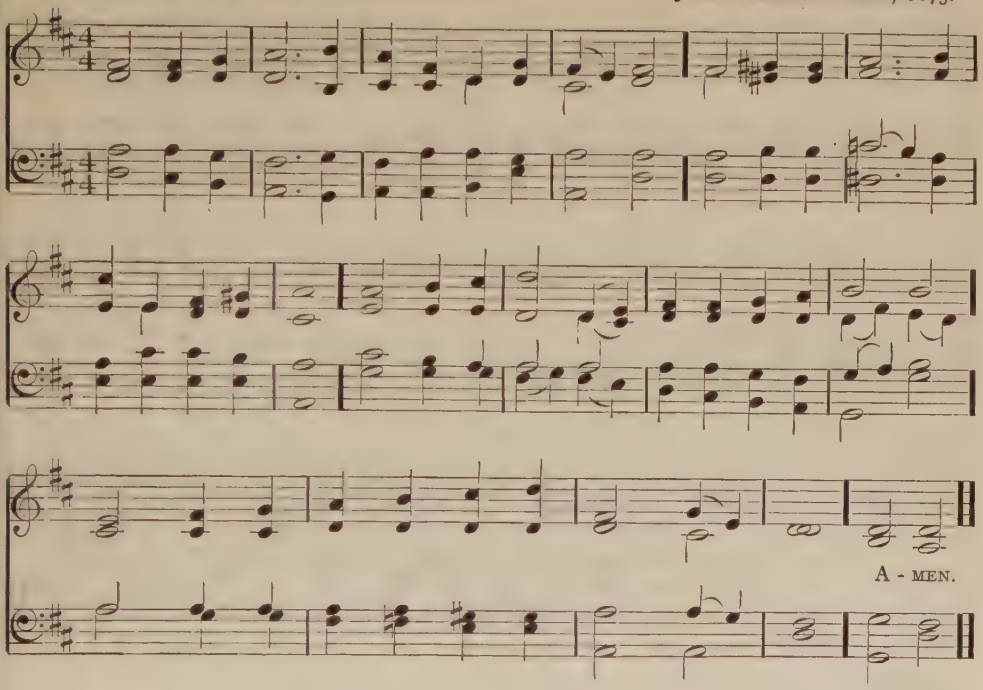
Lord! I am glad thou know'st my inmost being,
Glad thou dost search the secrets of my heart;
I would not hide one folly from thy seeing,
Nor shun thy healing touch to save the smart.

Like warp and woof the good and ill are blended,
Nor do I see the pattern that I weave;
Yet in thy love the whole is comprehended,
And in thy hand my future lot I leave.

Only, dear Lord, make plain the path of duty;
Let not my shame and sorrow weigh me down,
Lest in despair I fail to see its beauty,
And weeping vainly miss the victor's crown.

HENRY WARBURTON HAWKES

STRENGTH AND STAY. 11.10.11.10. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1875.



268.

'For divine Strength.'

Father, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love;
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

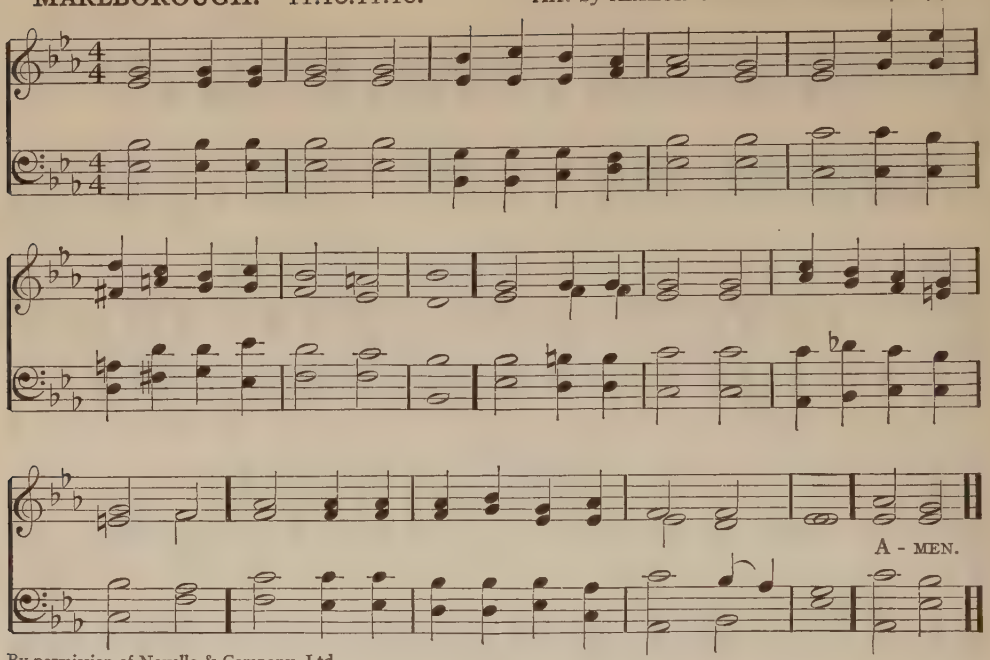
Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow, —
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides; and when pain seems to have its will,
Or we despair, O may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still!

Now, Father, now, in thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love:
Now make us strong, we need thy deep revealing
Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1846.

MARLBOROUGH. 11.10.11.10. Arr. by Arthur Seymour Sullivan, 1874.



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269.

'I hear thy voice.'

I hear thy voice, within the silence speaking;
Above earth's din it rises, calm and clear;
Whatever goal my wayward will is seeking,
Its whispered message tells me thou art near.

In sorrow's hour, when frowning storm-clouds hide thee,
And faith can see no friendly stars above,
Still, through the gloom, thy words of comfort guide me,
And I find light and shelter in thy love.

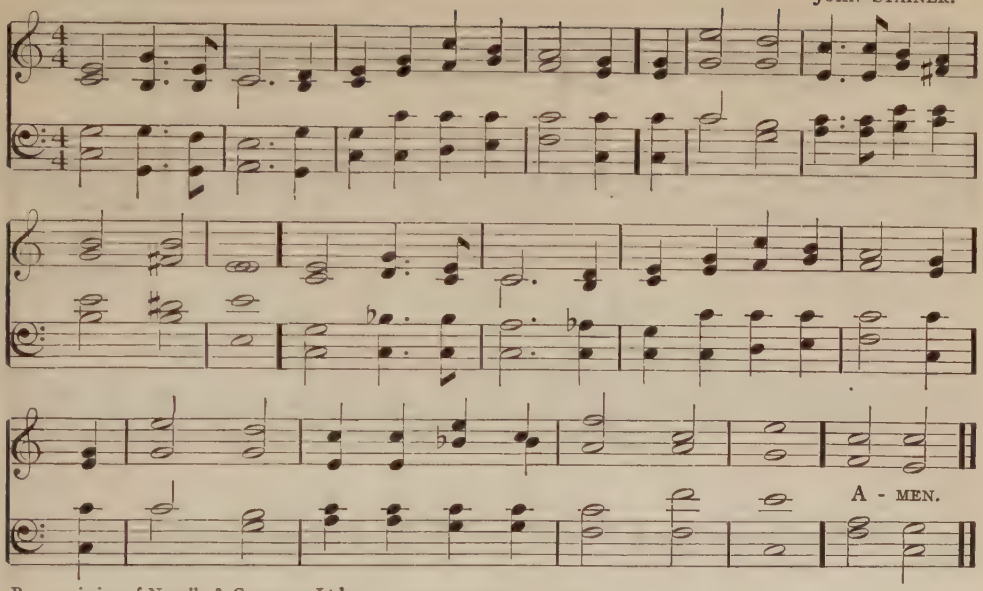
When evil reigns, life's darker depths revealing,
And all the good seems sadly marred by wrong,
Amidst the discord, like sweet music stealing,
Thy voice, abiding, fills my soul with song.

When I forget the measure of thy kindness,
And spurn the Love that hourly gives me breath,
Thy voice, persuading still my wilful blindness,
Calls back my straying feet from ways of death.

O living voice, within the silence calling!
My spirit answers, wheresoe'er I roam;
Through life's brief day still keep my feet from falling,
And lead me, through the evening shadows, home.

Marion Franklin Ham, 1912.

DAWN. 11.10.11.10. JOHN STAINER.



By permission of Novello & Company, Ltd.

Alternative Tune: Berlin.

270.

'Open thou mine eyes.'

Touch thou mine eyes, — the somber shadows falling
Shut from my sight the kindly light of day!
Out of the depths my soul to thee is calling,
Touch thou mine eyes, I can not see the way!

Dark is the path, through desert places leading,
Alone I tread the wastes of doubt and fear;
Fainting, I fall, with bruiséd feet and bleeding,
O touch mine eyes, that I may know thee near!

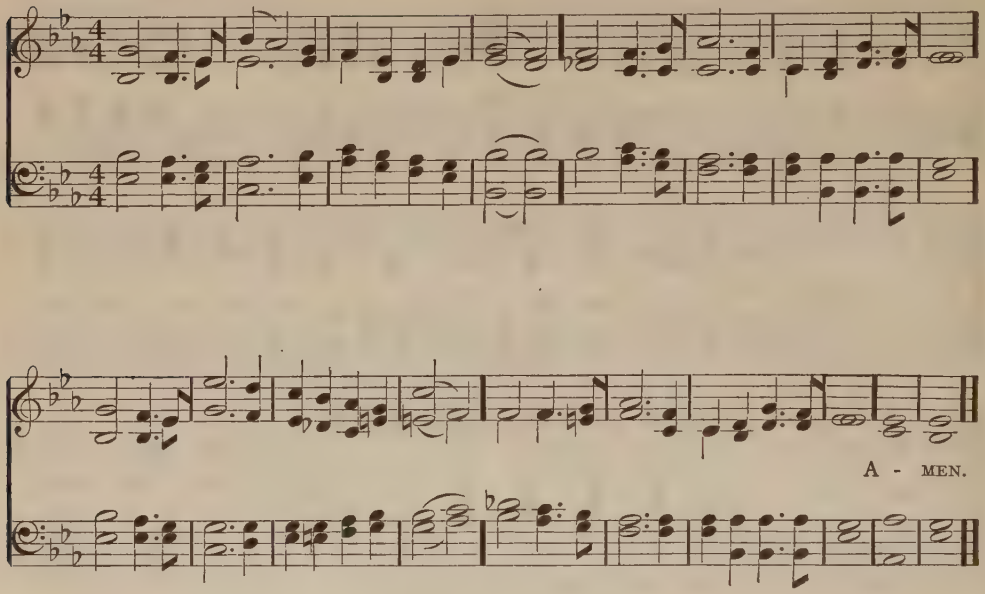
Fain would I see, as in the olden story,
Thy shining hosts encamped on every side;
Angels of light, armed with thy power and glory,
To guard my steps, whatever may betide.

Frail is the flesh that waits for thine appearing,
And blind the dust that turns to thee for sight;
Thy power must quicken earthly sight and hearing,
Thy word impart the Spirit's life and light.

Life of the life that hour by hour is dying,
In death, I live, by thy sustaining grace!
Father, who hearest all thy children's crying,
Touch thou mine eyes, that I may see thy face!

MARION FRANKLIN HAM, 1911.

BERLIN. 11.10.11.10. JACOB LUDWIG FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.



271.

'Prayer for purity.'

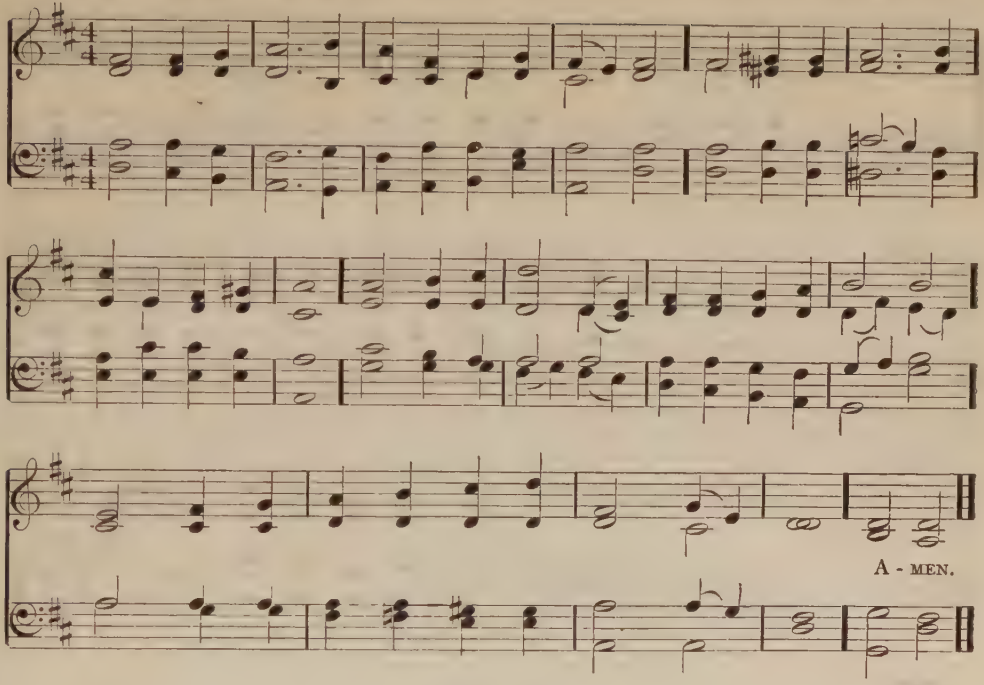
Father, to us thy children, humbly kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That we may live to glorify thy name,

That we may conquer base desire and passion,
That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurement, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, gently, leaning on thee still.

Let all thy goodness by our minds be seen,
Let all thy mercy on our souls be sealed:
Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make us clean;
O speak the word, thy servants shall be healed!

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, 1841.

STRENGTH AND STAY. 11.10.11.10. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1875.



272.

'Father, to thee.'

Father, to thee we look in all our sorrow,
Thou art the fountain whence our healing flows;
Dark though the night, joy cometh with the morrow;
Safely they rest who on thy love repose.

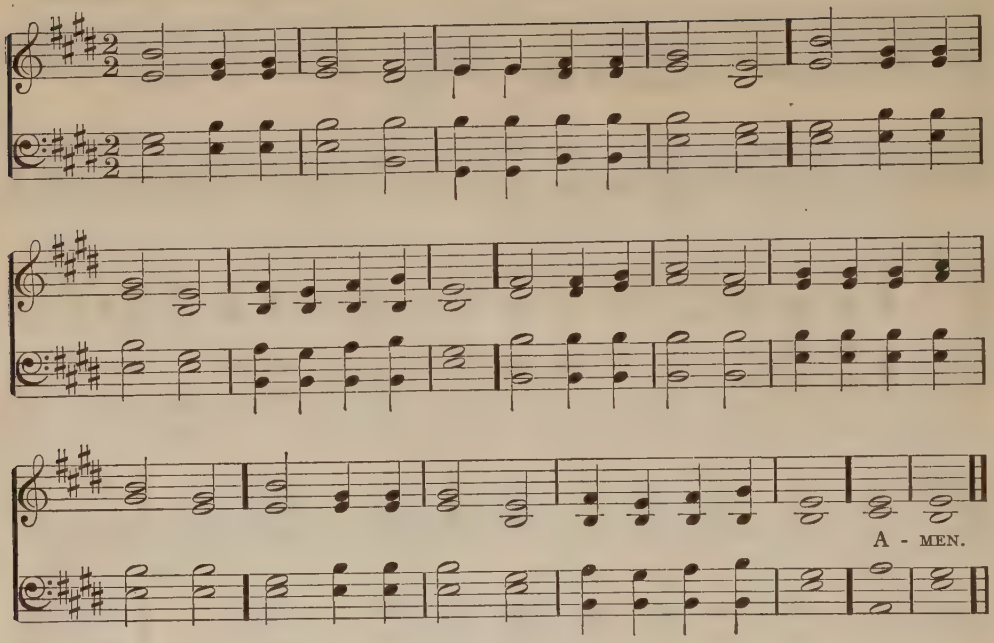
When fond hopes fail and skies are dark before us,
When the vain cares that vex our life increase, —
Comes with its calm the thought that thou art o'er us,
And we grow quiet, folded in thy peace.

Nought shall affright us on thy goodness leaning,
Low in the heart faith singeth still her song;
Chastened by pain we learn life's deeper meaning,
And in our weakness thou dost make us strong.

Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows!
Be not cast down, disquieted in vain;
Yet shalt thou praise him when these darkened furrows,
Where now he ploweth, wave with golden grain.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1881.

HENLEY. 11.10.11.10. LOWELL MASON.



273.

Come unto me.

Come unto me when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father;
Come unto me, and I will give you rest,

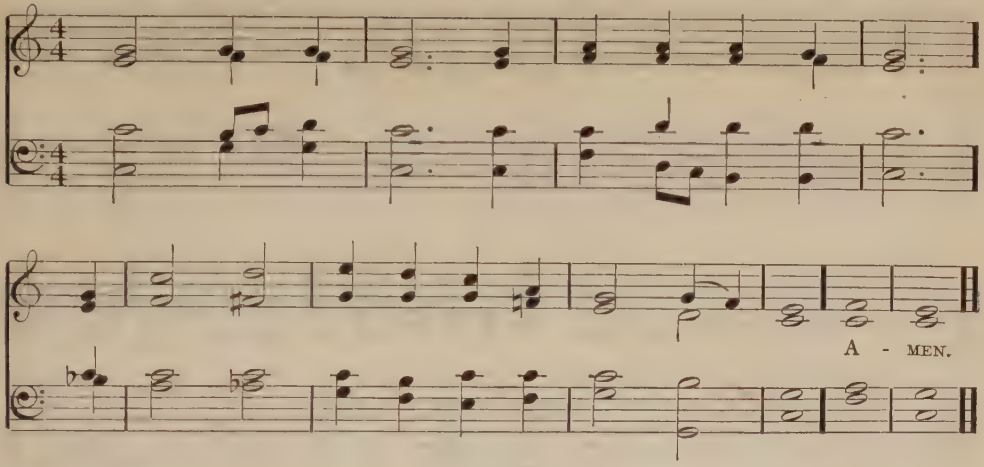
Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned.

Large are the mansions in your Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed:
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

CATHERINE H. WATTERMAN ESLING, 1839.

PAX TECUM. 10.10. GEORGE THOMAS CALDBECK, 1876.



274.

Draw nigh to God.

'Draw nigh to God, he will draw nigh to you';
How sweet the promise, sweet and ever true.

Make him but room, he seeks to enter in,
To bring thee peace for pain, and heal thy sin.

He loveth all; no longer fear and doubt;
His heart is wide, and none will he cast out.

Come then in trust and unto God draw nigh,
Live in his life, and thou shalt never die.

WILLIAM GEORGE TARRANT.

275.

Perfect peace.

Peace! perfect peace! the gift of God within;
It cometh not till grace hath conquered sin.

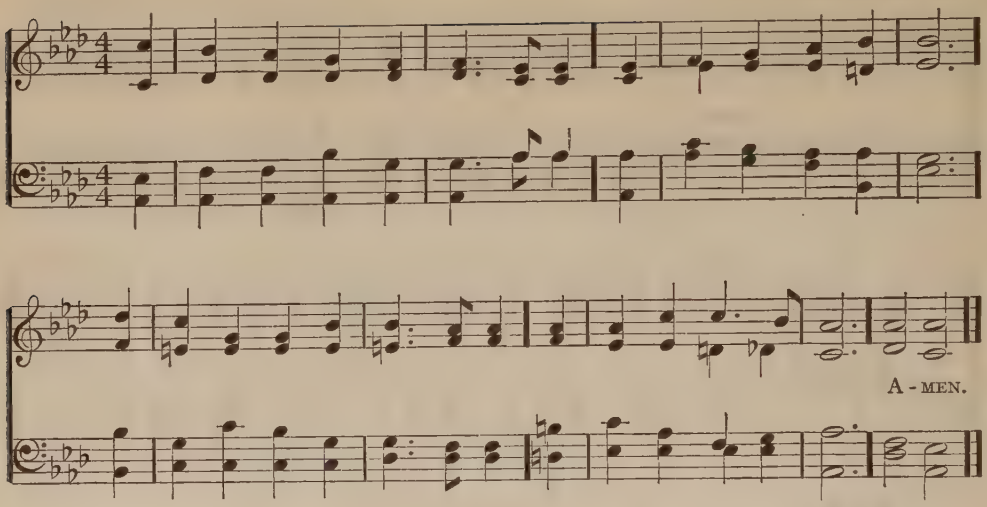
Peace! perfect peace! when all of self is slain,
And, lost in God, no earthly cares remain.

Peace! perfect peace! the fruit of victory won.
Press on, brave heart, till life's brief day is done.

Peace! perfect peace! a foretaste here is given:
The trusting soul e'en now may find its heaven.

HENRY WARBURTON HAWKES.

MOUNT CALVARY. C. M. ROBERT PRESCOTT STEWART, 1874.



Alternative tune: St. Agnes.

276. *Prayer.*

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try,
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

O thou by whom we come to God, —
The life, the truth, the way, —
The path of prayer thyself hast trod,
Lord, teach us how to pray!

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1818.

277. *'The power of faith.'*

O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by many a foe!
That will not tremble on the brink
Of poverty or woe,

That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Can lean upon its God, —

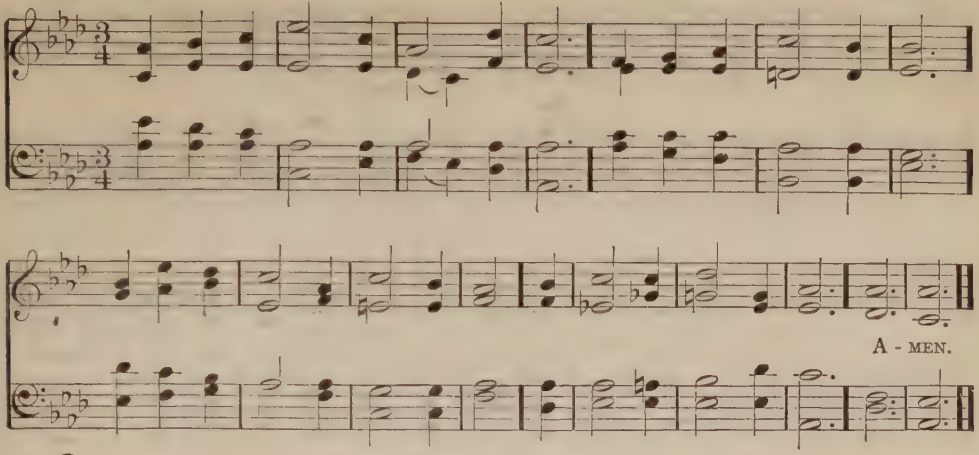
A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without,
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt.

Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
I taste e'en now the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST, 1831.

BEATITUDO. C. M. (First Tune)

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1875.



278.

Resignation.

One prayer I have,— all prayers in one,—
When I am wholly thine:
Thy will, my God, thy will be done;
And let that will be mine.

All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

May I remember that to thee,
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back in gratitude from me
May all thy bounties flow.

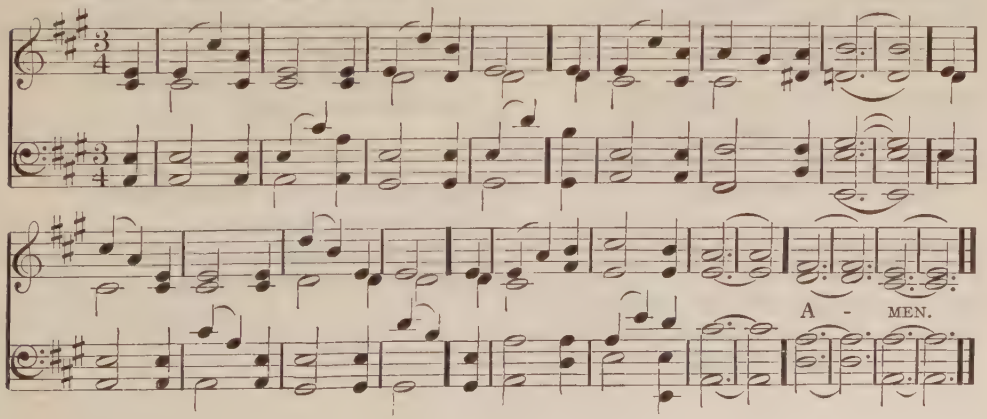
Thy gifts are only then enjoyed
When used as talents lent;
Those talents only well employed
When in thy service spent.

And, though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?
No: let me bless thy name, and say,
'The Lord is gracious still.'

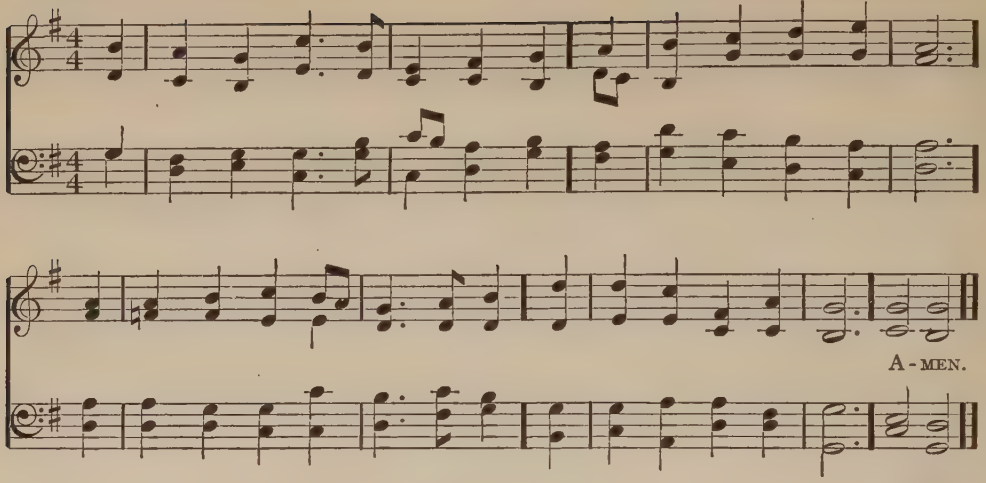
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

GEER. C. M. (Second Tune)

HENRY WELLINGTON GREATOREX.



FAITH. C. M. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1867.



279.

'My Psalm.'

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That, wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back;

That more and more a providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

No longer forward nor behind
I look, in hope or fear,
But grateful take the good I find,
God's blessing now and here.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER,* 1859.

280.

Come, mighty Spirit.

Come, mighty Spirit, penetrate
This heart and soul of mine,
And my whole being with thy grace
Pervade, O Life divine!

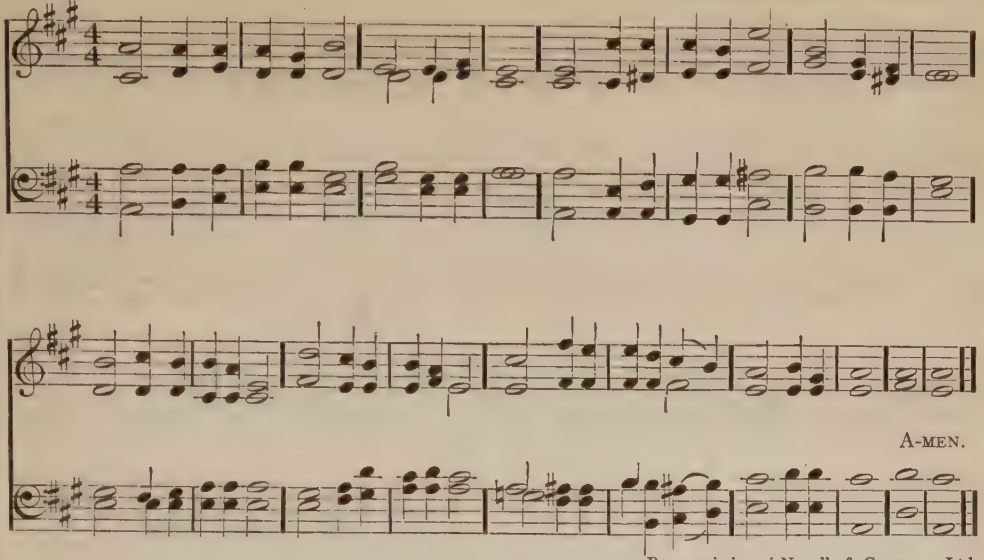
As this clear air surrounds the earth,
Thy grace around me roll;
As the fresh light pervades the air,
So pierce and fill my soul;

As from these clouds drops down in love
The precious summer rain,
So from thyself pour down the flood
That freshens all again:

Thus life within our lifeless hearts
Shall make its glad abode,
And we shall shine in beauteous light,
Filled with the light of God.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1861.

ST. EDMUND. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1872.



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281.

God our dwelling-place.

O God, our dwelling-place,
Our times are thine;
Through all our years we trace
Love's large design.
Lure us to high desire
And with celestial fire
In all our souls inspire
Thy life divine.

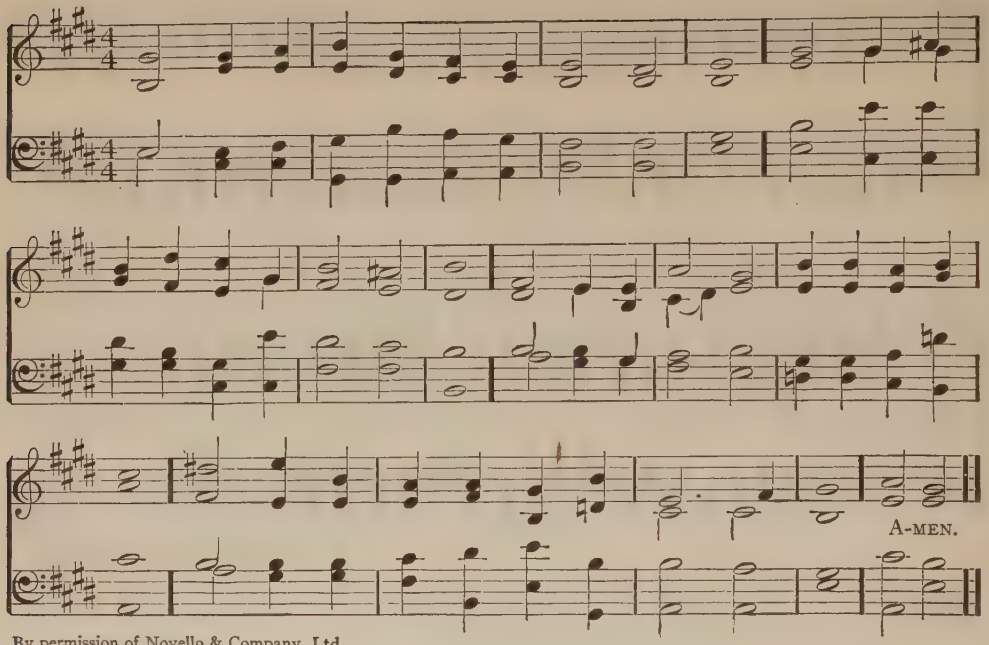
O Fount, unspent and pure,
The fainting soul
Thou canst from death restore,
Its grief console.
Health thou alone canst give
O let all hearts receive!
Bid us arise and live,
By thee made whole.

Bless thou our thought of thee,
To error prone;
In holier song may we
Thy name enthrone.
By widening duties cast
Within thy purpose vast,
May we know thee at last
As we are known.

In service strong and fair
Forth may we go
Thy kingdom to prepare,
Thy truth to know.
For temples let us raise
Pure hearts that sing thy praise;
And unto endless days
Thy glory show.

LEWIS GILBERT WILSON, 1912.

BETHSAIDA (Longwood). 10.10.10.10. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1872.



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282.

Stayed on Thee.

Not what I am, O Lord, but what thou art!
That, that alone can be my soul's true rest;
Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt depart,
And stills the tempest of my tossing breast.

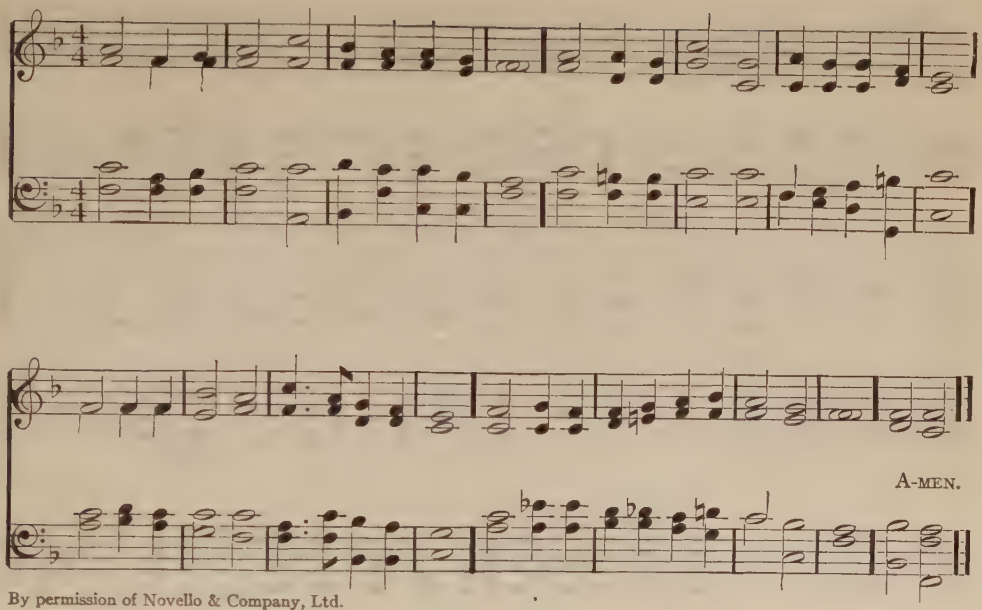
It blesses now, and shall forever bless;
It saves me now, and shall forever save;
It holds me up in days of helplessness,
It bears me safely o'er each swelling wave.

Girt with the love of God on every side,
Breathing that love as heaven's own healing air,
I work or wait, still following my Guide,
Braving each foe, escaping every snare.

'T is what I know of thee, my Lord and God,
That fills my soul with peace, my lips with song;
Thou art my health, my joy, my staff, my rod,
Leaning on thee, in weakness I am strong.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1861.

LANGRAN. 10.10.10.10. JAMES LANGRAN, 1863.



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283.

'Abide in me and I in you.'

Abide in me; o'ershadow by thy love
Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of sin;
Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul as thine, calm and divine.

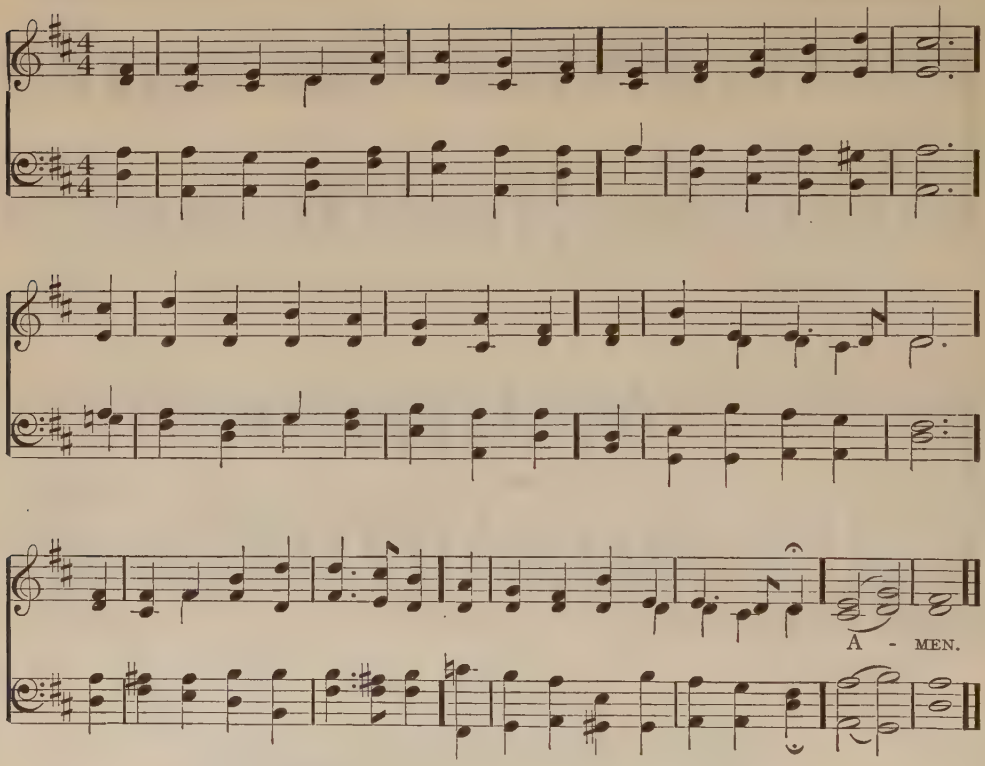
As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So when thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

Abide in me; there have been moments blest,
When I have heard thy voice and felt thy power;
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion, hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare;
Abide in me, and they shall ever be;
Fulfil at once thy precept and my prayer, —
Come and abide in me, and I in thee.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, 1855.

WESSEX. 8.6.8.6.8.8. EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS, 1867.



284.

'They looked unto him and were lightened.'

I look to thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel thy strong and tender love,
And all is well again:
The thought of thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

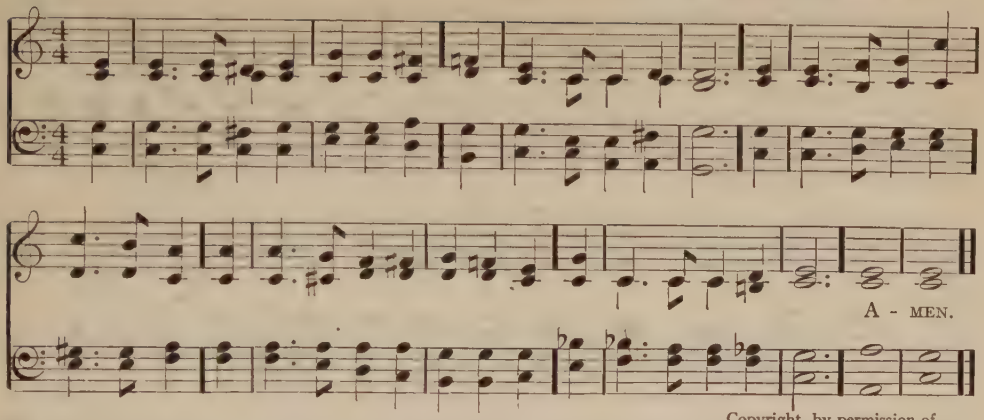
Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road;
But let me only think of thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will;
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in thy dear love,
Held in thy law, I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in thy hand;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864.

REST (Whittier). 8.6.8.8.6. FREDERICK CHARLES MAKER, 1887.



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285. *Dear Lord and Father of mankind!*

Dear Lord and Father of mankind!
Forgive our foolish ways!
Reclothe us in our rightful mind,
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow thee.

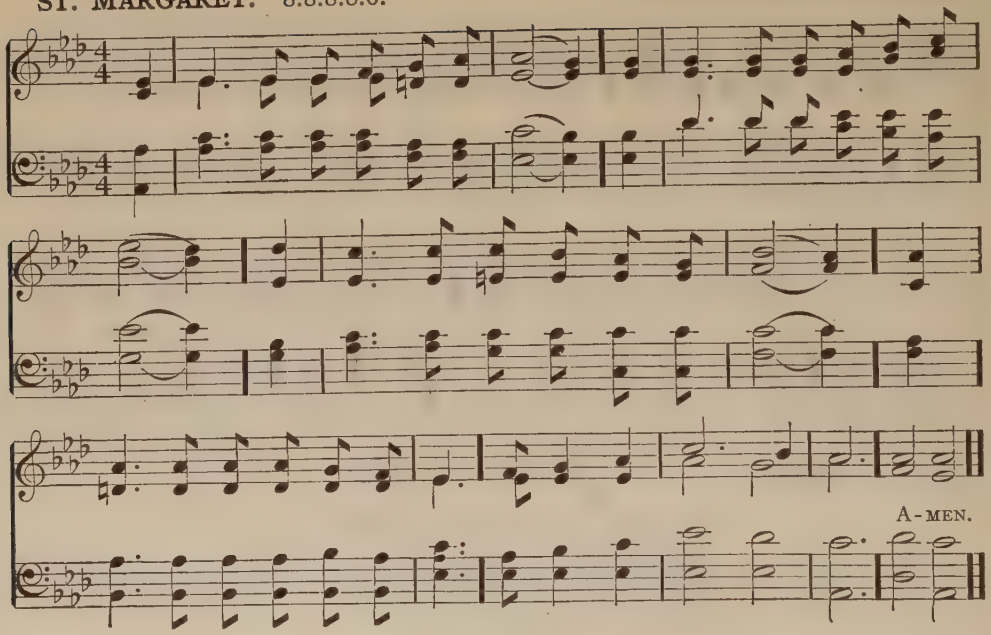
O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity
Interpreted by love!

With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of thy call,
As noiseless let thy blessing fall
As fell thy manna down.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1872.

ST. MARGARET. 8.8.8.8.6. ALBERT LISTER PEACE, 1885.



286.

'Love and life.'

O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

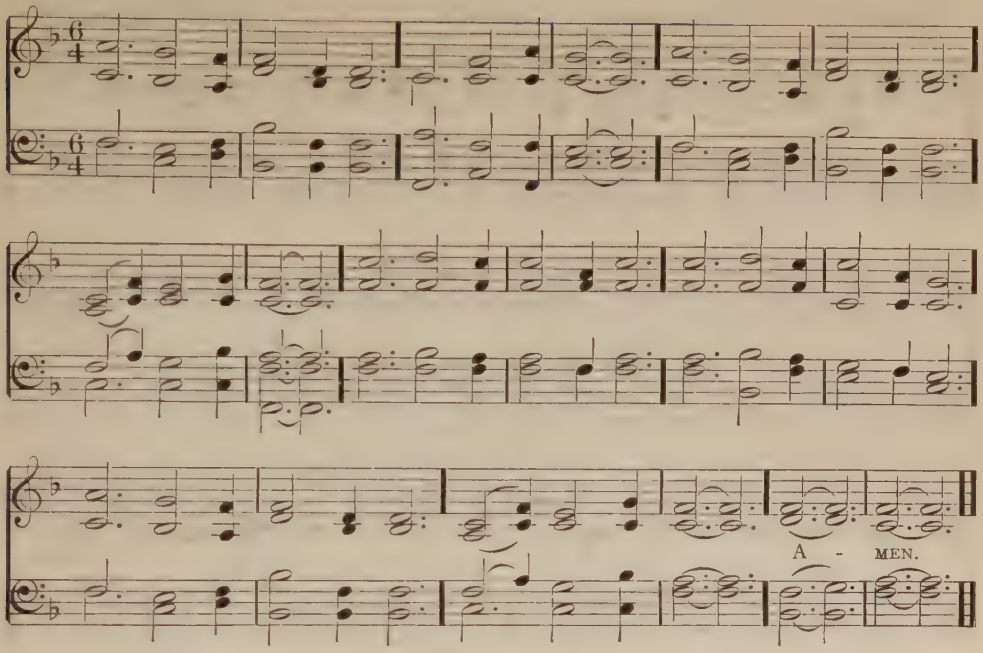
O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

GEORGE MATHESON, 1882.

BETHANY. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. LOWELL MASON, 1856.



Alternative Tune: St. Edmund.

287.

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I 'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

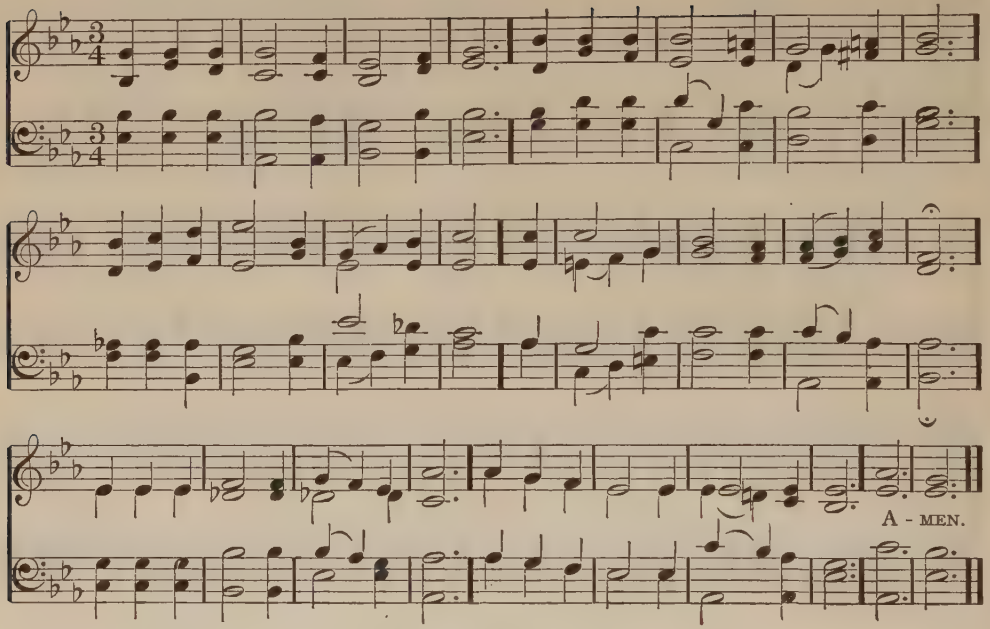
There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS, 1841.

TRISTITIA (St. Chrysostom). 8.8.8.8.8.8. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1871.



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Alternative Tune: Melita.

288.

'Verborgne Gottesliebe du.'

'Remembrance of the presence of God.'

Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose;
My heart is pained; nor can it be
At rest till it find rest in thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove:
And fain I would; but though my will
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee:
Yet, while I seek, but find thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see.
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend?

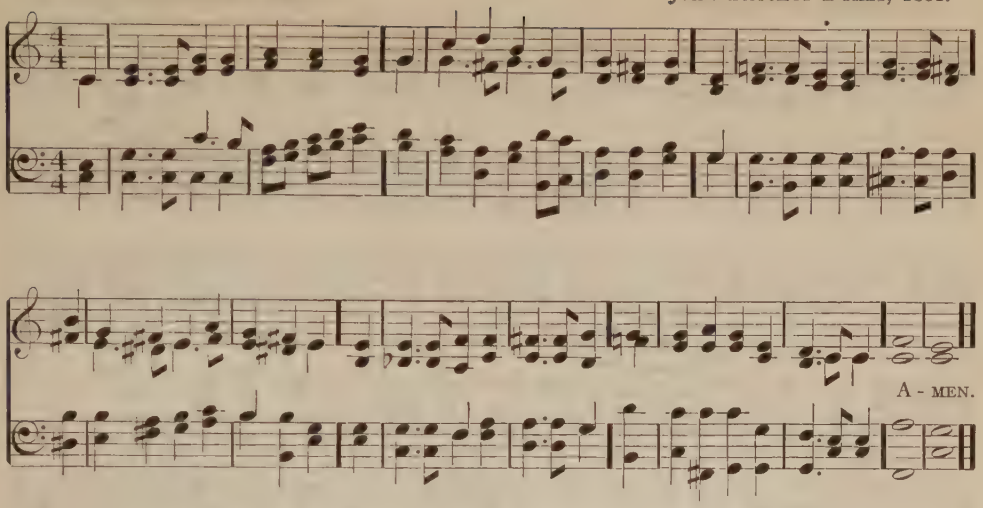
O Love, thy sovereign aid impart
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may 'Abba, Father,' cry!

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
'I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!'
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN, 1729.
Trans. JOHN WESLEY, 1738.

MELITA. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1861.



289.

'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.'

O Thou with whom in sweet content,
The soul that loves thee shall abide,
Grant that thy Spirit may be sent,
That by its influence purified
And touched and blessed, we may be free,
Father and Friend, to dwell with thee.

O fire our hearts with quenchless love
For men, and for thy truth divine,
That we may guide to things above,
Where in thy heavens eternal shine
The strong attractions of that home
From which, when found, no soul can roam.

And if upon our lonely way,
We faint and cry to thee for aid,
Then, O our Father, grant, we pray,
That, by us trembling and afraid,
May walk the Leader of our race,
Filling with light and joy the place.

Crown us with love, and so with peace,
Transfigure duty to delight;
Our lips inspire, our faith increase,
Brighten with hope our darkest night.
Bring us from earthly bondage free,
To find our heaven in serving thee.

HENRY WILDER FOOTE, 1861.

290.

'For those at sea.'

Eternal Peace, whose word of old
In the great basins poured the main,
And shut within their rocky fold
The unnumbered flocks of ocean's plain:
O hear us! while the billows roar,
For those who sail from shore to shore.

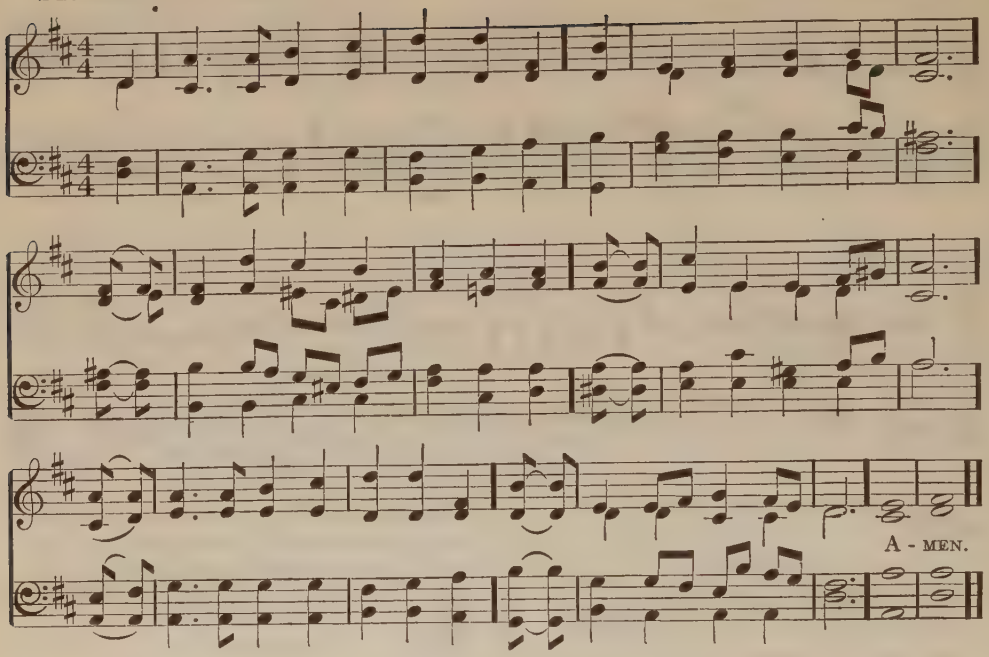
Great God, whose path upon the deep
Is still unknown, but who didst keep
Thine ancient people, when the wind
And Egypt followed fast behind;
O hear us, when our prayer to thee
Ascends for those we love at sea.

O thou, who for the psalmist made
The storm a calm, and brought him through
The surging ocean unafraid,
Unto the home he longed to view:
To all who sail the waters rude,
Give equal trust and fortitude.

STOPFORD AUGUSTUS BROOKE, 1891.

ST. BEDE. 8.6.8.6.8.6.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1867.



291. *'My times are in thy hand.'*

Father, I know that all my life
  Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come
  I do not fear to see;
But I ask thee for a present mind
  Intent on pleasing thee.

I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
  Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
  And to wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
  To soothe and sympathize.

Wherever in the world I am,
  In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
  To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
  For the Lord on whom I wait.

ANNA LÆTITIA WARING, 1850.

292. *'My times are in thy hand.'*

I ask thee for the daily strength,
  To none that ask denied;
And a mind to blend with outward life
  While keeping at thy side:
Content to fill a little space,
  If thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
  In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
  With grateful love to thee,—
More careful, not to serve thee much,
  But to please thee perfectly.

In a service which thy will appoints,
  There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught 'the truth'
  That makes thy children 'free':
And a life of self-renouncing love
  Is a life of liberty.

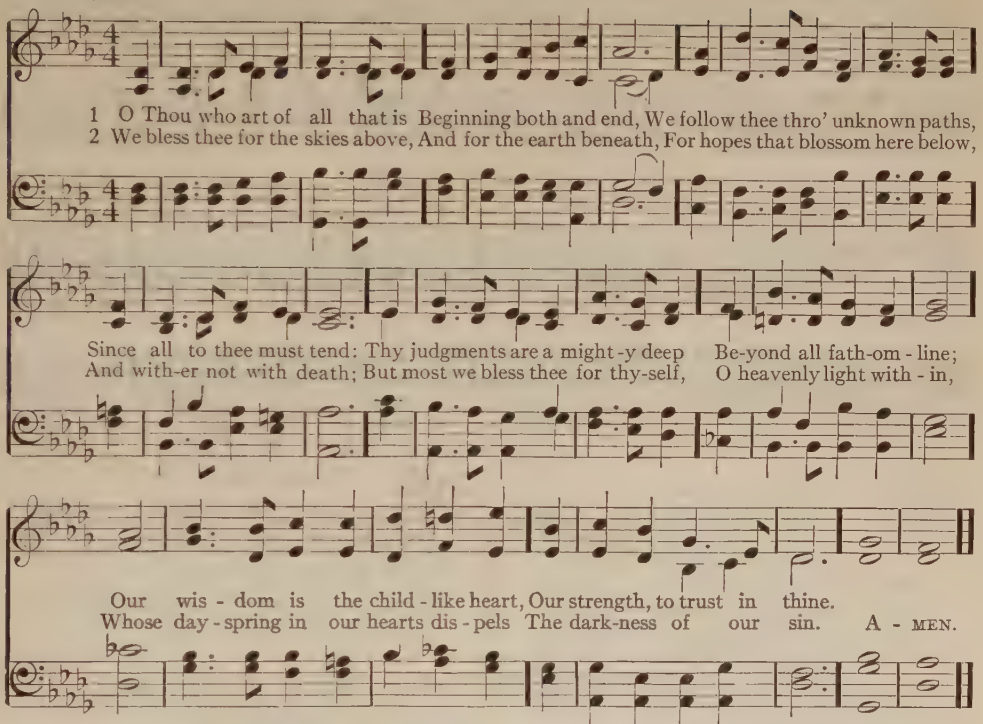
ANNA LÆTITIA WARING, 1850.

ASPIRATION. C. M. D.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1867.

293.

Alternative Tune: St. Leonard
'Through unknown paths.'


1 O Thou who art of all that is Beginning both and end, We follow thee thro' unknown paths,
2 We bless thee for the skies above, And for the earth beneath, For hopes that blossom here below,
Since all to thee must tend: Thy judgments are a might-y deep Be-yond all fath-om-line;
And with-er not with death; But most we bless thee for thy-self, O heavenly light with-in,
Our wis-dom is the child-like heart, Our strength, to trust in thine.
Whose day-spring in our hearts dis-pels The dark-ness of our sin. A-MEN.

3 Be thou in joy our deeper joy,
Our comfort when distressed;
Be thou by day our strength for toil,
And thou by night our rest!
And when these earthly dwellings fail,
And time's last hour is come,
Be thou, O God, our dwelling-place
And our eternal home!

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1877.

294.

A song of trust.

O Love divine, of all that is
The sweetest still and best,
Fain would I come and rest my heart
Upon thy faithful breast.
I pray thee turn me not away,
For, sinful though I be,
Thou knowest everything I need,
And all my need of thee.

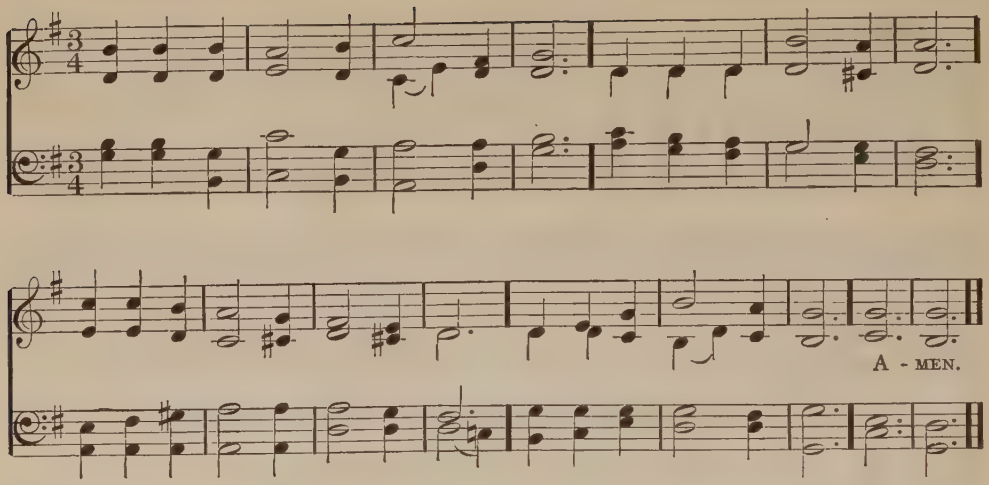
I do not pray because I would;
I pray because I must:
There is no meaning in my prayer
But thankfulness and trust;
And thou wilt hear the thought I mean
And not the words I say;
Wilt hear the thanks among the words
That only seem to pray.

Thou dost not wait until I urge
My wayward steps to thee,
But in the darkness of my life
Art coming still to me.
And, even while it sighed, my heart
Has sung itself to rest,
O Love divine, forever near,
Upon thy faithful breast.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK, 1865. Arranged.

ST. AGNES. C. M.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1866.



295.

'So near, so far.'

O Thou, in all thy might so far,
In all thy love so near,
Beyond the range of sun and star,
And yet beside us here, —

What heart can comprehend thy name,
Or, searching, find thee out,
Who art within, a quickening flame,
A presence round about.

Yet though I know thee but in part,
I ask not, Lord, for more:
Enough for me to know thou art,
To love thee and adore.

O sweeter now than aught besides,
The tender mystery
That like a veil of shadow hides
The light I may not see!

And dearer than all things I know
Is childlike faith to me,
That makes the darkest way I go
An open path to thee.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1876.

296.

'They that know thy name will put their trust in thee.'

O Name, all other names above,
What art thou not to me,
Now I have learned to trust thy love
And cast my care on thee!

What is our being but a cry,
A restless longing still,
Which thou alone canst satisfy,
Alone thy fulness fill!

Thrice blesséd be the holy souls
That lead the way to thee,
That burn upon the martyr-rolls
And lists of prophecy.

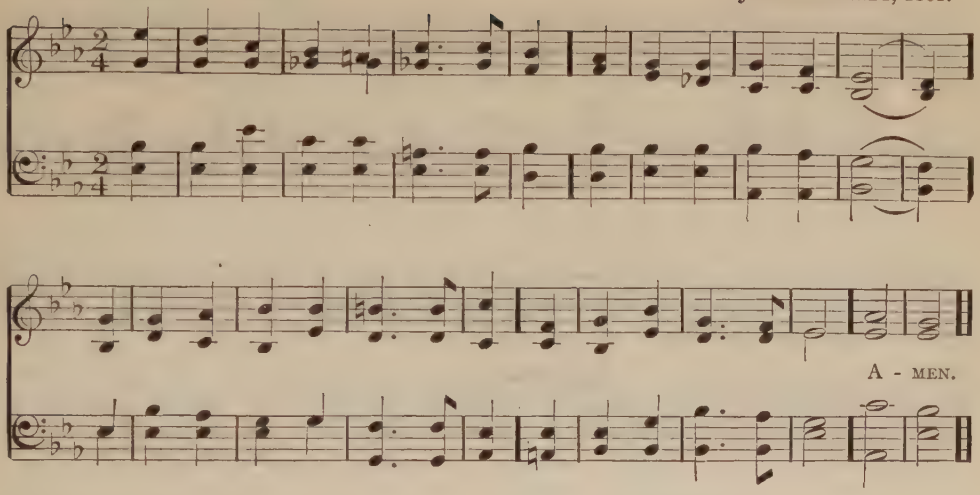
And sweet it is to tread the ground
O'er which their faith hath trod;
But sweeter far, when thou art found,
The soul's own sense of God!

The thought of thee all sorrow calms,
Our anxious burdens fall;
His crosses turn to triumph-palms
Who finds in God his all!

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1878.

CONISTON. C. M.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1861.



297. *All the earth is holy land.*

We go not on a pilgrimage,
As those who went of old;
The Holy Land around us lies
Of which we have been told.

I see it when the morning sun
Doth rise o'er land and sea;
The moon's mild beams, the silent stars
Reveal it unto me.

In all that 's good, in all that 's fair,
I see its glory shine;
As in the Holy Land of old,
The ancient Palestine.

And brighter yet, in days to come,
Shall shine its wondrous light,
Till all the earth is holy land,
With heavenly radiance bright.

We go not on a pilgrimage,
As those who went of old;
The Holy Land around us lies,
Of which we have been told.

JONES VERY.

298. *'A Psalm of Trust.'*

I came not hither of my will
Or wisdom of mine own:
That higher Power upholds me still,
And still must bear me on.

I knew not of this wondrous earth,
Nor dreamed what blessings lay
Beyond the gates of human birth
To glad my future way.

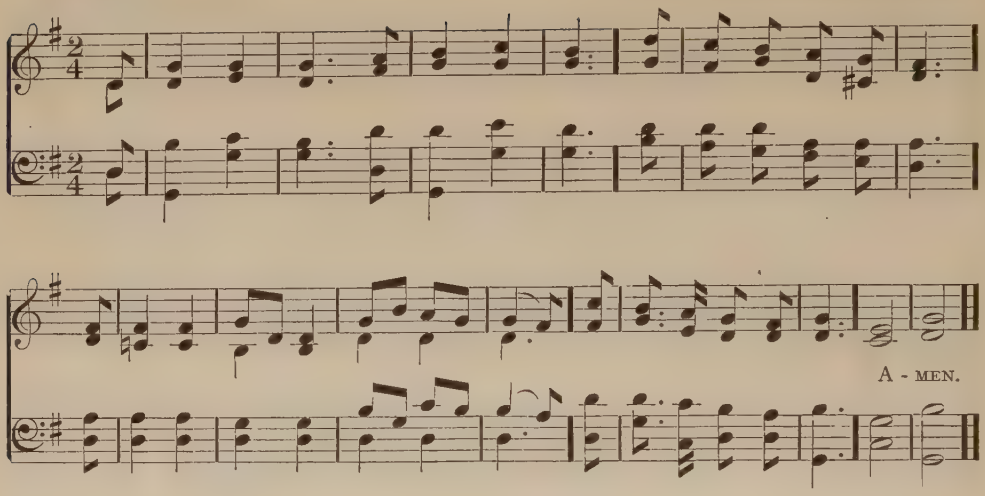
And what beyond this life may be
As little I divine, —
What love may wait to welcome me,
What fellowships be mine.

I know not what beyond may lie,
But look, in humble faith,
Into a larger life to die
And find new birth in death.

Upon his providence I lean,
As lean in faith I must;
The lesson of my life hath been
A heart of grateful trust.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1883.

HUMMEL. C. M. HEINRICH CHRISTOPH ZEUNER, 1832.



299. *'Light shining out of Darkness.'*

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform:
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1774.

300. *'The Right must Win.'*

Workman of God, O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like!
And, in the darkest battle-field,
Thou shalt know where to strike.

O blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible!

Blest too is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

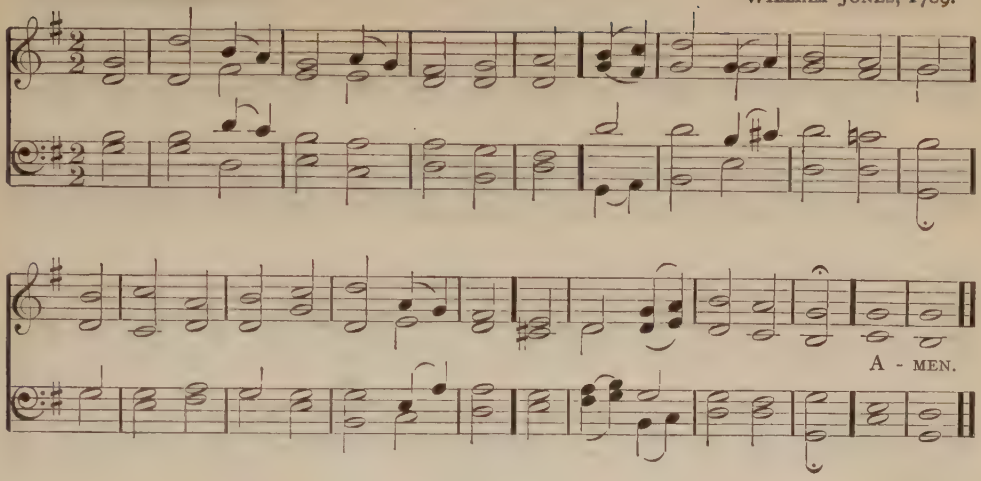
He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost:
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, 1849.

ST. STEPHEN. C. M.

WILLIAM JONES, 1789.



301. *God's Glory.*

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways;
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Ah, God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

My God, how wonderful thou art,
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, 1849.
Arranged.

302. *The Will of God.*

I worship thee, sweet will of God!
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I long
To love thee more and more.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

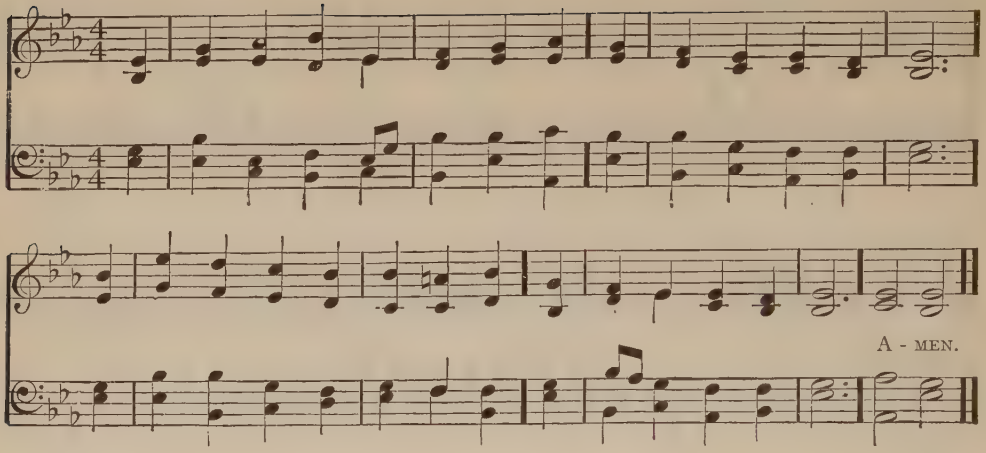
Man's weakness waiting upon God
Its end can never miss;
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

He always wins who sides with God
To him no chance is lost:
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that God blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his dear will!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, 1849.

DUNDEE. C. M. SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1615.



303.

Psalm XXIII.

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green, he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for his own name's sake.

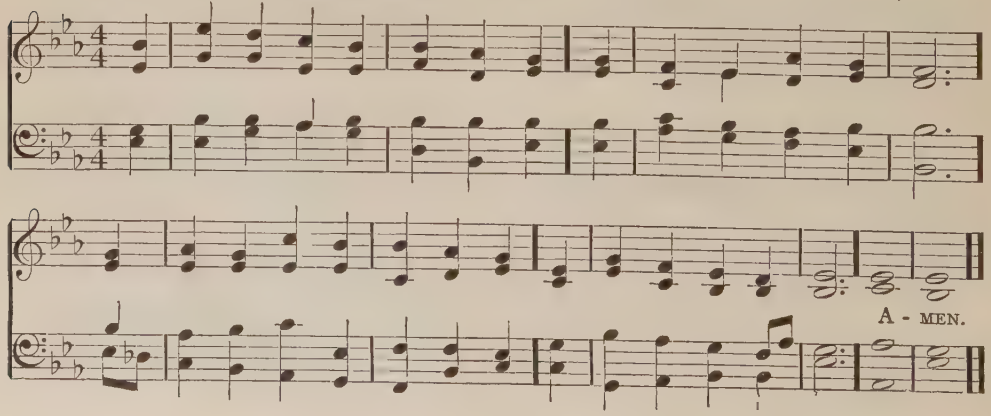
Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnishéd
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

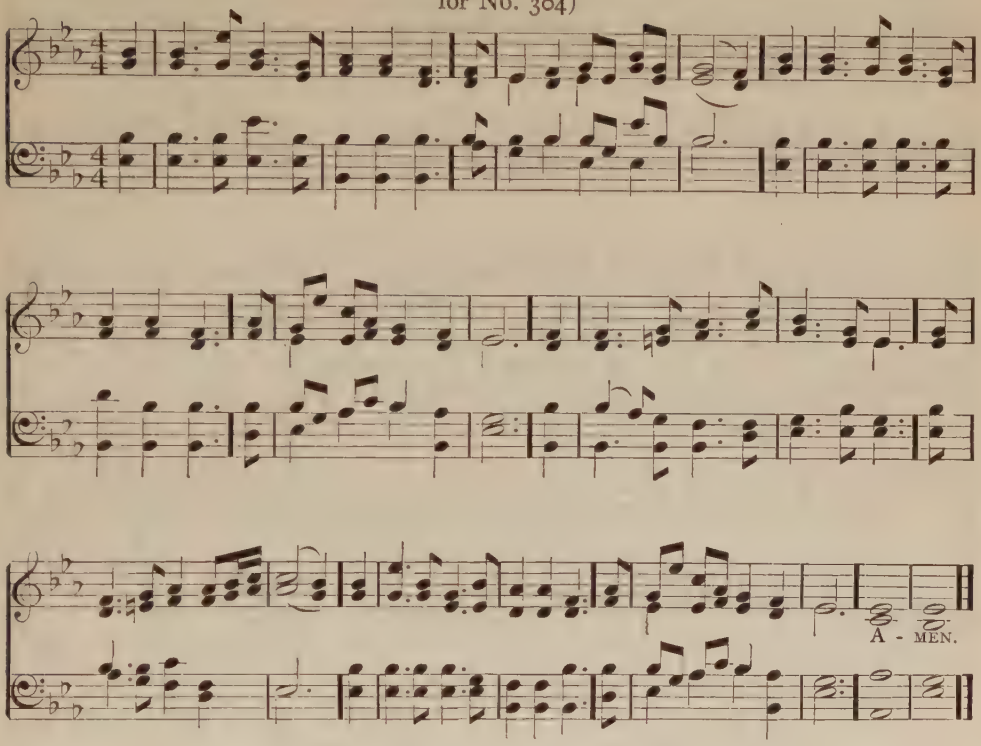
Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Scottish Psalter, 1650.

ST. PETER. C. M. (First Tune for No. 304) ALEXANDER ROBERT REINAGLE, 1826.



BRATTLE STREET. C. M. D. (Second Tune for No. 304) Arr. fr. IGNAZ JOSEPH PLEYEL, 1791.



First tune for this hymn, St. Peter, opposite page.

304.

Abiding under the shadow of the Almighty.

While thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the powers of thought bestowed,
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see,
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.

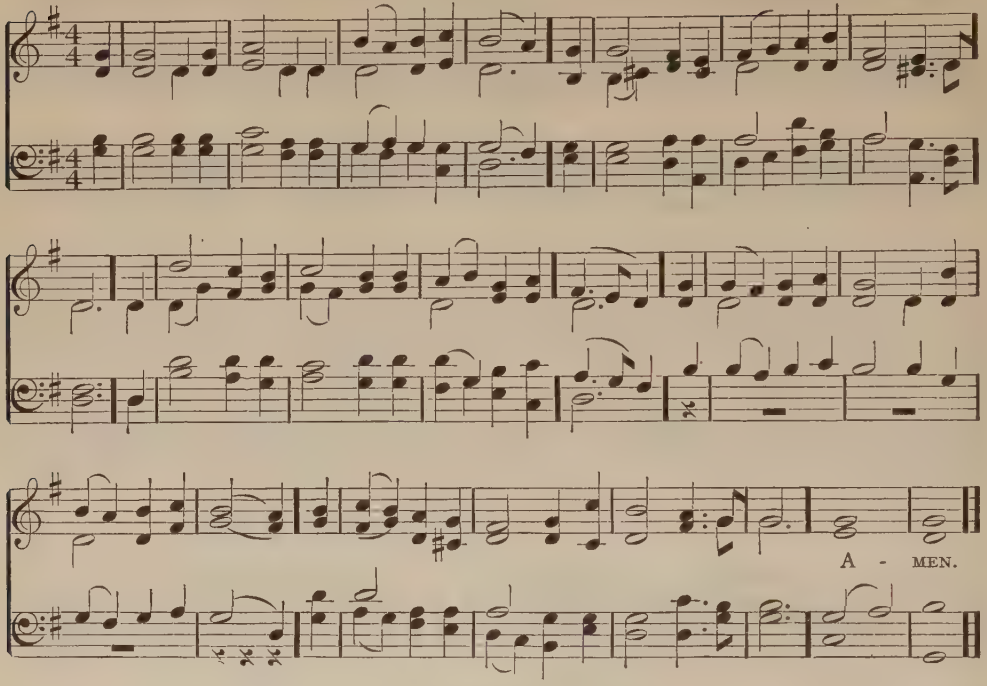
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye without a tear
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on thee.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS, 1786.

PORTUGUESE HYMN (Adeste Fideles). 11.11.11.11. Traditional: 18th cent.



305.

Psalm XXIII.

The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know:
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

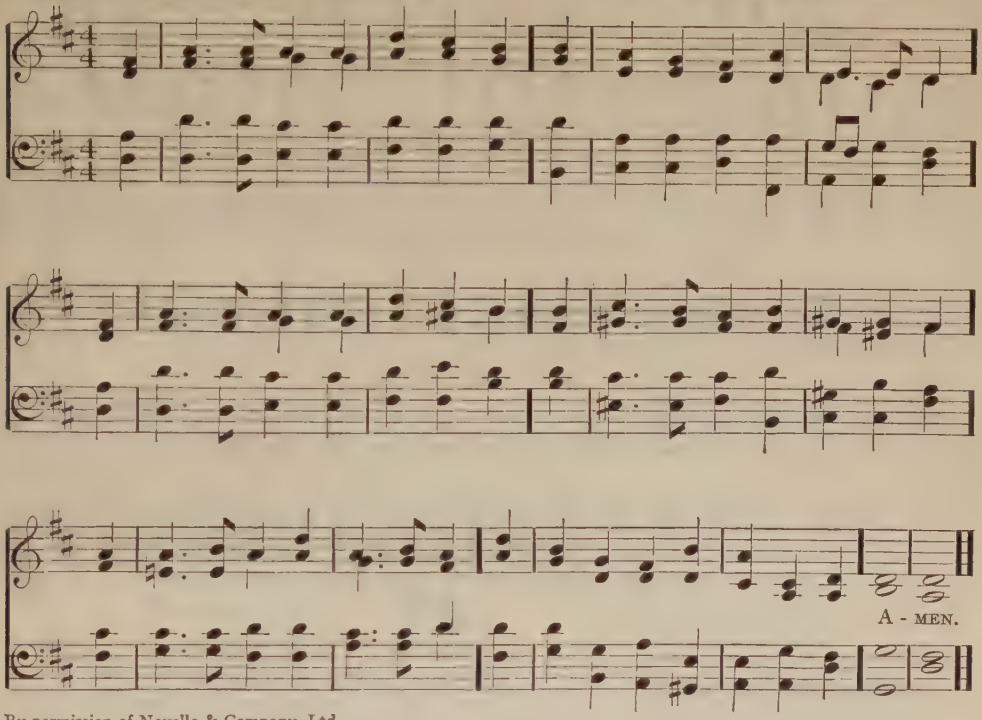
Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear:
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my comforter near.

In the midst of affliction, my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head:
O what shall I ask of thy providence more?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above.
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

SAINTS OF GOD. 8.8.8.8.8.8. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1874.



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306.

The hidden Source of calm repose.

Thou hidden Source of calm repose,
  Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
  Secure I am while thou art mine:
And, lo! from sin and grief and shame
I hide me, Father, in thy name.

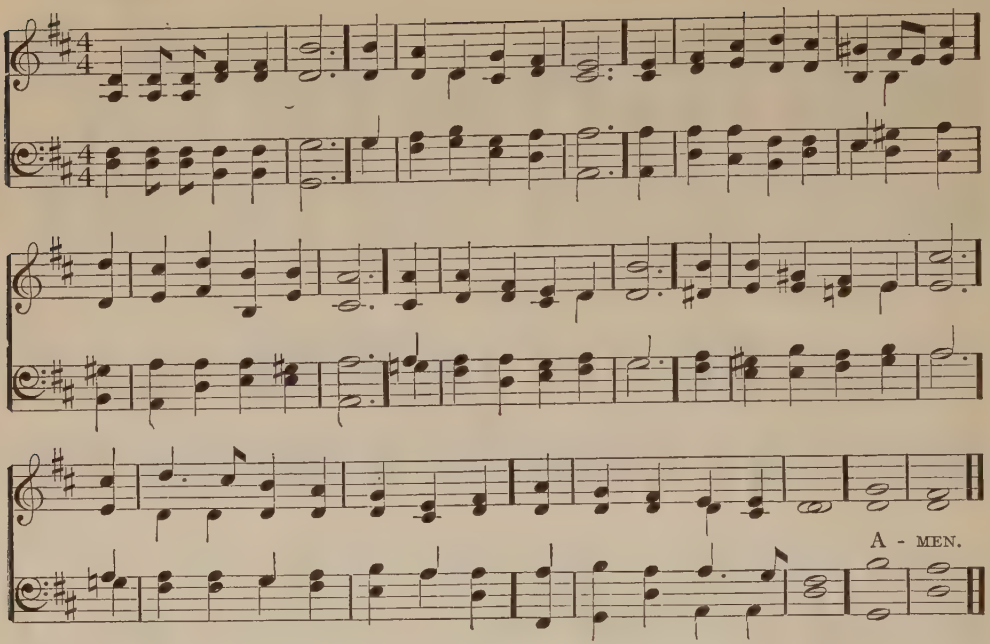
Thy mighty name salvation is,
  And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power and peace,
  And joy and everlasting love:
To me, with thy dear name are given
Pardon and holiness and heaven.

Father, my all in all thou art,
  My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The balm to heal my broken heart;
  In war my peace, in loss my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown;

In want, my plentiful supply;
  In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
  My light in evil's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable:
My life in death, my all in all.

CHARLES WESLEY,* 1749.

DIADEMATA. S. M. Double. GEORGE JOB ELVEY.



307. *'Sow in the morn thy seed.'*

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.
Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale by plots 't is found;
Go forth, then, everywhere.
Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive
When and whenever strown.

And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, the moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1832.

308. *'Befiehl du deine Wege.'*

Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.
Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.

Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve his might;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.
Leave to his sovereign will
To choose and to command:
With wonder filled, thou then shalt own
How wise, how strong his hand.

PAULUS GERHARDT, 1656.
Trans. JOHN WESLEY, 1739. Alt.

BEFIEHL DU DEINE WEGE

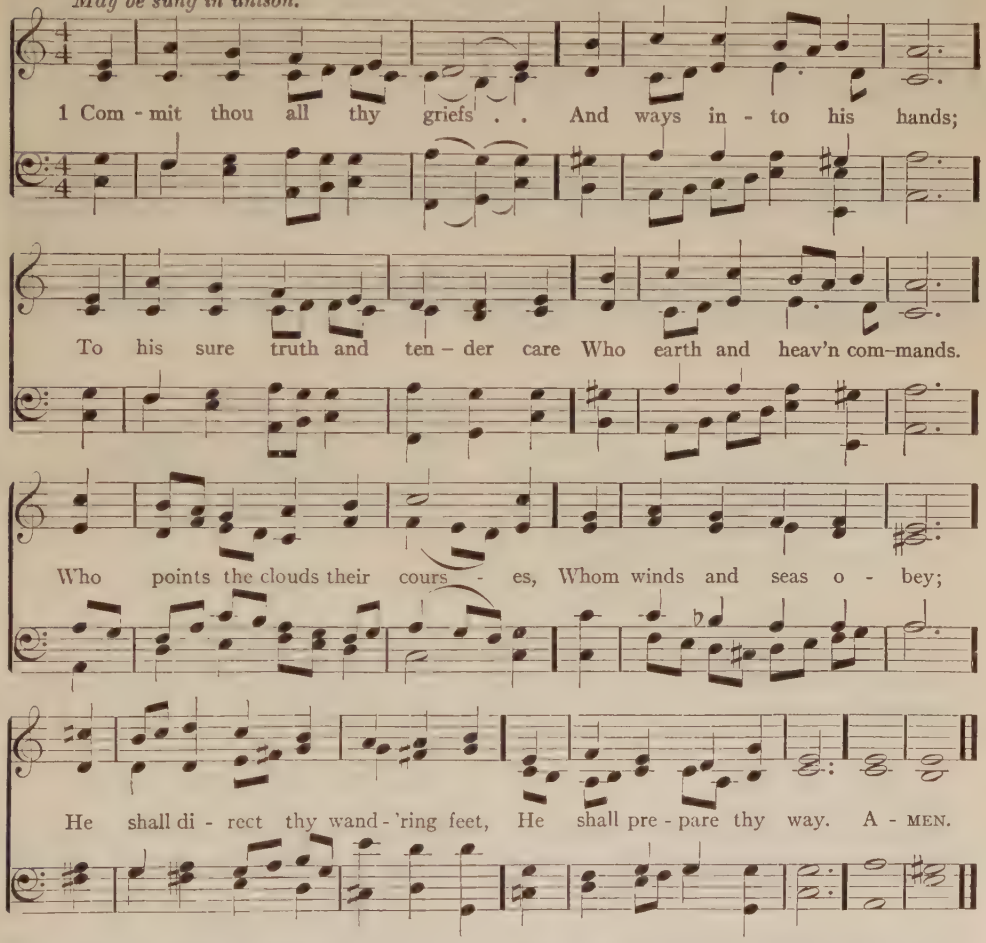
(Passion Chorale). 6.6.8.6.7.6.8.6.

HANS LEO HASSLER, 1601.
HARM. by JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, 1729.

309.

'Herzlich thut mich verlangen.'

May be sung in unison.


1 Com - mit thou all thy griefs . . And ways in - to his hands;
To his sure truth and ten - der care Who earth and heav'n com-mands.
Who points the clouds their cours - es, Whom winds and seas o - bey;
He shall di - rect thy wand - 'ring feet, He shall pre - pare thy way. A - MEN.

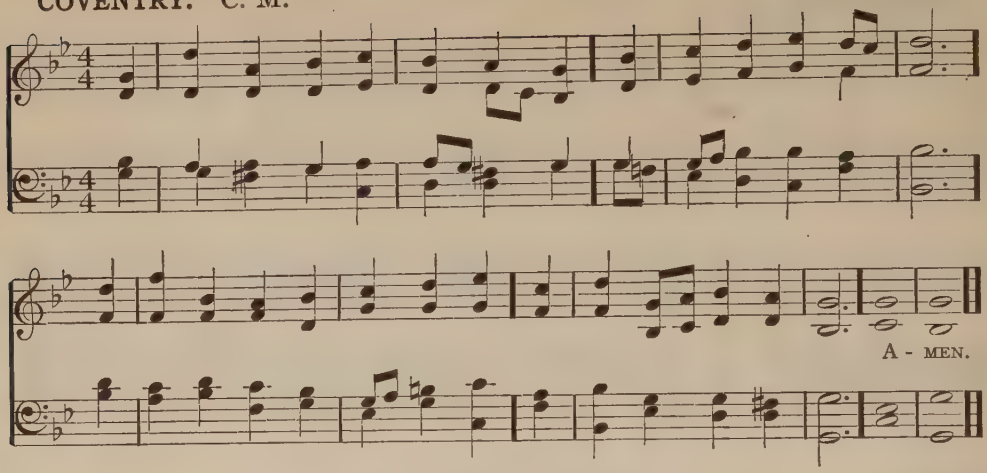
2 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
No profit canst thou gather
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

3 Thou seest our weakness, Father;
Our hearts are known to thee;
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!
Let us throughout life's journey,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care!

PAUL GERHARDT, 1656
Trans. JOHN WESLEY, 1739
Adapted.

COVENTRY. C. M.

SAMUEL HOWARD.



Alternative Tune: Winchester Old or St. Magnus.

313.

Psalm XVIII.

O God, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love thee!
Thou art my castle and defense
In my necessity:

My God, my rock in whom I trust,
The worker of my wealth,
My refuge, buckler, and my shield,
The horn of all my health.

I when beset with pain and grief
Did pray to God for grace,
And he forthwith did hear my plaint
Out of his holy place.

Unspotted are the ways of God,
His word is purely tried;
He is a sure defense to such
As in his faith abide.

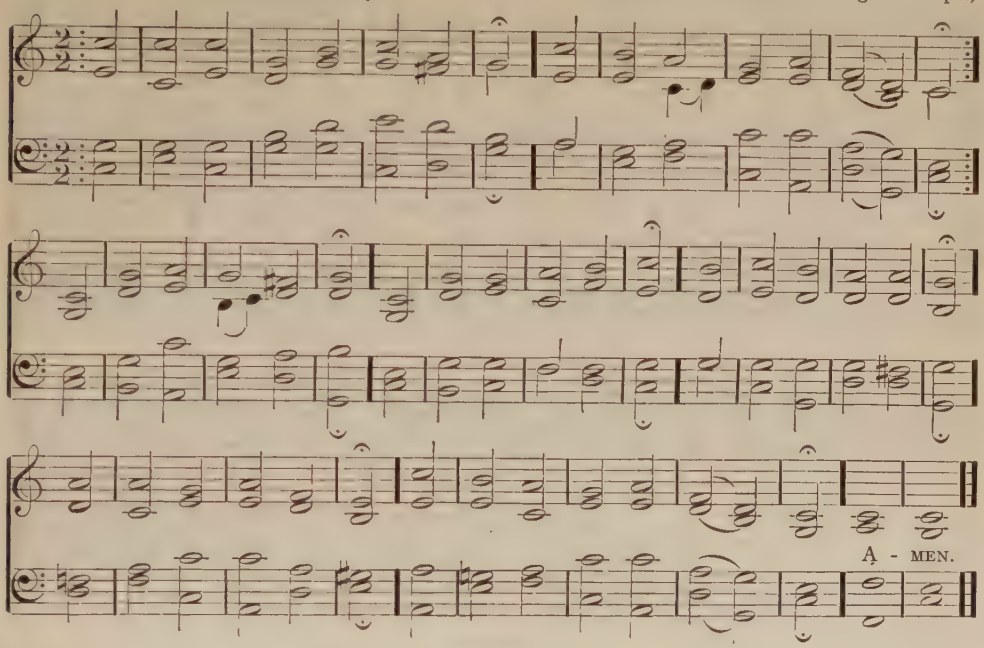
The Lord will give his people strength
Whereby they shall increase;
And he will bless his chosen flock
With everlasting peace.

Arranged from THOMAS STERNHOLD, 1561.

EIN' FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT.

8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1527.
(From the *Choralbuch* of August Haupt.)



314. *'Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.'*

A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper he amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great;
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

God's word above all earthly powers —
No thanks to them — abideth;
The spirit and the gifts are ours,
Through him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill,
God's truth abideth still;
His kingdom is for ever.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1529.
Trans. FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE, 1852.

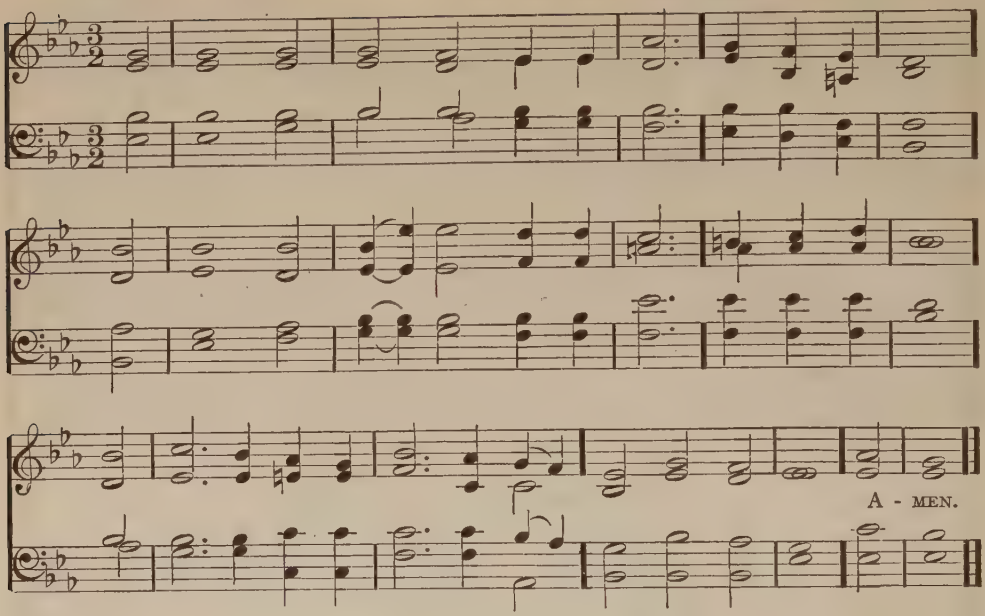
315. *Psalm CXXXV. 1.*

Rejoice to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of his name;
For he is God alone,
Who hath his mercy shown;
Let all his saints adore him.

When in distress to him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining;
O trust in him, whate'er betide,
His love is all-sustaining;
Triumphant songs of praise
To him our hearts shall raise:
Now every voice shall say,
'O praise our God alway;'
Let all his saints adore him.

HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, 1860.

CARROW. 8.4.8.4.8.4. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.



316.

Gratitude.

My God, I thank thee who hast made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

I thank thee, too, that thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

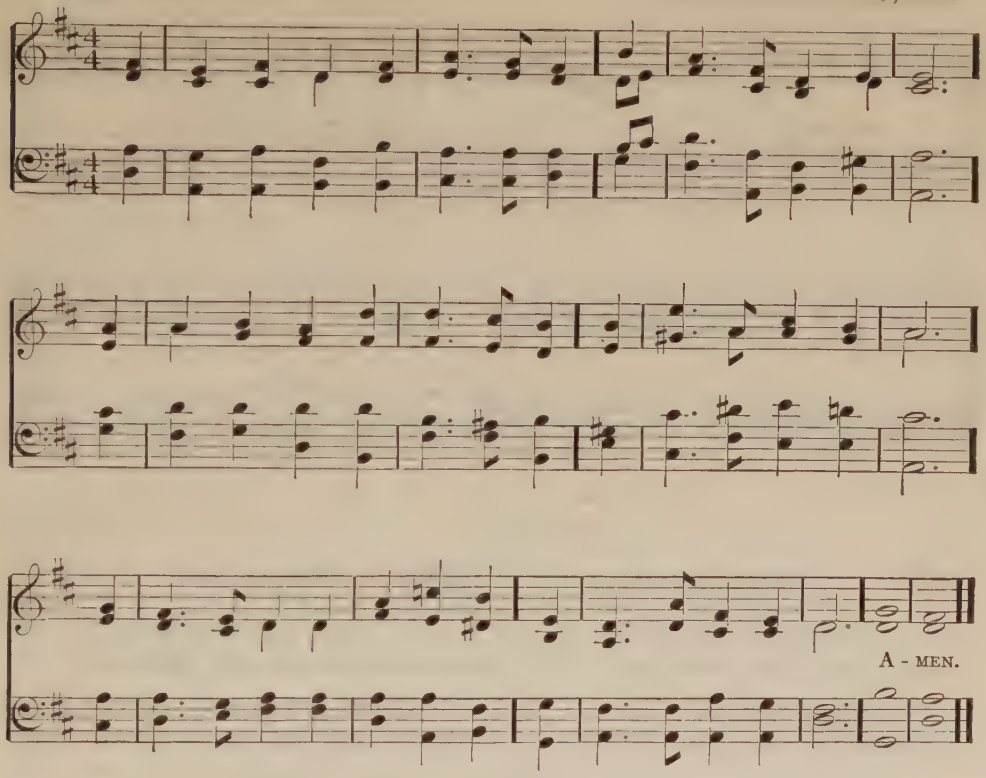
I thank thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

For thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings;
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more; —
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER, 1858.

ALL HALLOWS. 8.6.8.6.8.6. ARTHUR HENRY BROWN, 1862.



317.

A hymn of thankfulness.

I bring my hymn of thankfulness
To thee, dear Lord, to-day,
Though not for joys thy name I bless
And not for gifts I pray.
The griefs that know not man's redress
Before thy feet I lay.

I thank thee for the life of grief
I share with all below,
Wherein I learn the sure relief
My brother's heart to know,
And in the wisdom taught of pain
To soothe and share his woe.

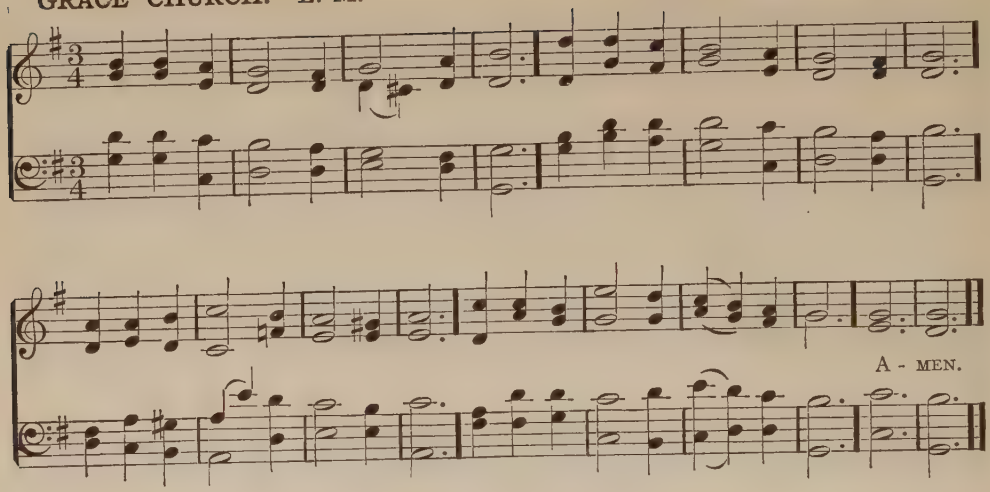
I thank thee for my vain desires
That no fulfilment knew,
For life's consuming, cleansing fires,
That searched me through and through
Till I could say to him 'Forgive,
They know not what they do.'

What fulness of my earthly store,
What shine of harvest sun,
What joyful song of thankfulness,
Here ended or begun,
Shall mate with mine who learn so late
To know thy will is done?

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

GRACE CHURCH. L. M.

IGNAZ JOSEPH PLEYEL, 1791.



318.

Perfect peace.

In quiet hours the tranquil soul
Reflects the beauty of the sky:
No passions rise or billows roll,
And only God and heaven are nigh.

The tides of being ebb and flow,
Creating peace without alloy:
A sacred happiness we know,
Too high for mirth, too deep for joy.

Like birds that slumber on the sea,
Unconscious where the current runs,
We rest on God's infinity
Of bliss, that circles stars and suns.

His perfect peace has swept from sight
The narrow bounds of time and space,
And looking up with still delight
We catch the glory of his face.

AUGUSTA LARNED.

319.

Come, Holy Spirit.

Spirit of power, and truth, and love,
Who sitt'st enthroned in light above,
Descend, and bear us on thy wings
Far from these low and fleeting things.

Compassed by foes on every side,
By sin and sore temptation tried,
Where can we look or whither flee
If not, great Strengthener, to thee?

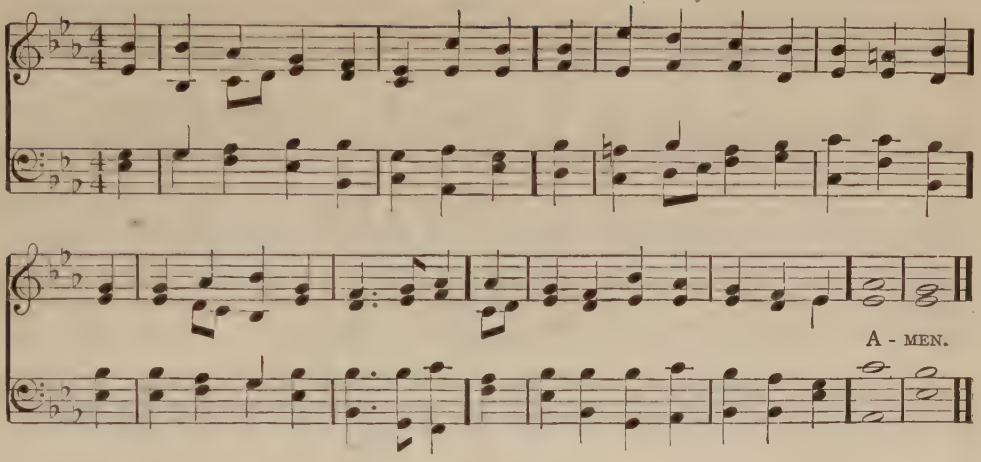
Come, Holy Spirit, like the fire,
With burning zeal our souls inspire,
Come like the south wind breathing balm,
Our joys refresh, our passions calm.

Come like the sun's enlightening beam,
Come like the cooling, cleansing stream,
With all thy graces present be:
Spirit of God, we wait for thee.

WILLIAM LINDSAY ALEXANDER, 1849.

MELCOMBE. L. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE, 1782.
Arr. by WILLIAM HENRY MONK.



320. *More light, more love, more life.*

I thank thee, Lord, for precious things
Which thou into my life hast brought;
More gratefully my spirit sings
Its thanks for all I yet have not.

How fair thy world to me has been!
How dear the friends who breathe its air!
But who can guess what waits within
Thine opening realms, thy worlds more fair?

At friendly shores, at peaceful isles
I touch, but may not long delay;
Where thy flushed East with mystery smiles
I steer into the unrisen day.

For veils of hope before thee drawn,
For mists that hint the immortal coast
Hid in thy farthest, faintest dawn, —
My God, for these I thank thee most.

Joy, joy! to see, from every shore
Whereon my step makes pressure fond,
Thy sunrise reddening still before, —
More light, more love, more life beyond!

LUCY LARCOM.

321. *Common gifts.*

For common gifts we bless thee, Lord —
The hearing ear, the eye to see,
Beauty forever round us poured
In sweet and varied ministry.

We bless thee for the wholesome air,
For showers that fall and suns that warm,
For darkness, and the truce to care
Sleep brings with many a soothing charm.

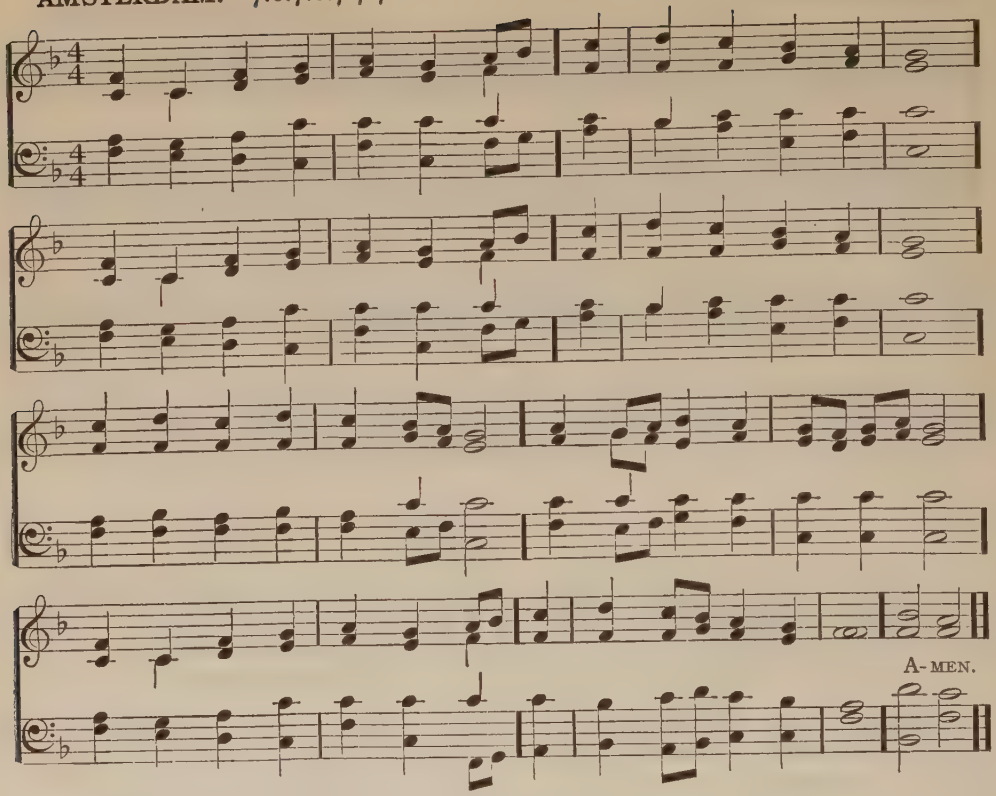
For gentle courtesies of life,
For dear communion, friend with friend,
Those hours with sacred meaning rife
When love looks to no earthly end.

We yield thee praise for sovereign power
That steadies us o'er gulfs of pain;
Shall we forget thee in the hour
That leads us back to strength again?

Let not our gratitude delay
Till good withheld constrains the prayer,
Give clearer vision, that we may
Hold common blessings as if rare.

CHARLOTTE MELLEN PACKARD.

AMSTERDAM. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6. GERMAN CHORALE.



322. *'Pilgrim's Song.'*

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace,
Rise from transitory things
Towards heaven, thy native place!
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove:
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above!

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So my soul, derived from God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Forward tends to his abode
To rest in his embrace.

ROBERT SEAGRAVE, 1742.

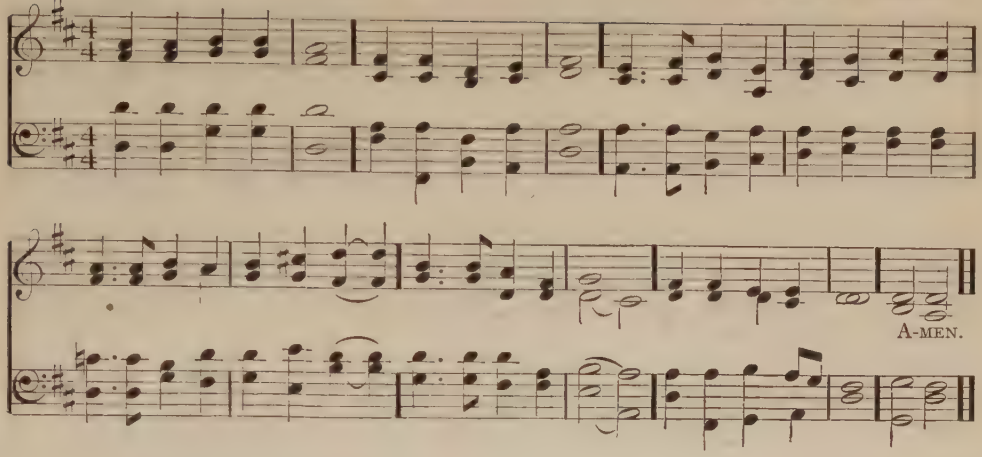
323. *God's ceaseless care.*

See the Lord, thy Keeper, stand,
Omnipotently near;
Lo! he holds thee by the hand,
And banishes thy fear;
Shadows with his wings thy head;
Guards from all impending harms;
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

God shall bless thy going out,
Shall bless thy coming in;
Kindly compass thee about,
And guard from every sin.
He is still our sure defense,
We his ceaseless care shall prove,
Kept by watchful providence
And ever-waking love.

CHARLES WESLEY.*

ST. HUBERT. 5.5.8.8.5.5. LEICESTER DARWELL.



324.

'The Ascending Way.'

Holy, holy Lord,
We with one accord
Own with joy the sovereign power
That has led us to this hour
When as freemen we
Grateful worship thee.

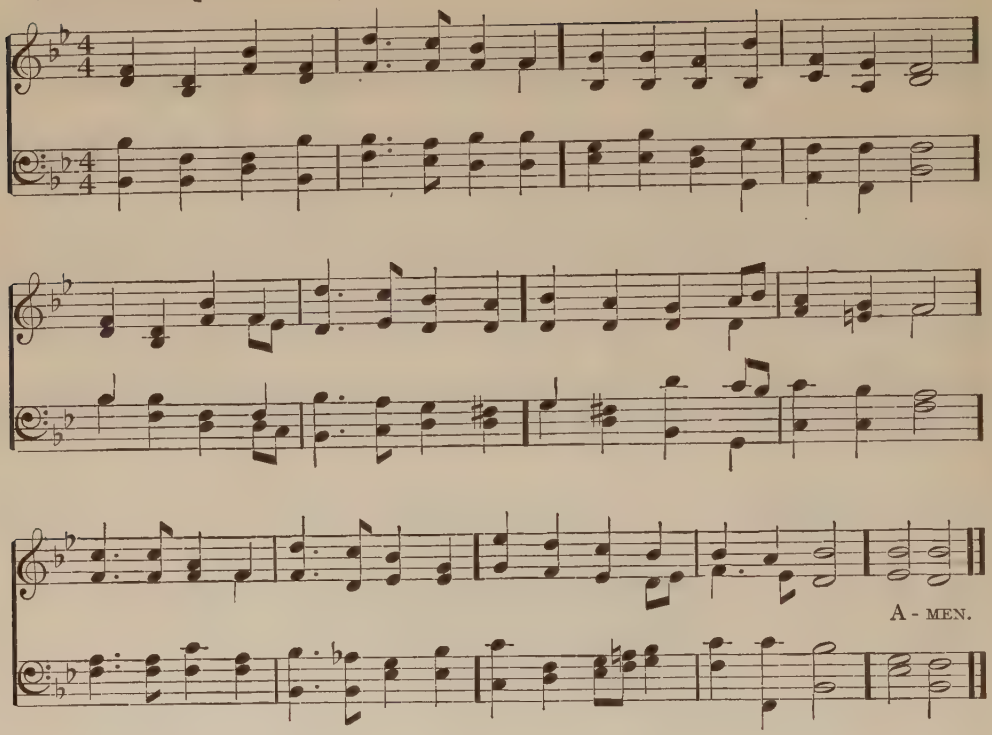
Ere the dawn of life
In primeval strife,
Ere from whirling desolation
Issued fresh thy fair creation,
Thine eternal plan
Predetermined man.

Up the rugged way,
Toiling toward the day,
Clinging, climbing, striving, bleeding,
Call of God forever heeding,
Thou didst lead us on
Till man's state was won.

Thou hast wrought relief
From our pain and grief:
Phantom fear no longer frightens,
Truth with freedom now enlightens;
We together stand
Sure beneath thy hand.

PETER HAIR GOLDSMITH, 1912.

REGENT SQUARE. 8.7.8.7.4.4.7. HENRY SMART, 1867.



325.

'Arglwydd, arwain trwy't anialwch.'

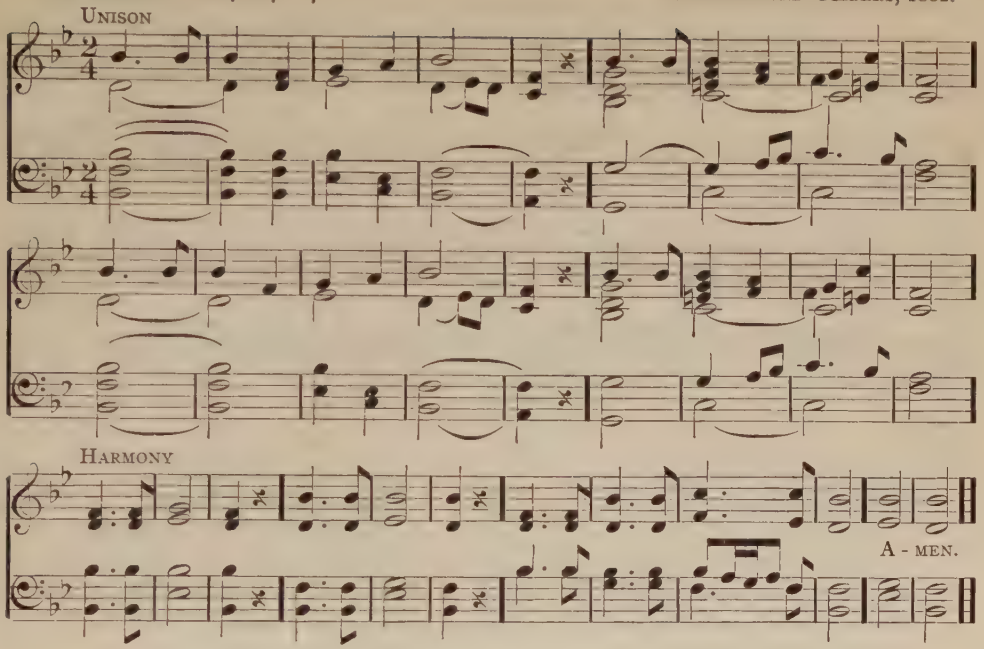
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven!
Bread of heaven!
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow:
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer!
Strong Deliverer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Cleave the flood, and stay the waters;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises,
Songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1745.
Trans. PETER WILLIAMS, 1771.
Adapted.

GILBERTS. 8.7.8.7.8.7. WALTER BOND GILBERT, 1862.



Alternative Tune: Regent Square.

326.

God the upholder.

He who suns and worlds upholdeth
Lends us his upholding hand;
He the ages who unfoldeth
Doth our times and ways command.
God is for us; God is for us;
In his strength and stay we stand.

He who sage and seer instructed
Will not keep from us his lore;
Who those ancient saints conducted
Hath not given his guiding o'er.
God is for us; God is for us;
Helpful now as heretofore.

Onward, upward, doth he beckon;
Onward, upward, would we press;
As his own our burdens reckon,
As our own his strength possess.
God is for us; God is for us;
God, our Helper, still we bless.

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL.

327.

God is love.

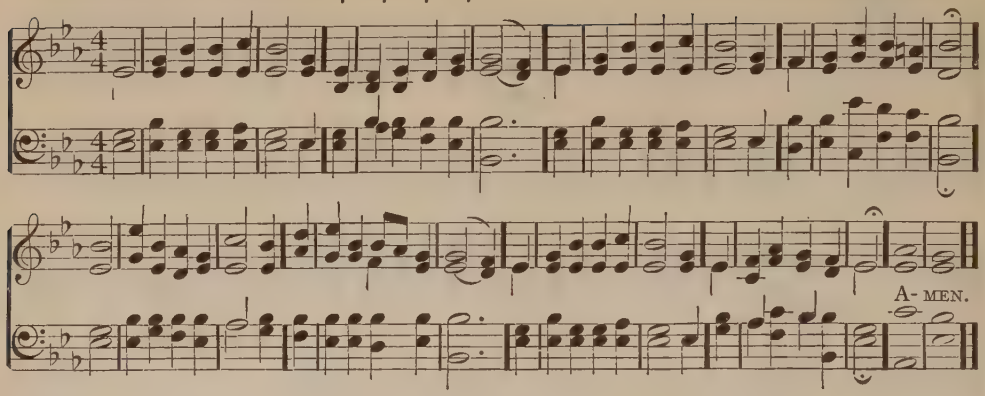
God is love, by him upholden,
Hang the glorious orbs of light,
In their language glad and golden
Telling to us day and night
Their great story, their great story,
God is love and God is might.

And the teeming earth rejoices
In that message from above,
With ten thousand, thousand voices,
Telling back from hill and grove
Her glad tidings, her glad tidings,
God is might and God is love.

Up to him let each affection
Daily rise and round him move;
Our whole lives one resurrection
To the life of life above;
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
God is life and God is love.

JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL,* 1856.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. LOWELL MASON, 1823.



328.

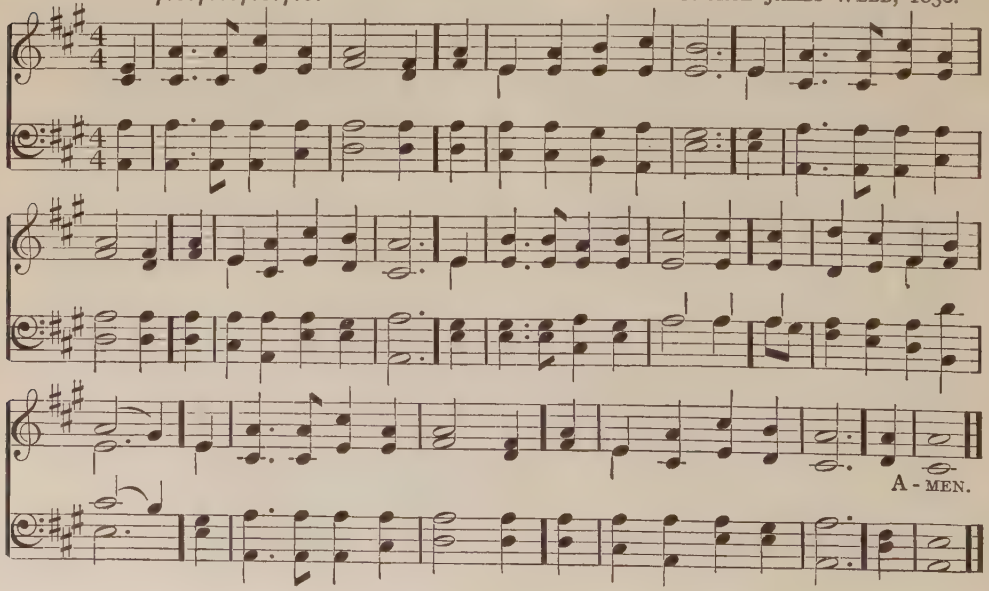
'Light for all.'

The light pours down from heaven,
And enters where it may;
The eyes of all earth's children
Are cheered with one bright day.
So let the mind's true sunshine
Be spread o'er earth as free,
And fill all human spirits,
As the waters fill the sea.

Then let each waiting spirit
Enjoy the vision bright;
And spread the truth of heaven
As wide as heaven's own light;
Till earth becomes God's temple;
And every human heart
Shall join in one great service,
Each happy in his part.

JOSEPH GOSTICK,* 1848.

WEBB. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. GEORGE JAMES WEBB, 1830.



TOURS. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

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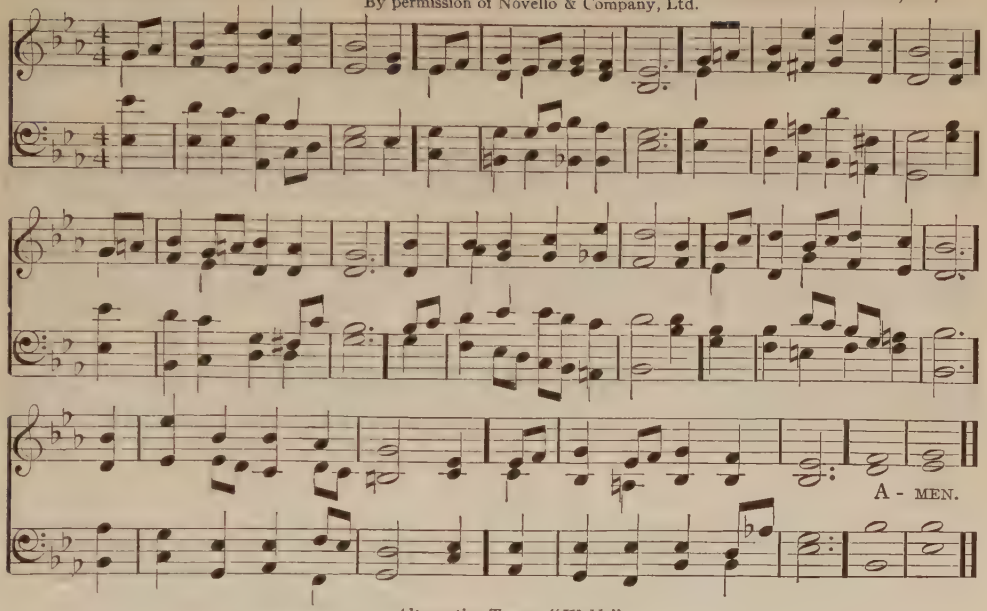
BERTHOLD TOURS, 1872.



Alternative Tune: "Webb."

329.

The spread of the gospel.

The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim, The Lord has come!

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, 1831.

330.

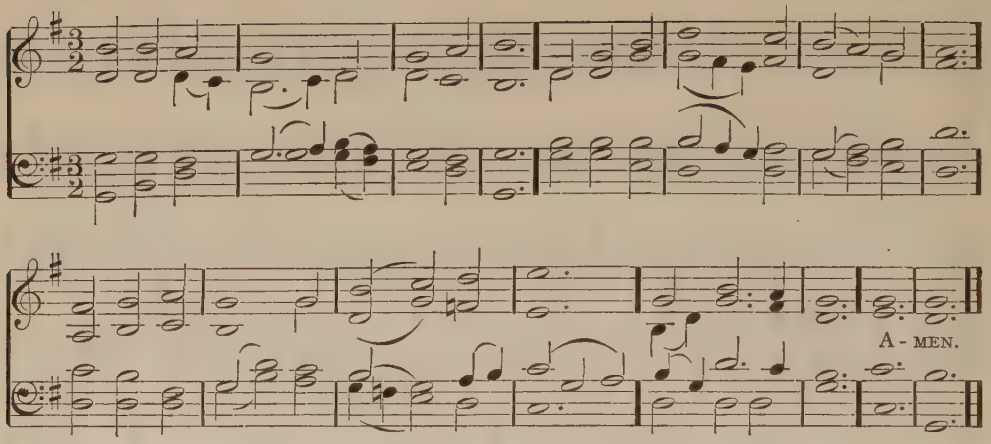
Psalm XXVII.

God is my strong salvation:
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near.
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand:
What terror can confound me
With God at my right hand?

Place on the Lord reliance,
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate.
His might thine heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase,
Mercy thy days shall lengthen,
The Lord will give thee peace.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

ALMSGIVING. 8.8.8.4. (First Tune) JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1865.



331.

Giver of all.

O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to thee,
Who givest all?

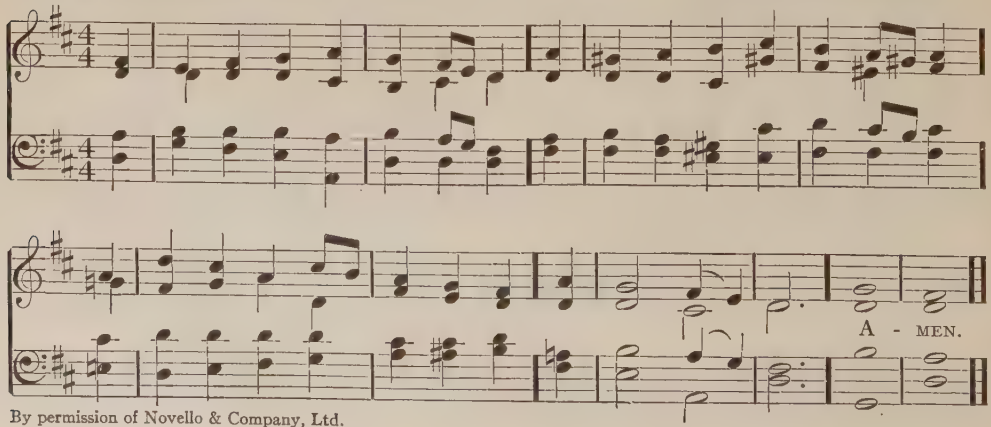
For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end—
Whatever, Lord, to thee we lend,
Who givest all.

To thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
O may we ever with thee live,
Who givest all!

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1863.

LUX AETERNA. 8.8.8.4. (Second Tune) CHARLES FRANÇOIS GOUNOD.



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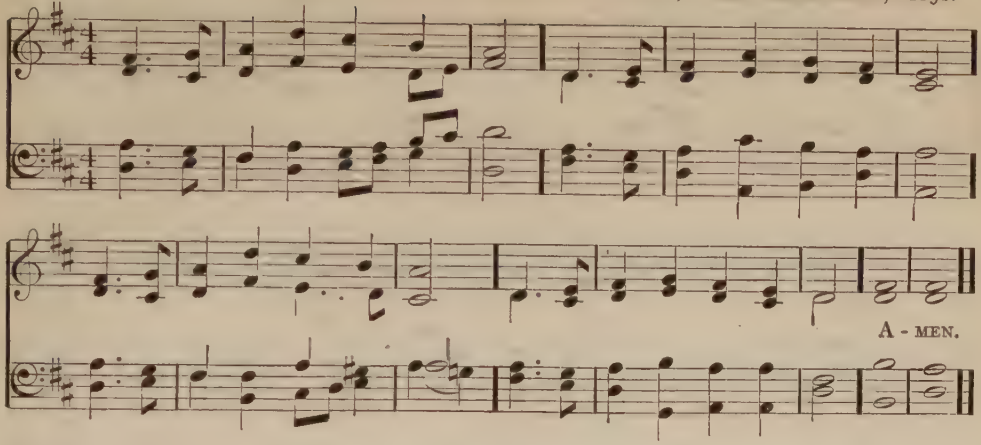
INNOCENTS. 7·7·7·7. ANON., "THE PARISH CHOIR," 1851.



332.

Consecration.

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee.
Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from thee.

Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is thine own;
It shall be thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1874.

333.

Gratitude for humble tasks.

What thou wilt, O Father, give!
All is gain that I receive.
Let the lowliest task be mine,
Grateful, so the work be thine.

Let me find the humblest place
In the shadow of thy grace:
Blest to me were any spot
Where temptation whispers not.

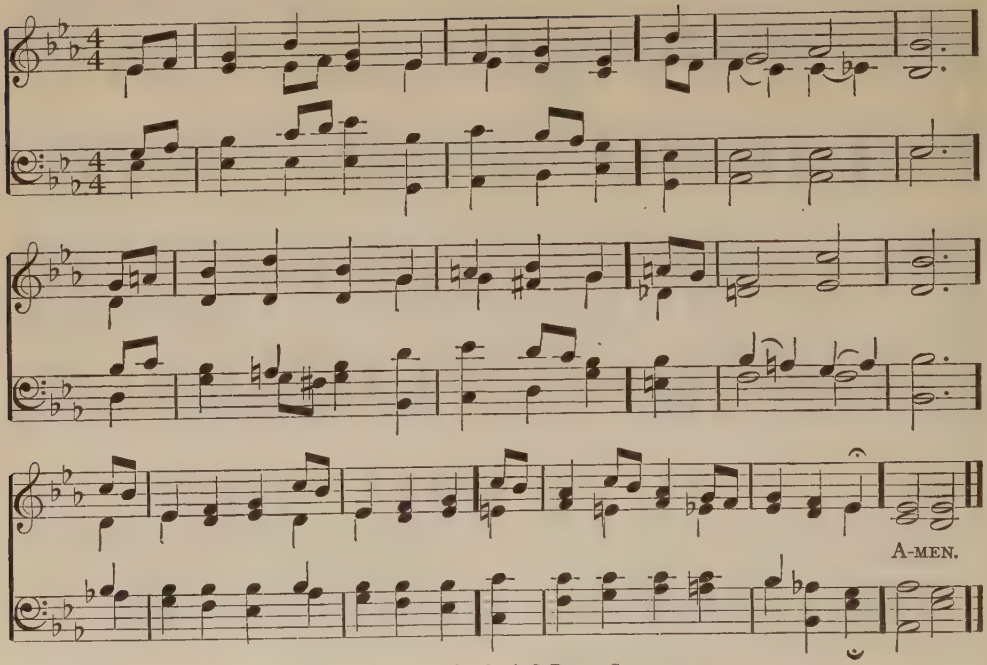
If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer thee.

Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy;

Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1863.

MINISTRY. 8.4.8.4.8.8. JOHN HENRY GOWER, 1909.



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334.

Gratitude for blessings shared.

I thank thee, Lord, for strength of arm
To win my bread,
And that, beyond my need, is meat
For friend unfed:
I thank thee much for bread to live,
I thank thee more for bread to give.

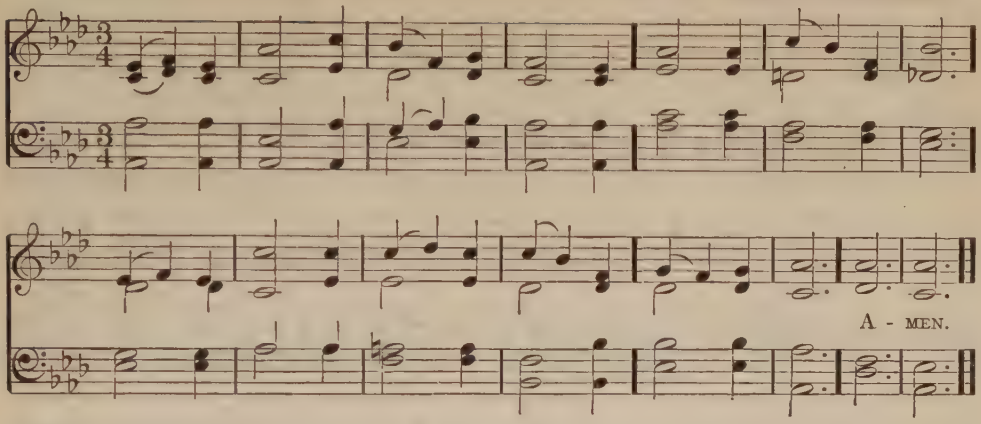
I thank thee for my quiet home,
Mid cold and storm,
And that beyond my need is room
For friend forlorn:
I thank thee much for place to rest,
But more for shelter for my guest.

I thank thee, Lord, for lavish love
On me bestowed,
Enough to share with loveless folk
To ease their load:
Thy love to me I ill could spare,
Yet dearer is thy love I share.

ROBERT DAVIS, 1908.

GENEVA. 8.5.8.3. (First Tune)

ETHELBERT WILLIAM BULLINGER, 1874.



335.

'Thy Brother.'

When thy heart, with joy o'erflowing,
Sings a thankful prayer,
In thy joy, O let thy brother
With thee share.

When the harvest-sheaves ingathered
Fill thy barns with store,
To thy God and to thy brother
Give the more.

If thy soul, with power uplifted,
Yearn for glorious deed,
Give thy strength to serve thy brother
In his need.

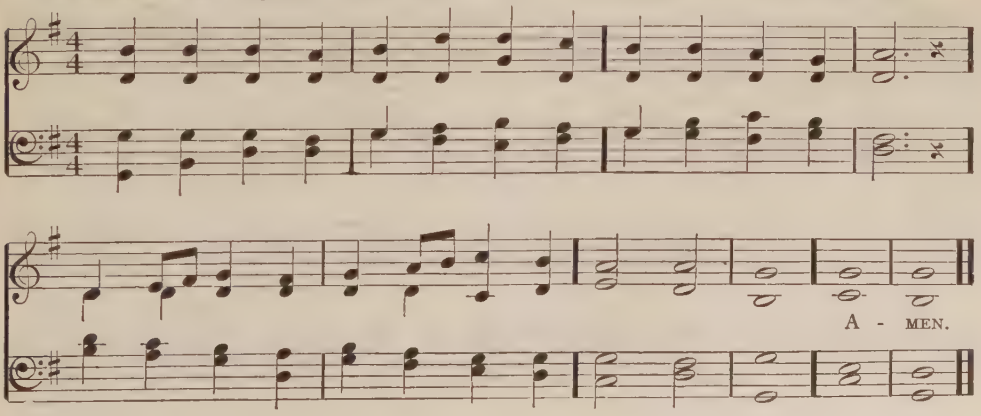
Hast thou borne a secret sorrow
In thy lonely breast?
Take to thee thy sorrowing brother
For a guest.

Share with him thy bread of blessing,
Sorrow's burden share;
When thy heart enfolds a brother,
God is there.

THEODORE CHICKERING WILLIAMS, 1891.

STEPHANOS. 8.5.8.3. (Second Tune)

HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, 1868.

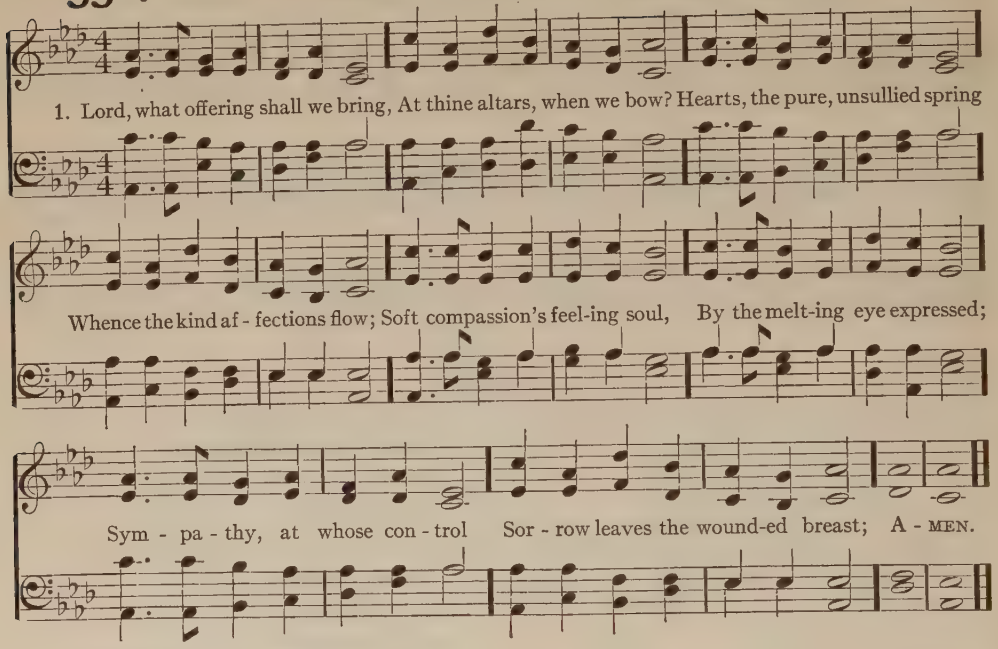


SPANISH HYMN. 7·7·7·7·7·7·7·7. (Second Tune)

ANON. Arr. by BENJAMIN CARR, 1824.

336.

The accepted offering.


1. Lord, what offering shall we bring, At thine altars, when we bow? Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring
Whence the kind af - fections flow; Soft compassion's feel-ing soul, By the melt-ing eye expressed;
Sym - pa - thy, at whose con - trol Sor - row leaves the wound-ed breast; A - MEN.

2 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind;
Charity, with liberal store.

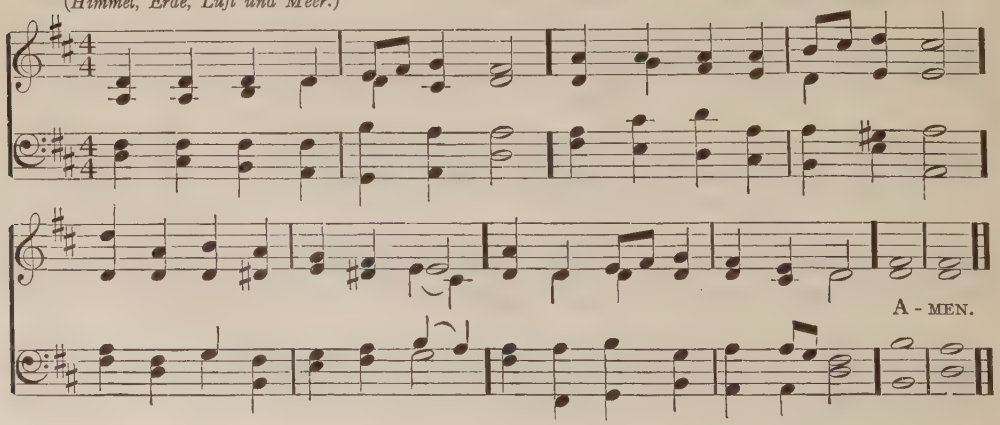
Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring, —
Love to thee and all mankind.

JOHN TAYLOR, 1795.

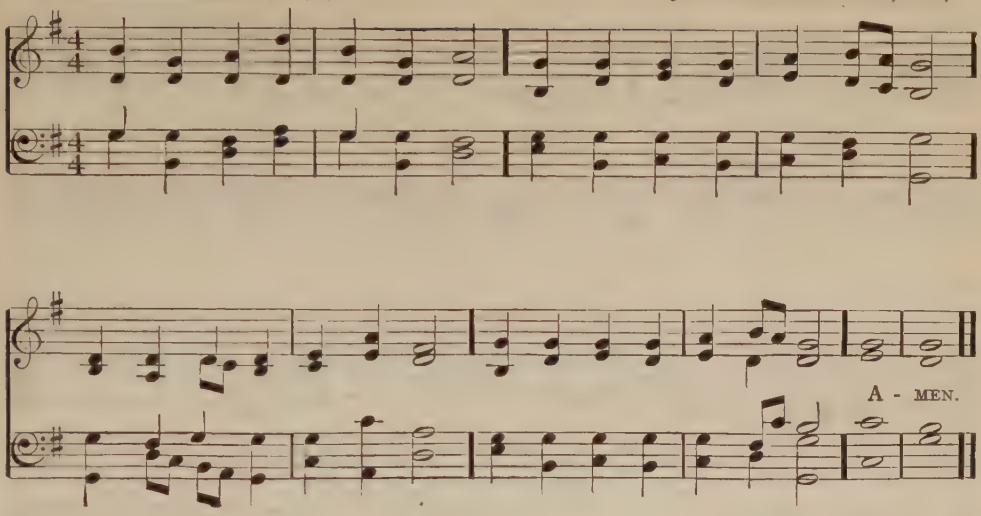
POSEN. 7.7.7.7. (First Tune)

(*Himmel, Erde, Luft und Meer.*)

GEORG CHRISTOPH STRATTNER, 1691.



NUREMBERG. 7·7·7·7. JOHANN RUDOLF AHLE, 1664.



337.

Laborare est orare.

Christian, rise, and act thy creed,
Let thy prayer be in thy deed;
Seek the right, perform the true,
Raise thy work and life anew.

Hearts around thee sink with care;
Thou canst help their load to bear,
Thou canst bring inspiring light,
Arm their faltering wills to fight.

Let thine alms be hope and joy,
And thy worship God's employ;
Give him thanks in humble zeal,
Learning all his will to feel.

Come then, Law divine, and reign,
Freest faith assailed in vain,
Perfect love bereft of fear,
Born in heaven and radiant here.

FRANCIS ALBERT ROLLO RUSSELL, 1893.

338.

The Helper-God.

In this peaceful house of prayer
Stronger faith, O God! we seek;
Here we bring each earthly care,
Thou the strengthening message speak!

In our greatest trials, we
Calm, through thee, the way have trod;
In the smallest, may we feel
Thou art still our Helper-God.

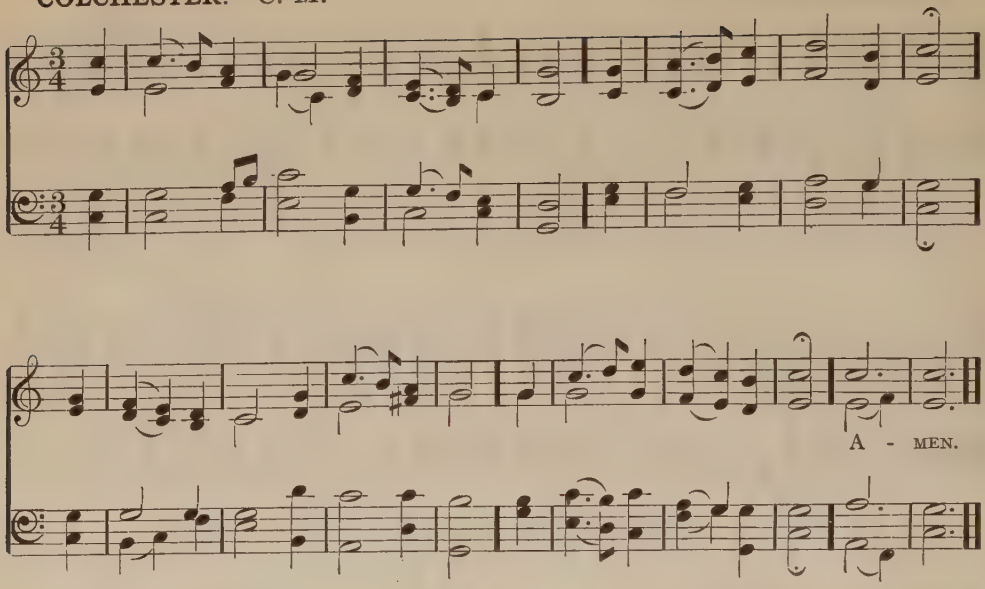
Of thy presence and thy love
We more steadfast feeling need,
Till the high and holy thought
Hallow every simplest deed.

Heavenly Father, at thy feet
We would lay our earthborn care;
Help us in our need, for thou
Know'st the weight that each must bear.

Hymns of the Spirit, 1864.

COLCHESTER. C. M.

HENRY PURCELL, 1685.



339.

'Who is thy neighbor?'

Who is thy neighbor? He whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'T is the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
O enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.

Thy neighbor? He who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim:
With words of high, sustaining hope,
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbor? Pass no mourner by,
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go, share thy lot with him.

WILLIAM BOURNE OLIVER PEABODY.

340.

The law of Love.

Make channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams,
To fill them every one.

But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

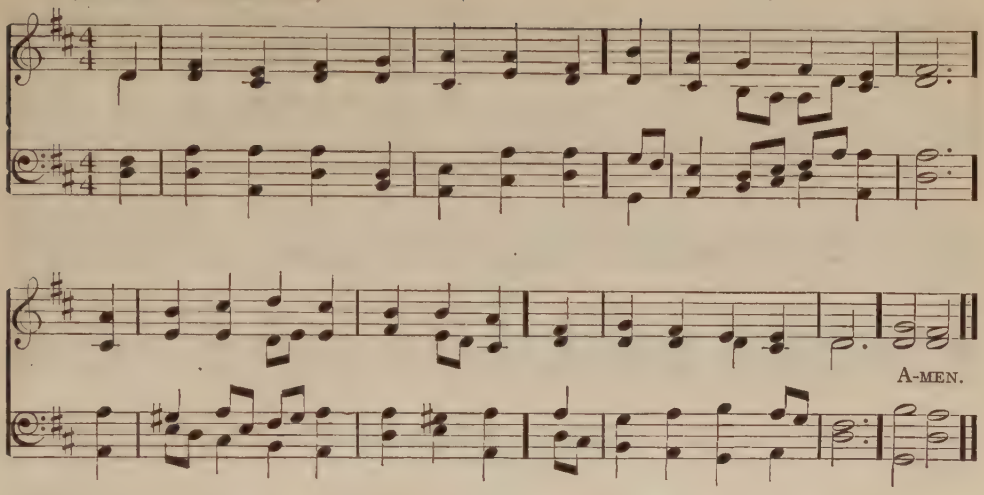
For we must share, if we would keep,
That blessing from above:
Ceasing to give, we cease to have, —
Such is the law of love.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.*

VULPIUS. C. M.

(Christus, der ist mein Leben.)

MELCHIOR VULPIUS, 1609.



341.

Influence.

Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour.

A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

Work on, despair not; bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true and free.

THOMAS HINCKS, 1843.

342.

'The larger faith.'

We pray no more, made lowly wise,
For miracle and sign;
Anoint our eyes to see within
The common, the divine.

'Lo here! lo there!' no more we cry,
Dividing with our call
The mantle of thy presence, Lord,
That seamless covers all.

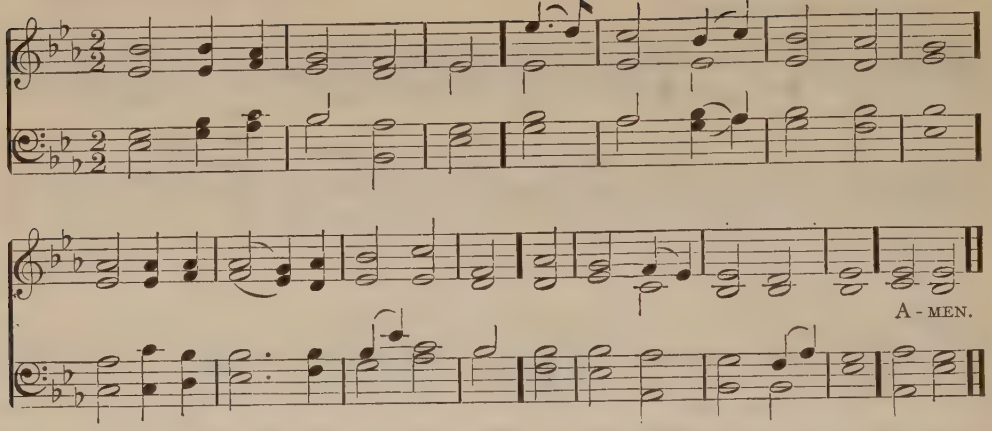
We turn from seeking thee afar,
And in unwonted ways,
To build from out our daily lives
The temples of thy praise.

And if thy casual comings, Lord,
To hearts of old were dear,
What joy shall dwell within the faith
That feels thee ever near!

And nobler yet shall duty grow,
And more shall worship be,
When thou art found in all our life,
And all our life in thee.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1879.

MORNINGTON. S. M. GARRET WELLESLEY.



343.

'Elixir.'

Teach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee.

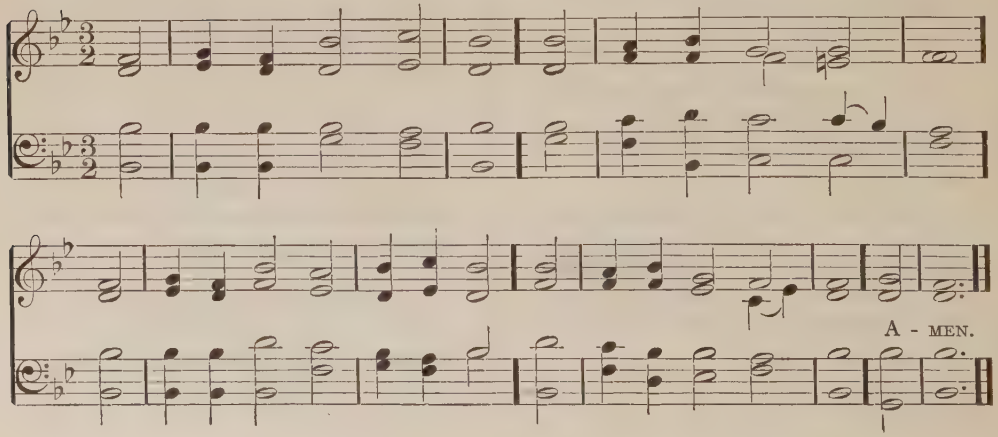
To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend,
In all I do, be thou the way,
In all, be thou the end.

All may of thee partake;
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

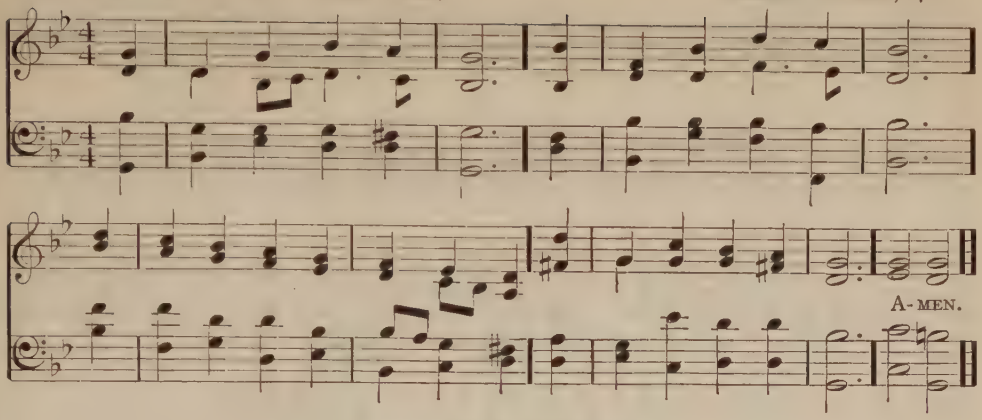
If done beneath thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil if this the cause;
The meanest work divine.

GEORGE HERBERT, 1633.
Adapted by JOHN WESLEY, 1738.

OLMUTZ. S. M. Arr. from Gregorian Tone VIII by LOWELL MASON.



ST. BRIDE. S. M. (First Tune) SAMUEL HOWARD, 1762.



Alternative Tune: Mornington.

344.

'The reformers' vow.'

God of the earnest heart,
The trust assured and still,
Thou who our strength forever art, —
We come to do thy will!

Upon that painful road
By saints serenely trod,
Whereon their hallowing influence flowed,
Would we go forth, O God!

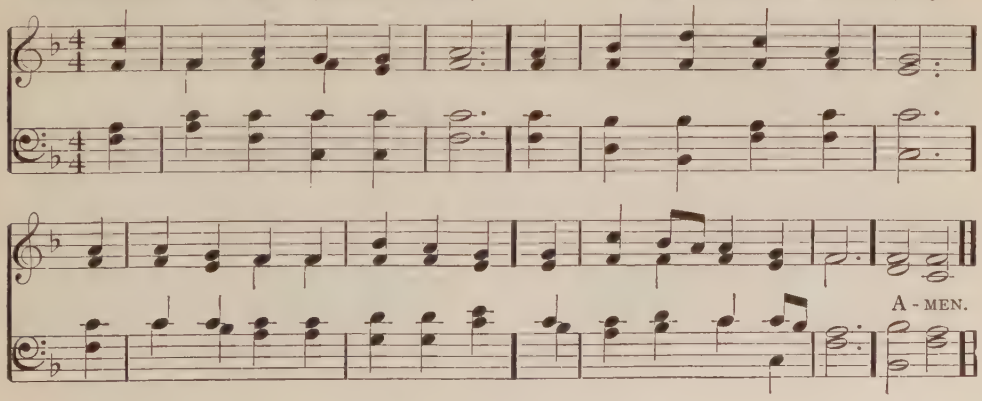
'Gainst doubt and shame and fear
In human hearts to strive,
That all may learn to love and bear,
To conquer self, and live;

To draw thy blessing down,
And bring the wronged redress,
And give this glorious world its crown, —
The spirit's godlikeness.

No dreams from toil to charm,
No trembling on the tongue, —
Lord, in thy rest may we be calm,
Through thy completeness strong.

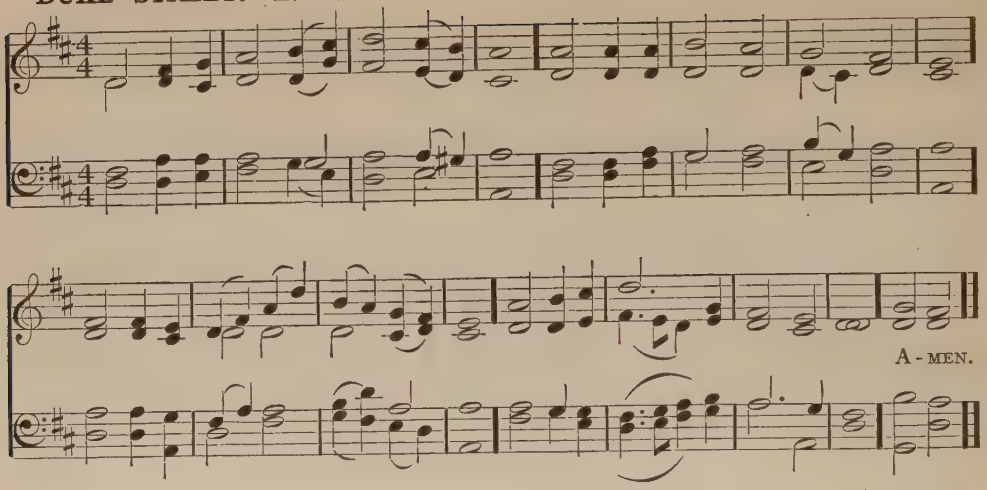
SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1846

NEWLAND. S. M. (Second Tune) HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, 1858.



DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON, 1793.



345. *'For submission to the Divine Will.'*

O Thou who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand,
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.

Our wishes, our desires, control,
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and thee.

Thrice blest will all our blessings be
When we can look through them to thee,
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love and gratitude and praise.

And, while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give
Until the joyful summons come
That calls thy willing servants home!

JANE COTTERILL, 1815.

346. *'The Harvest Call.'*

Abide not in the realm of dreams,
O man, however fair it seems;
But with clear eye the present scan,
And hear the call of God and man.

Think not in sleep to fold thy hands,
Forgetful of thy Lord's commands:
From duty's claim no life is free, —
Behold, to-day hath need of thee.

Thrust in thy sickle, nor delay
The work that calls for thee to-day;
To-morrow, if it come, will bear
Its own demands of toil and care.

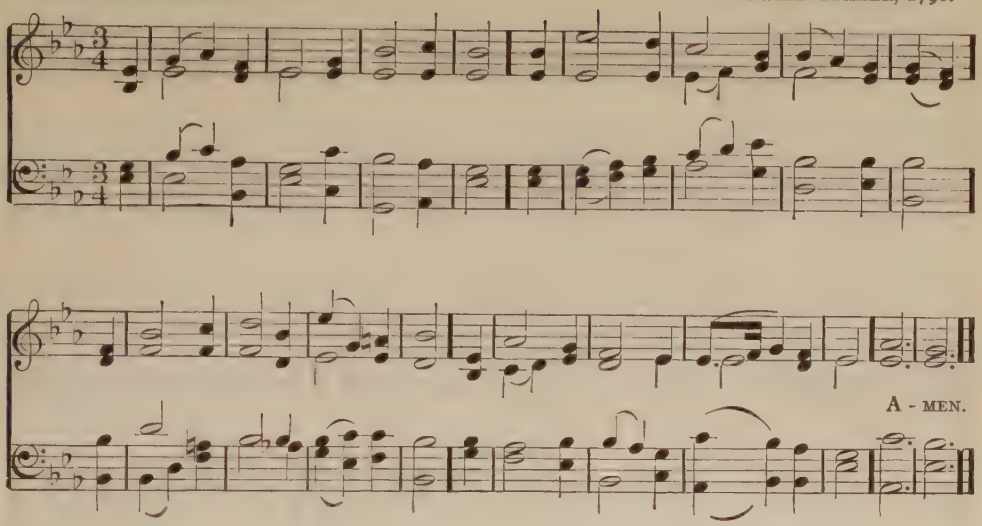
The present hour allots thy task:
For present strength and patience ask,
And trust his love whose sure supplies
Meet all thy needs as they arise.

While the day lingers, do thy best!
Full soon the night will bring its rest;
And, duty done, that rest shall be
Full of beatitudes to thee.

WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

EDWARD MILLER, 1790.



347. *He liveth long who liveth well.*

He liveth long who liveth well!
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Fill up each hour with what will last,
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth if thou the truth wouldst reap,
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep,
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure,
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright,
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1864.

348. *'Co-workers with God.'*

Creation's Lord, we give thee thanks
That this thy world is incomplete;
That battle calls our marshalled ranks,
That work awaits our hands and feet;

That thou hast not yet finished man,
That we are in the making still, —
As friends who share the Maker's plan,
As sons who know the Father's will.

Beyond the present sin and shame,
Wrong's bitter, cruel, scorching blight,
We see the beckoning vision flame,
The blessed Kingdom of the Right.

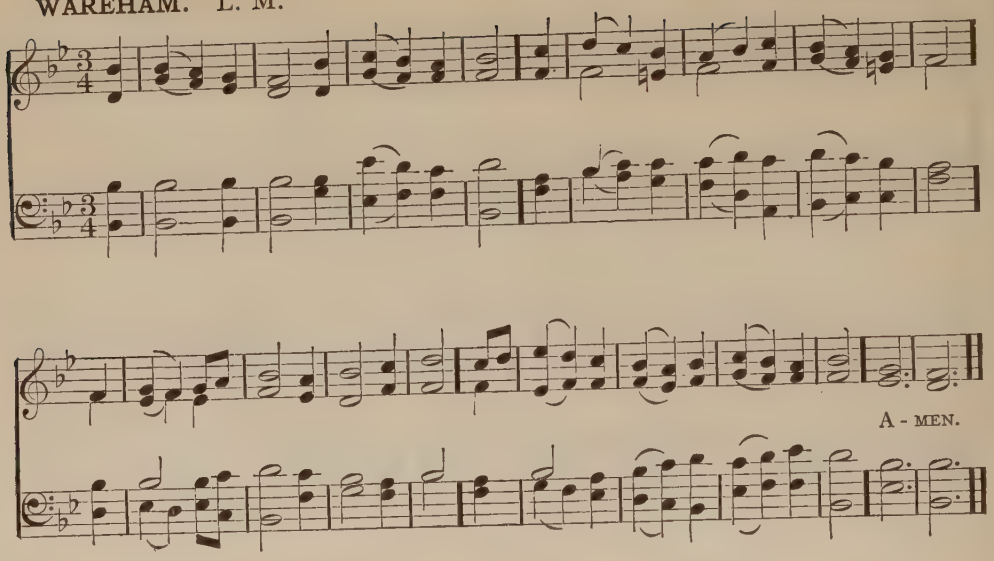
What though the Kingdom long delay,
And still with haughty foes must cope?
It gives us that for which to pray,
A field for toil and faith and hope.

Since what we choose is what we are,
And what we love we yet shall be,
The goal may ever shine afar, —
The will to win it makes us free.

WILLIAM DE WITT HYDE, 1903.

WAREHAM. L. M.

WILLIAM KNAPP, 1738.



349. *'Father of all, whose powerful voice.'*

Spirit of grace and health and power,
Fountain of life and light below,
Abroad thy healing influence shower,
O'er all the nations let it flow.

Inspire our hearts with perfect love;
In us the work of faith fulfil;
So not heaven's host shall swifter move
Than we on earth to do thy will.

Father, 't is thine each day to yield
Thy children's wants a fresh supply:
Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
And hearest the young ravens' cry.

In faith we wait and long and pray
To see that time, by prophets told,
When nations, new-born into day,
Shall be ingathered to thy fold.

We cannot doubt thy gracious will,
Thou mighty, merciful, and just!
And thou wilt speedily fulfil
The word in which thy servants trust.

CHARLES WESLEY.

350. *'Wisdom and virtue sought from God.'*

Supreme and universal Light!
Fountain of reason! Judge of right!
Parent of good! whose blessings flow
On all above and all below:

Assist us, Lord, to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree;
Worthy that intellectual flame
Which from thy breathing spirit came

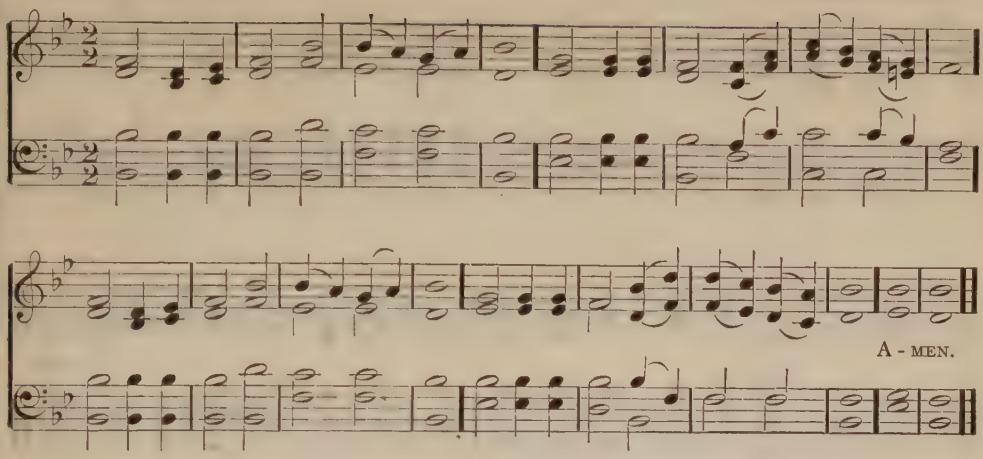
Our moral freedom to maintain,
Bid passion serve, and reason reign,
Self-poised and independent still
On this world's varying good or ill.

May our expanded souls disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim;
But with a generous zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to our race.

O Father, grace and virtue grant!
No more we wish, no more we want:
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below, is bliss above.

HENRY MOORE.*

ERNAN. L. M. LOWELL MASON.



Alternative Tune: Wareham.

351. *'The Character of a Happy Life.'*

How happy is he born or taught
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill;

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of prince's ear or vulgar breath;

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat,
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than goods to lend;
And walks with man, from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

HENRY WOTTON.*

352. *The true worship.*

The uplifted eye and bended knee
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee;
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.

Can rites and forms and flaming zeal
The breaches of thy precepts heal?
Or fast and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile?

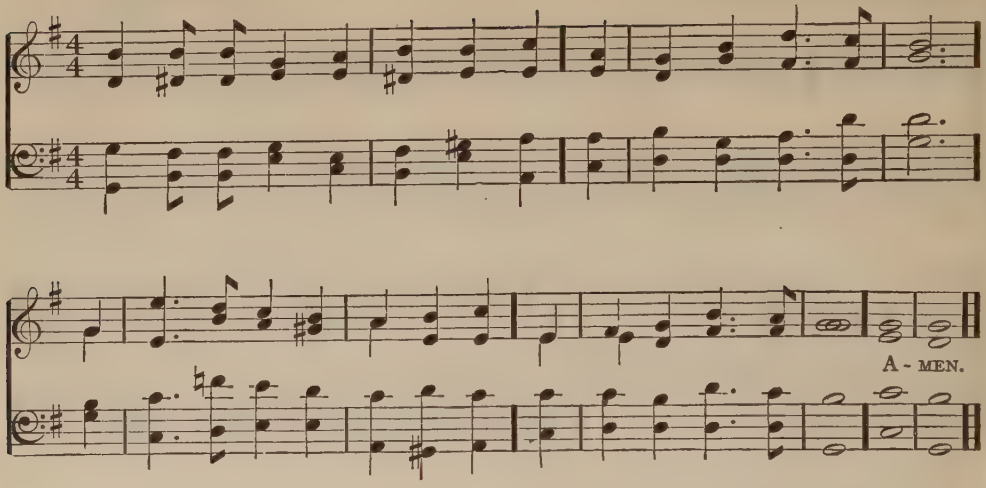
The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Thankful, and to thy will resigned,
To thee a nobler offering yields
Than Sheba's groves or Sharon's fields.

Love God and man: this great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand;
This did thine ancient prophets teach,
And this thy Well-beloved preach.

THOMAS SCOTT, 1772.

NOX PRECESSIT. C. M.

JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1875.



353.

Isaiah XL. 30, 31.

Walk with the Lord! along the road
Your strength he will renew;
Wait on the everlasting God,
And he will wait on you.

Ye shall not faint, ye shall not fail,
Still in the Spirit strong;
Each task divine ye still shall hail,
And blend the exulting song.

Aspiring eyes ye still shall raise,
And heights sublime explore;
Like eagles ye shall sunward gaze,
Like eagles, heavenward soar.

Your wondrous portion shall be this,
Your life below, above, —
Eternal youth, eternal bliss,
And everlasting love.

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL, 1868.

354.

Walk in the Light.

Walk in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His spirit only can bestow
Who reigns in light above.

Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

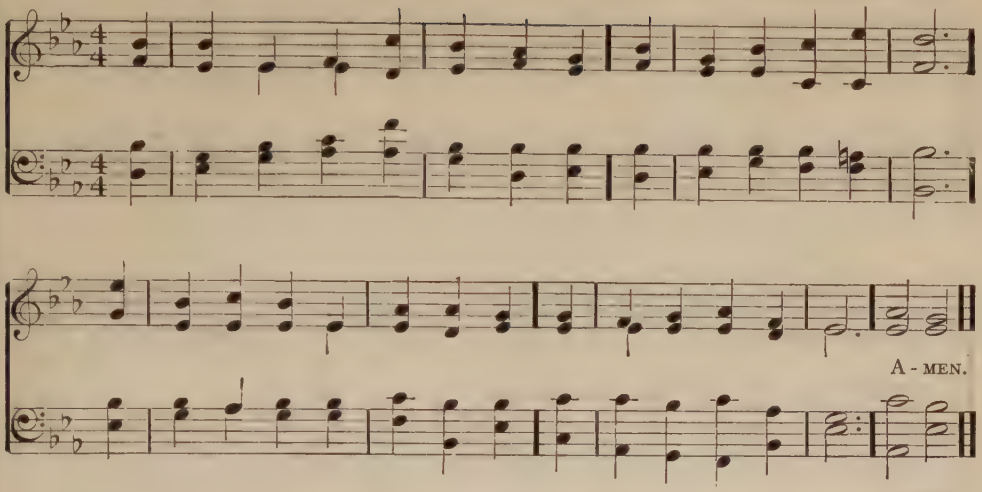
Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

Walk in the light! and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

BERNARD BARTON, 1826.

ST. FULBERT. C. M.

HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, 1852.



355

A prayer for wisdom.

Almighty God, in humble prayer
To thee our souls we lift;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.

We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.

We ask not honors which an hour
May bring or take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, nor power,
Lest we should go astray.

We ask for wisdom. Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live:
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

356.

The peace serene and deep.

We bless thee for thy peace, O God,
Deep as the unfathomed sea,
Which falls like sunshine on the road
Of those who trust in thee.

We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast:

That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with thee;

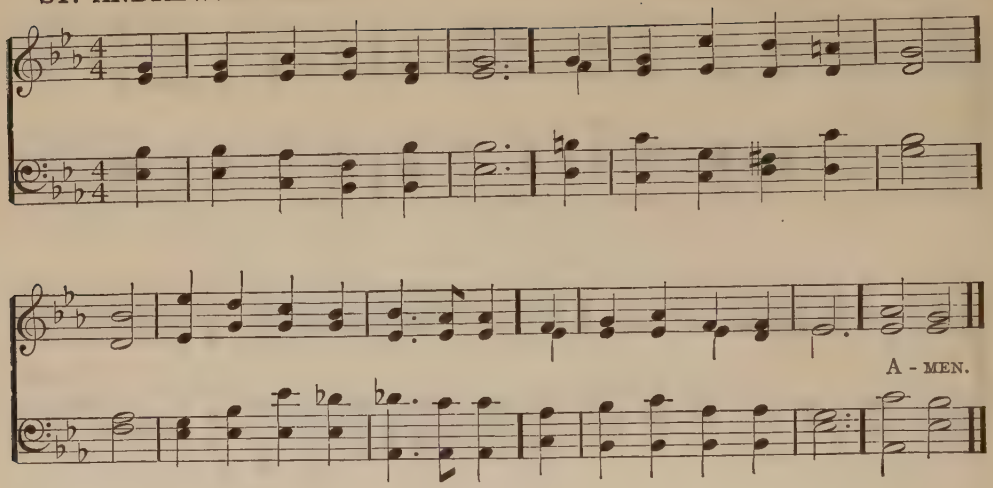
That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep —
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to thee.

ANON., c. 1858.

ST. ANDREW. S. M.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1866.



357.

The breath of God.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what thou dost love,
And do what thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with thee I will one will
To do or to endure.

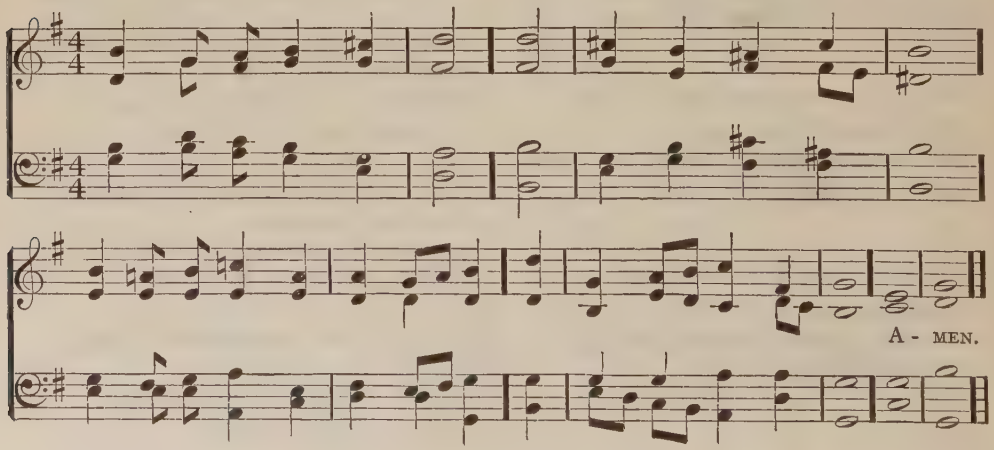
Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Blend all my soul with thine,
Until this earthly part of me
Glows with thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with thee the perfect life
Of thine eternity.

EDWIN HATCH, 1886.

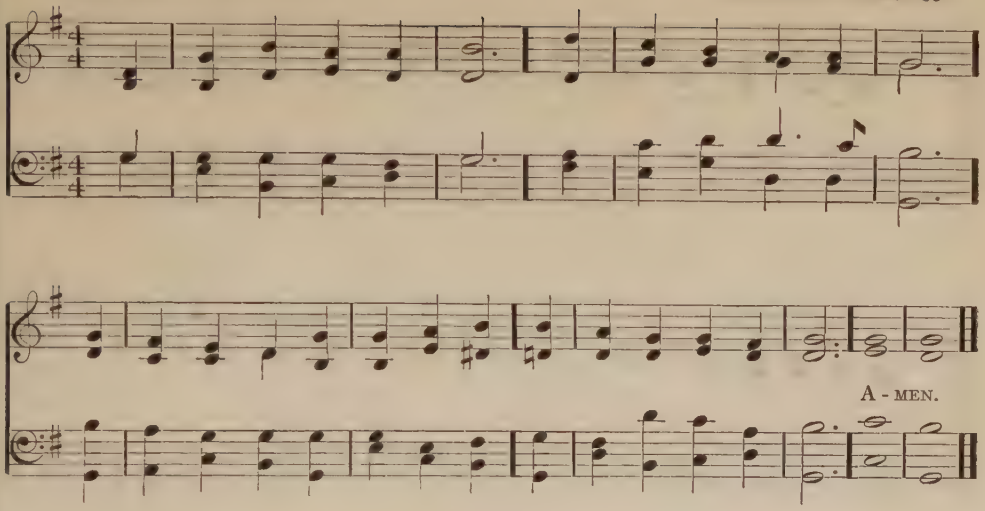
MONK. S. M.

EDWIN GEORGE MONK.



ST. MICHAEL. S. M.

GENEVAN PSALTER, 1551.



358.

The upward path.

Believe not those who say
The upward path is smooth,
Lest thou shouldst stumble in the way
And faint before the truth.

It is the only road
Unto the realms of joy;
But he who seeks that blest abode
Must all his powers employ.

Arm, arm thee for the fight;
Cast useless loads away;
Watch through the darkest hours of night;
Toil through the hottest day.

To labor and to love,
To pardon and endure,
To lift thy heart to God above,
And keep thy conscience pure, —

Be this thy constant aim,
Thy hope, thy chief delight;
What matter who should whisper blame
Or who should scorn or slight,
If but thy God approve,
And if, within thy breast,
Thou feel the comfort of his love,
The earnest of his rest?

ANNE BRONTË, 1850.

Alternative Tune: St. Andrew.

359.

The Divine Comrade.

O Thou who art my king,
Submissive to thy law,
I yield my soul, unquestioning,
In reverential awe.

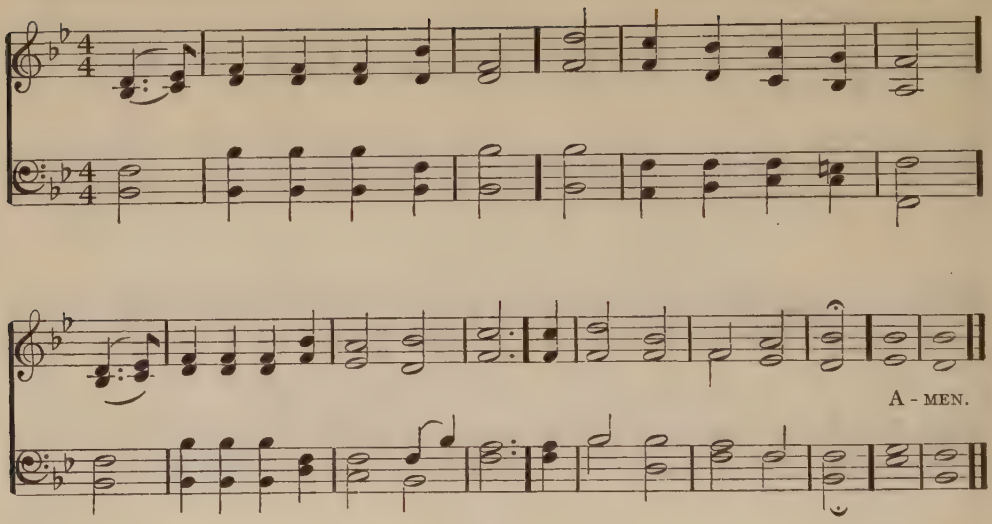
Father, who art in heaven,
Helpless I lean on thee,
And trust, each day, grace may be given
To meet earth's poverty.

O Comrade of life's way,
With all my strength I rise,
Eager with thee to serve each day,
In love's blest enterprise.

More dear than yielding will,
Or faith's humility,
O God, is this deep-pulsing thrill
Of comradeship with thee.

GEORGE HENRY BADGER, 1910.

LABAN. S. M. LOWELL MASON.



360. *Watch and fight and pray.*

My soul, be on thy guard!
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

O watch and fight and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He'll take thee at thy parting breath
Up to his blest abode.

GEORGE HEATH, 1781.

361. *'The active Christian.'*

Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame:
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

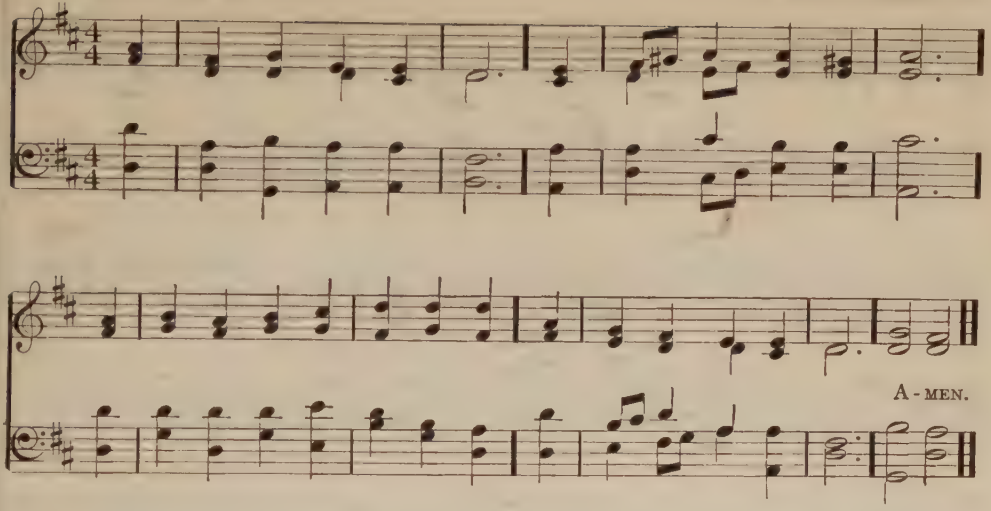
Watch: 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755

SWABIA. S. M.

JOHANN CRÜGER, 1698.



362.

Rise up, O men of God.

Rise up, O men of God!
Have done with lesser things,
Give heart and soul and mind and strength
To serve the King of kings.

Rise up, O men of God!
His kingdom tarries long.
Bring in the day of brotherhood
And end the night of wrong.

Rise up, O men of God!
The church for you doth wait,
Her strength unequal to her task;
Rise up, and make her great!

Lift high the cross of Christ!
Tread where his feet have trod;
As brothers of the Son of Man
Rise up, O men of God!

WILLIAM PIERSON MERRILL, 1911.

363.

Freely ye have received, freely give.

We give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be;
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from thee.

May we thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as thou blessest us,
To thee our first-fruits give.

To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

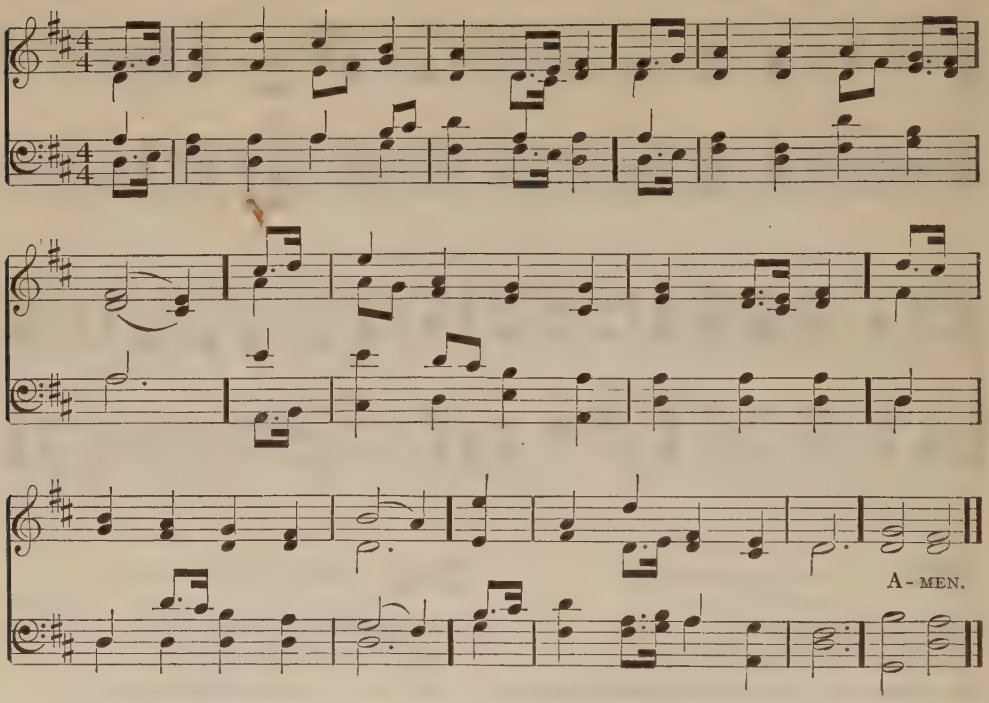
The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be,
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1854.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

GEORG FRIEDRICH HÄNDEL, 1728.



364. *'Pressing on in the Christian Race.'*

Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on!
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
:And an immortal crown.:

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
:And onward urge thy way!:

'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
:To thine aspiring eye, —:

That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
:Shall blend in common dust.:

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

365. *The army of the faithful.*

Come let us join with faithful souls
Our song of faith to sing,
One brotherhood in heart are we,
:And one our Lord and King.:

Faithful are all who love the truth
And dare the truth to tell,
Who steadfast stand at God's right hand,
:And strive to serve him well.:

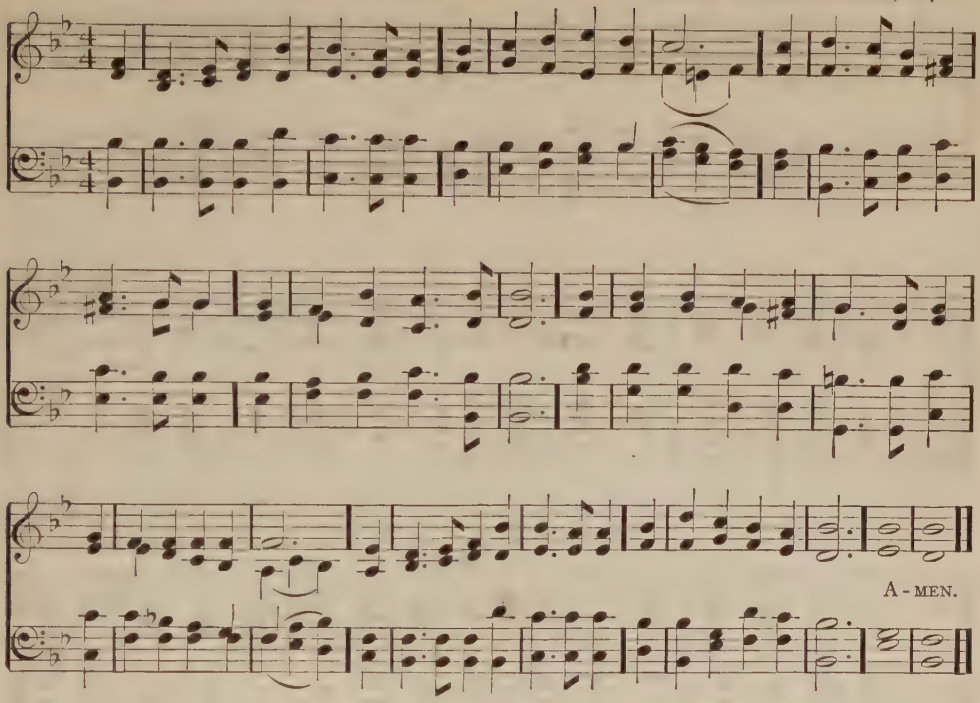
O mighty host! no tongue can tell
The numbers of its throng;
No words can sound the music vast
:Of its grand battle-song.:

O Lord of hosts, our faith renew,
And grant us, in thy love,
To sing the songs of victory
:With faithful souls above.:

WILLIAM GEORGE TARRANT, 1892.

ALL SAINTS NEW. C. M. D.

HENRY STEPHEN CUTLER, 1872.



Alternative Tune: Christmas.

366.

'On the Lord's Side.'

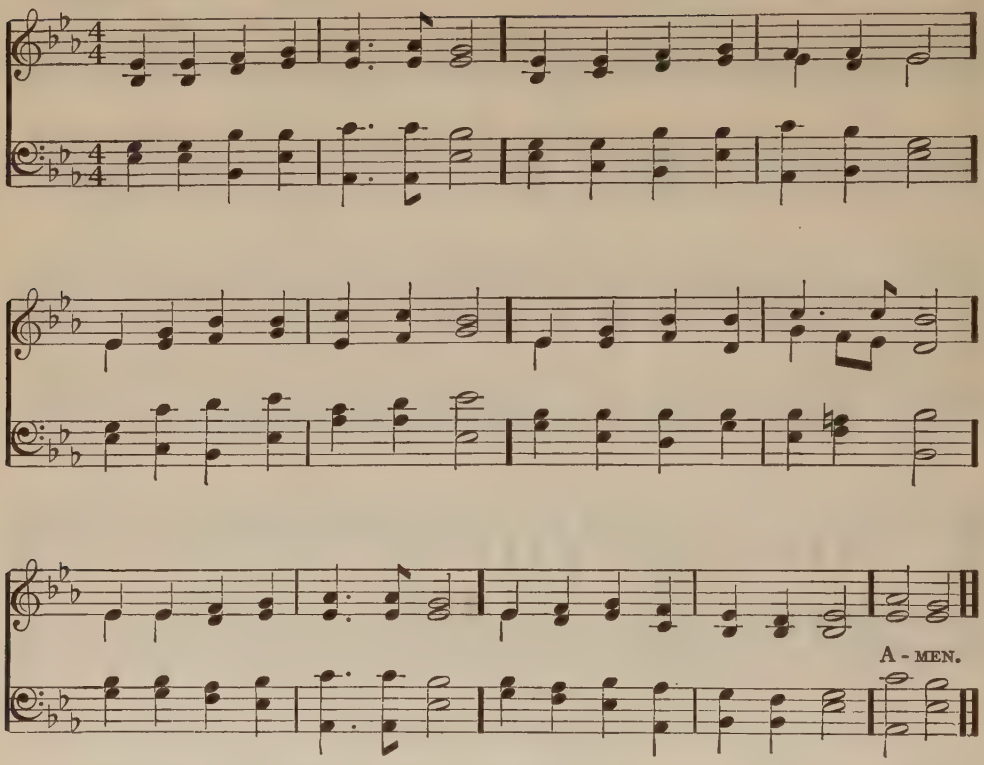
God's trumpet wakes the slumbering world:
Now, each man to his post!
The red-cross banner is unfurled:
Who joins the glorious host?
He who, in fealty to the truth,
And counting all the cost,
Doth consecrate his generous youth, —
He joins the noble host!

He who, no anger on his tongue,
Nor any idle boast,
Bears steadfast witness 'gainst all wrong, —
He joins the sacred host!
He who, with calm, undaunted will,
Ne'er counts the battle lost,
But, though defeated, battles still, —
He joins the faithful host!

He who is ready for the cross,
The cause despised loves most;
And shuns not pain or shame or loss, —
He joins the martyr host!
All these, the messengers of God,
To every age and coast
Proclaim his righteous will abroad, —
One glad triumphant host!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864.
Adapted.

GETHSEMANE. 7·7·7·7·7·7. RICHARD REDHEAD, 1853.



367.

God our defense.

When thy soldiers take their swords,
When they speak the solemn words,
When they kneel before thee here,
Feeling thee, their Father, near;
These thy children, Lord, defend;
To their help thy Spirit send.

When the world's sharp strife is nigh,
When they hear the battle-cry,
When they rush into the fight,
Knowing not temptation's might;
These thy children, Lord, defend;
To their zeal thy wisdom lend.

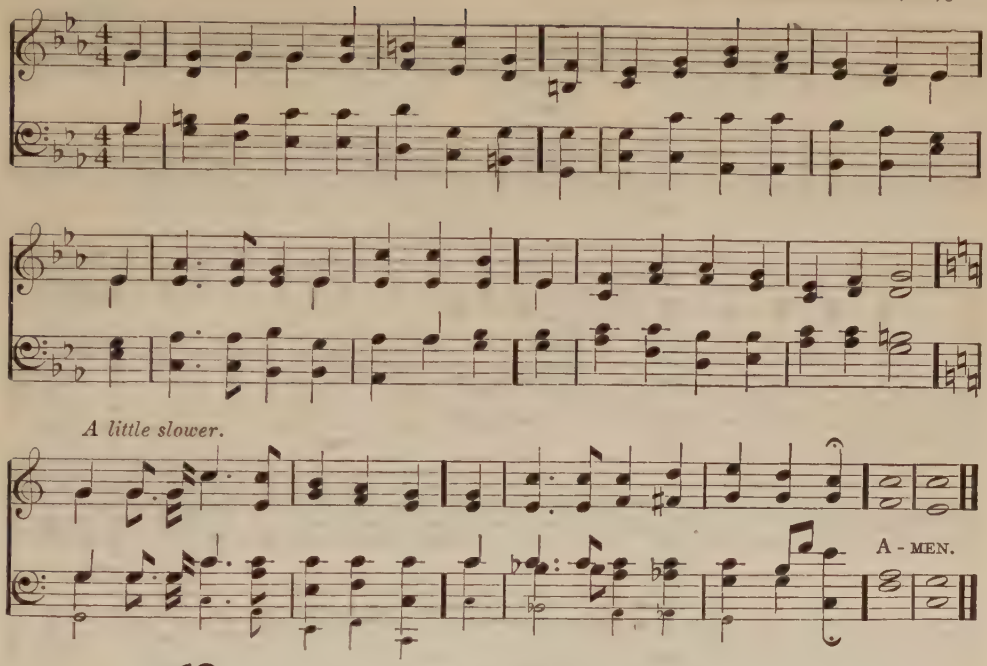
When their hearts are lifted high
With success or victory,
When they feel the conqueror's pride;
Lest they grow self-satisfied,
These thy children, Lord, defend:
Teach their souls to thee to bend.

When the vows that they have made,
When the prayers that they have prayed,
Shall be fading from their hearts;
When their first warm faith departs;
These thy children, Lord, defend;
Keep them faithful to the end.

FRANCES MARY OWEN, 1872.

CREDO. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

JOHN STAINER, 1875.



368.

'His banner over me.'

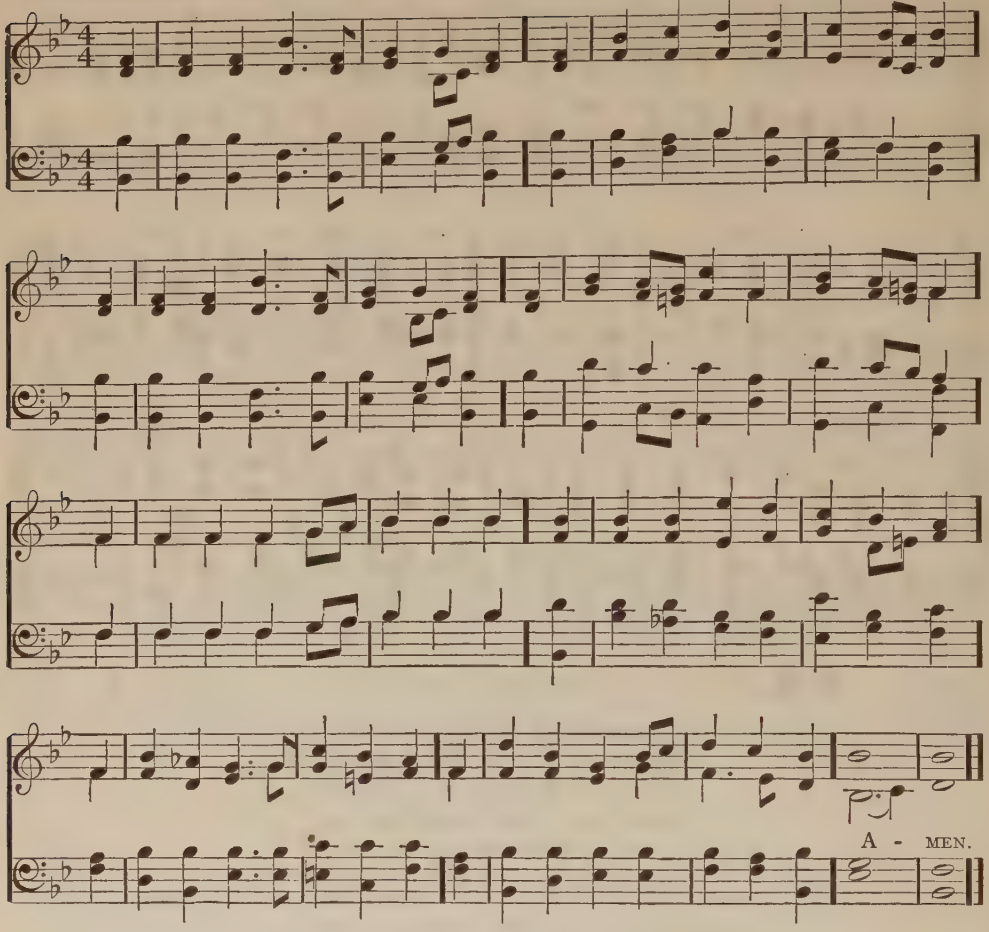
Surrounded by unnumbered foes,
Against my soul the battle goes;
Yet, though I weary sore distressed,
I know that I shall reach my rest.
I lift my tearful eyes above,
His banner over me is Love.

Its sword my spirit will not yield,
Though flesh may faint upon the field;
He waves before my fading sight
The branch of palm — the crown of light.
I lift my brightening eyes above,
His banner over me is Love.

My cloud of battle-dust may dim,
His veil of splendor curtain him,
And in the midnight of my fear
I may not feel him standing near;
But, as I lift mine eyes above,
His banner over me is Love.

GERALD MASSEY, 1870.

PETERBOROUGH NEW. L. M. D. From the CHURCH PSALM AND HYMN BOOK.



Alternative Tune: Camden.

369.

Hymn for admission into the church.

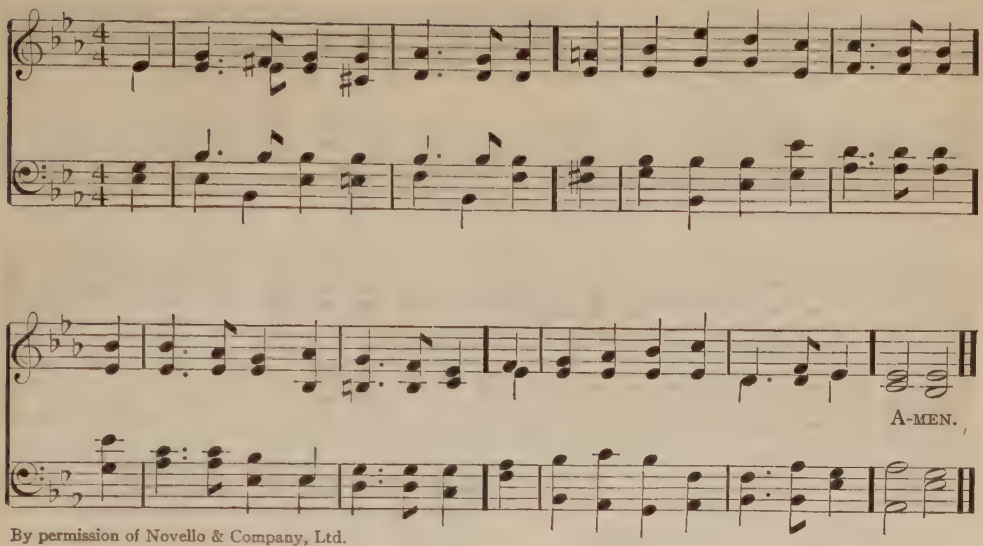
Arm these thy soldiers, mighty Lord,
With shield of faith and Spirit's sword;
Forth to the battle may they go,
And boldly fight against the foe,
With banner of the cross unfurled,
And by it overcome the world;
And so at last receive from thee
The palm and crown of victory.

Come, ever-blessed Spirit, come,
And make thy servants' hearts thy home;
Thus consecrated, Lord, to thee,
May each a living temple be;
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With seven-fold gifts of grace divine:
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless,
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

CAMDEN. L. M.

JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1872.



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370. *Press on!*

Press on! press on! ye sons of light,
Untiring in your holy fight,
Still treading each temptation down,
And battling for a brighter crown.

Press on! press on! through toil and woe,
Calmly resolved to triumph go,
And make each dark and threatening ill
Yield but a higher glory still.

Press on! press on! still look in faith
To him who vanquished sin and death,
And, till you hear his high 'Well done,'
True to the last, press on! press on!

WILLIAM GASKELL, 1837.

371. *'A thanksgiving of faith.'*

We praise thee, God, for harvests earned,
The fruits of labor garnered in;
But praise thee more for soil unturned
From which the yield is yet to win!

We praise thee for the harbor's lee,
And moorings safe in waters still;
But more for leagues of open sea,
Where favoring gales our canvas fill.

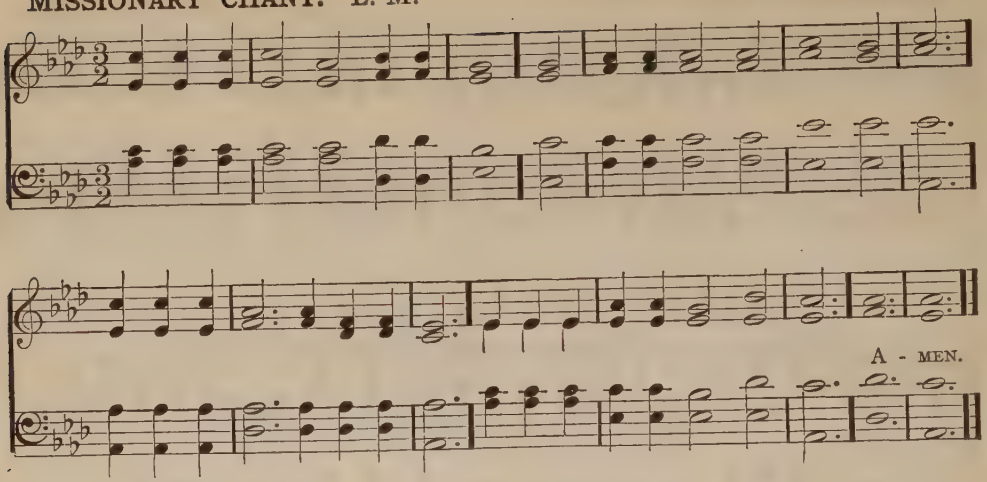
We praise thee for the journey's end,
The inn, all warmth and light and cheer;
But more for lengthening roads that wend
Through dust and heat to hilltops clear.

We praise thee for the conflicts won,
For captured strongholds of the foe;
But more for fields whereon the sun
Lights us when we to battle go.

We praise thee for life's gathered gains,
The blessings that our cup o'erbrim;
But more for pledge of what remains
Past the horizon's utmost rim!

JOHN COLEMAN ADAMS, 1911

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. HEINRICH CHRISTOPH ZEUNER, 1832.



372. *'Life's mission.'*

Go forth to life, O child of earth!
Still mindful of thy heavenly birth:
Thou art not here for ease, or sin,
But manhood's noble crown to win.

Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
Thy spirit can their flames control;
Though tempters strong beset thy way,
Thy spirit is more strong than they.

Go on from innocence of youth
To manly pureness, manly truth:
God's angels still are near to save,
And God himself doth help the brave.

Then forth to life, O child of earth!
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth!
For noble service thou art here;
Thy brothers help, thy God revere!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864.

373. *Thou Power and Peace.*

Thou Power and Peace, in whom we find
All holiest strength, all purest love,
The rushing of the mighty wind,
The brooding of the gentle dove!

Forever lend thy sovereign aid,
And urge us on, and keep us thine;
Nor leave the hearts which thou hast made
Fit temples of thy grace divine.

Nor let us quench thy saving light;
But still with softest breathings stir
Our wayward souls, and lead us right,
O Holy Spirit, Comforter!

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1858.

374. *The high resolve.*

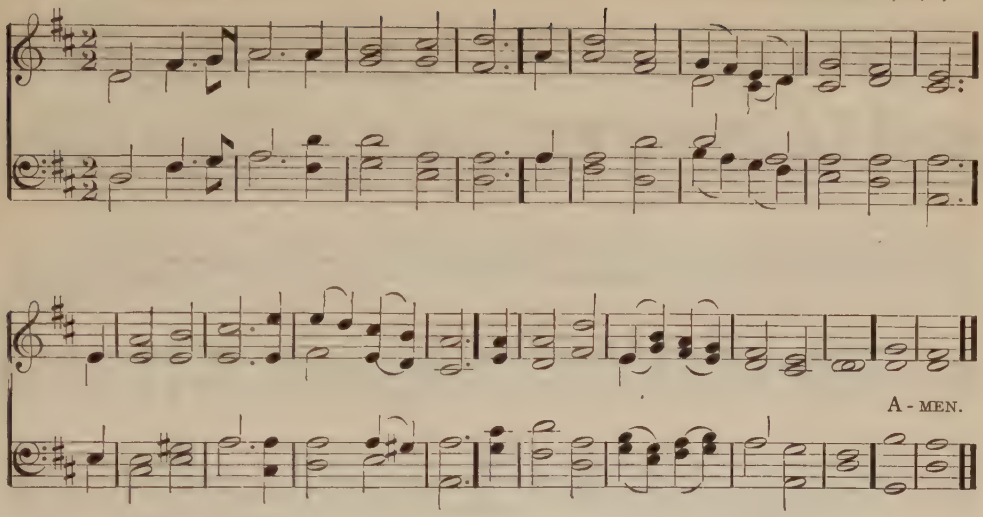
Now I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart
Whose service is a rich reward.

Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave his sacred ways:
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

TRURO. L. M. CHARLES BURNEY, 1789.



375. *'Behold, I make all things new.'*

O Life that maketh all things new, —
The blooming earth, the thoughts of men!
Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,
In gladness hither turn again.

From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope glows;
The seekers of the Light are one.

One in the freedom of the truth,
One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God; —

The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death, —
The Life that maketh all things new.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1874.

376. *'The soldiers of the cross.'*

Thou Lord of Hosts, whose guiding hand
Has brought us here, before thy face,
Our spirits wait for thy command,
Our silent hearts implore thy peace.

Those spirits lay their noblest powers
As offerings on thy holy shrine:
Thine was the strength that nourished ours;
The soldiers of the cross are thine.

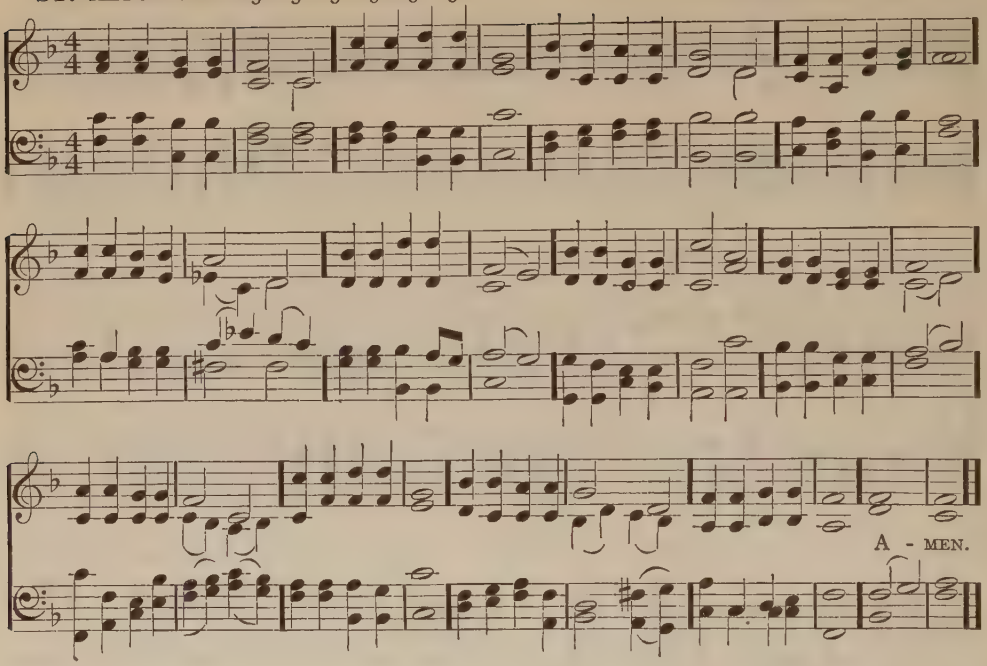
While watching on our arms at night,
We saw thine angels round us move;
We heard thy call, we felt thy light,
And followed, trusting to thy love.

Send us where'er thou wilt, O Lord!
Through rugged toil and wearying fight:
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in thee our truest might.

Send down thy constant aid, we pray;
Be thy pure angels with us still;
Thy truth, be that our firmest stay;
Our only rest, to do thy will.

OCTAVIUS BROOKS FROTHINGHAM, 1846.

ST. ALBANS. 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5. FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN, 1774.



377.

'Forward into light.'

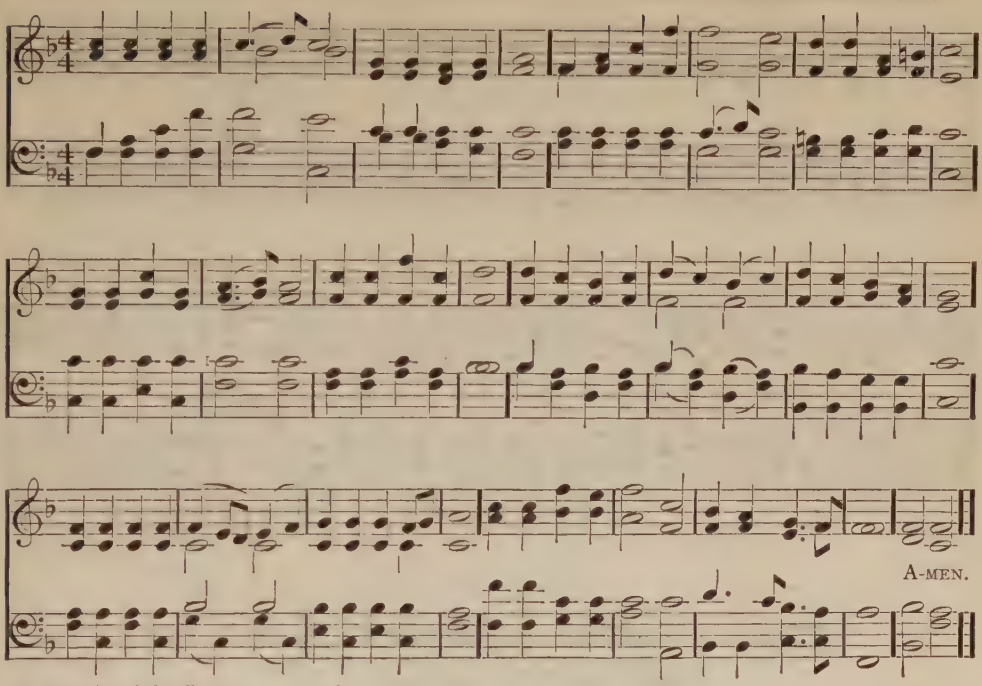
Forward! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind.
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head:
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight;
Jordan flows before us,
Zion beams with light!

Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love him
One day to be shared.
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard,
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word.
Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight!

Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers
Where our God abideth:
That fair home is ours.
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold.
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might;
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

HENRY ALFORD, 1871.

ST. GERTRUDE. 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1871.



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378.

'Forward through the ages.'

Forward through the ages,
In unbroken line,
Move the faithful spirits
At the call divine:
Gifts in differing measure,
Hearts of one accord,
Manifold the service,
One the sure reward.

Cho. Forward through the ages,
In unbroken line,
Move the faithful spirits
At the call divine.

Wider grows the kingdom,
Reign of love and light;
For it we must labor,
Till our faith is sight.

Prophets have proclaimed it,
Martyrs testified,
Poets sung its glory,
Heroes for it died.

Cho. Forward, etc.

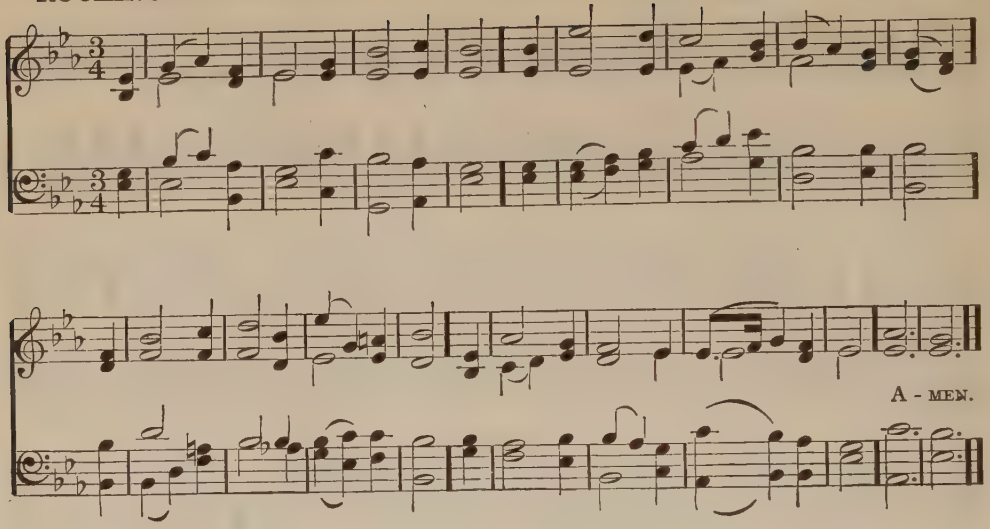
Not alone we conquer,
Not alone we fall;
In each loss or triumph
Lose or triumph all.
Bound by God's far purpose
In one living whole,
Move we on together
To the shining goal!

Cho. Forward, etc.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER. 1908

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

EDWARD MILLER, 1790.



379.

Spirit of God, in thunder speak.

Spirit of God, in thunder speak
To rouse us from our sluggish joy;
Our soft content accurséd make,
Our peace with sharpest pain alloy.

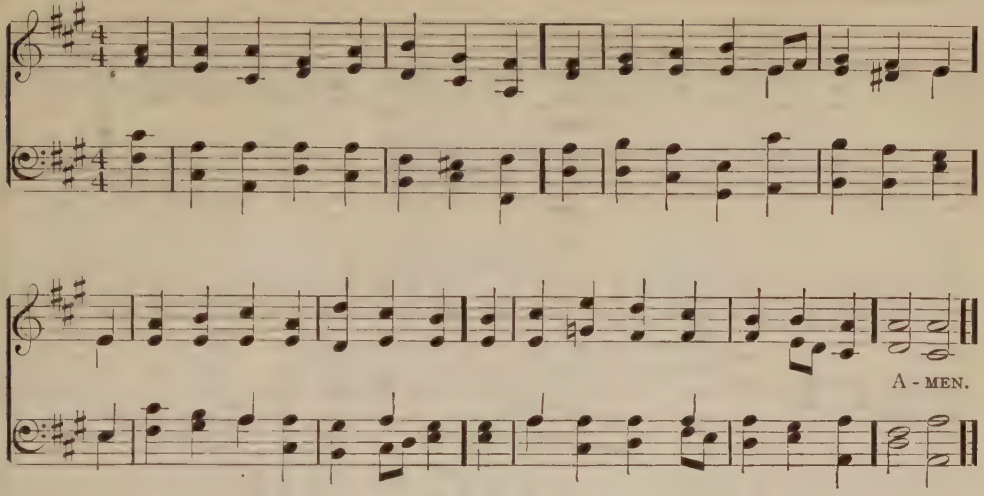
Bid us go forth where doubt hath wrung
Man's hope from out his aching breast;
Where all is dark, and for his feet,
Far-wandering, there is no rest.

Wherever right her flag unfurls,
And justice shows a better way,
Where truth and freedom spurn the night,
And hail the burnished spears of day, —

There be our place! O there be heard
Thy voice a clarion ringing clear, —
To rouse the sleepers, wake the dead,
And stay the faint with hope and cheer!

Adapted from JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

BRESLAU. L. M. 'As Hymnodus Sacer,' 1625.



380.

'The hope of man.'

The past is dark with sin and shame,
The future dim with doubt and fear;
But, Father, yet we praise thy name,
Whose guardian love is always near.

For man has striven, ages long,
With faltering steps, to come to thee;
And, in each purpose high and strong,
The influence of thy grace could see.

He could not breathe an earnest prayer
But thou wast kinder than he dreamed,
As age by age brought hopes more fair,
And nearer still thy kingdom seemed.

But never rose within his breast
A trust so calm and deep as now:
Shall not the weary find a rest?
Father, Preserver, answer thou!

'T is dark around, 'tis dark above,
But through the shadow streams the sun;
We cannot doubt thy certain love;
And man's true aim shall yet be won!

Thomas Wentworth Higginson, 1846

ALLELUIA DULCE CARMEN. ANON. ESSAY ON THE CHURCH PLAIN CHANT, 1782.

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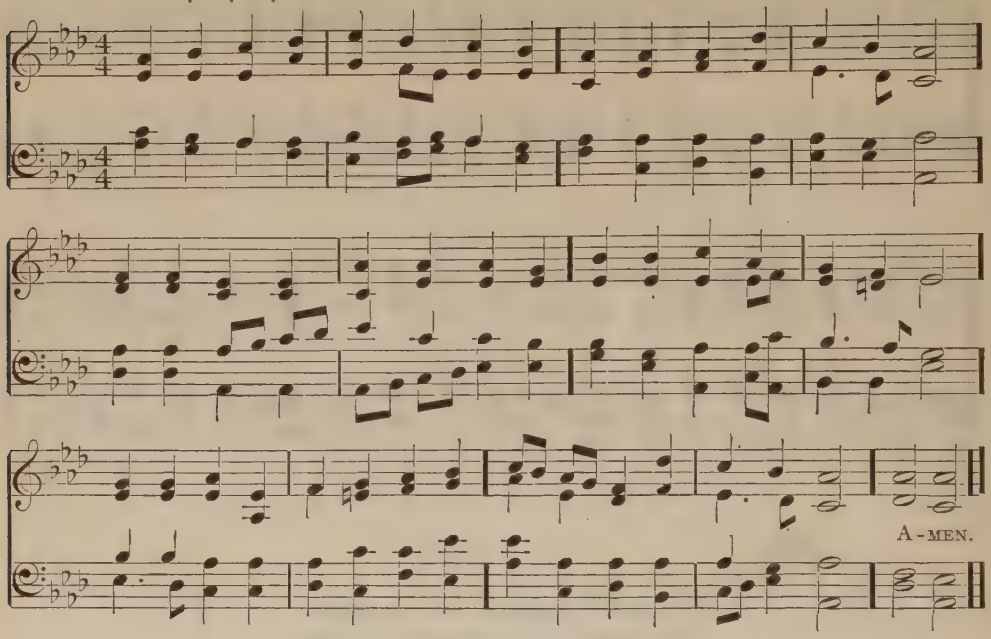


381.

Judge Eternal, throned in splendor.

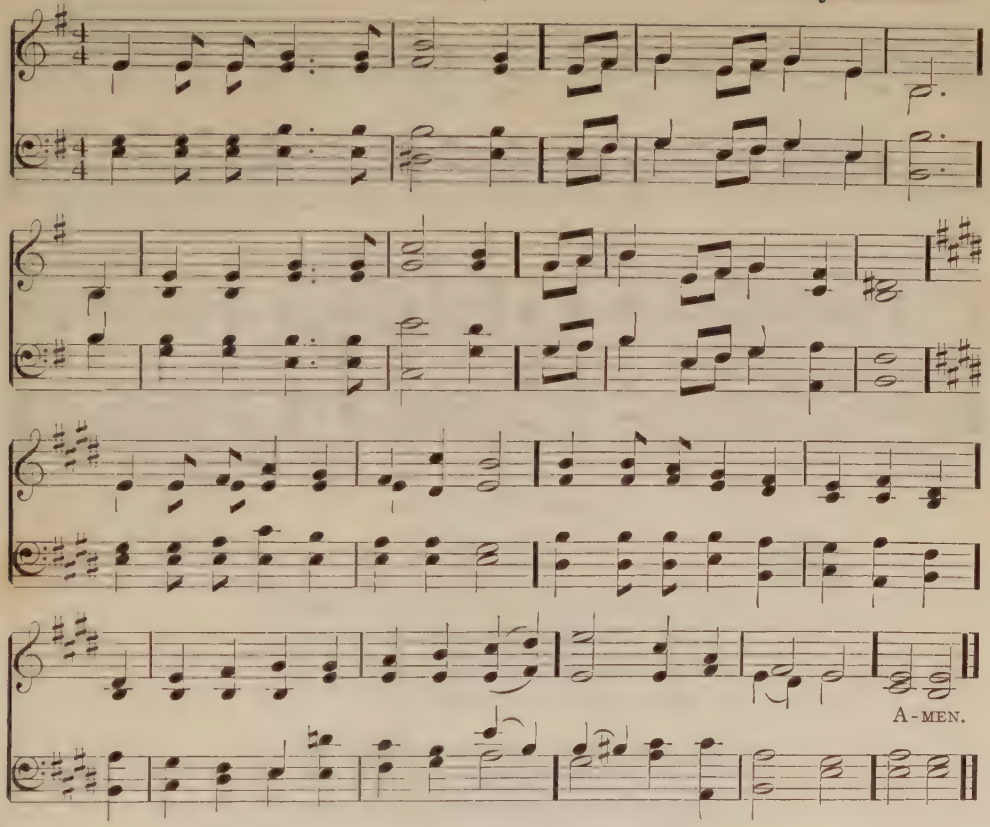
Judge eternal, throned in splendor,
Lord of lords and King of kings,
With thy living fire of judgment
Purge this land of bitter things;
Solace all its wide dominion
With the healing of thy wings.

Still the weary folk are pining
For the hour that brings release,
And the city's crowded clangor
Cries aloud for sin to cease;
And the homestead and the woodland
Plead in silence for their peace.

Crown, O God, thine own endeavor;
Cleave our darkness with thy sword;
Feed the faint and hungry people
With the richness of thy word;
Cleanse the body of this nation
Through the glory of the Lord.

HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND, 1902.

COMMONWEALTH. 7.6.7.6.8.8.8.5. JOSIAH BOOTH.



382.

O God, save thy people.

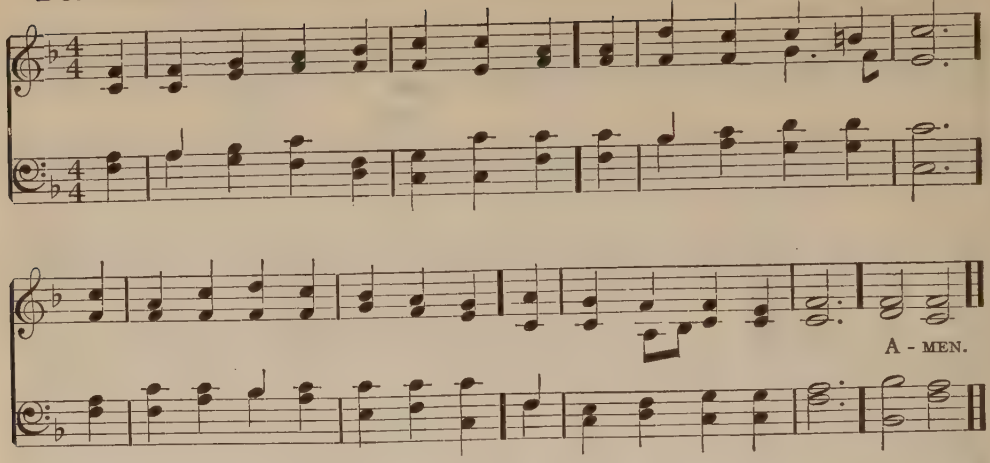
When wilt thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
Not kings and lords, but nations!
Not crowns and thrones, but men!
Flowers of thy heart, O God, are they;
Let them not pass like weeds away,
Their heritage a sunless day!
God! save the people!

Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it thy will, O Father,
That man should toil for wrong?
'No!' say thy mountains; 'No!' thy skies;
'Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs be heard instead of sighs.'
God! save the people!

When wilt thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people!
Not crowns and thrones, but men!
God! save the people! thine they are,
Thy children, as the angels fair;
Save them from bondage and despair!
God! save the people!

EBENEZER ELLIOTT, 1850.

DUNFERMLINE. C. M. SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1615.



Alternative Tune: Dundee.

383.

Rise, God!

Rise, God! judge thou the earth in might,
This wicked earth redress!
For thou art he who shall by right
The nations all possess.

Before thee righteousness shall go,
Thy royal harbinger.
Then wilt thou come, and not be slow;
Thy footsteps cannot err.

Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then,
And justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.

The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.

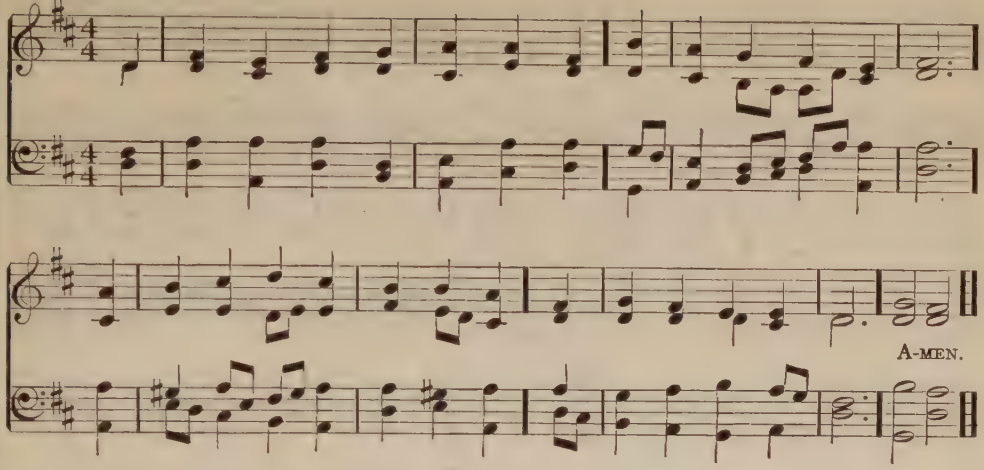
For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done:
Thou, in thine everlasting seat,
Remainest God alone.

Adapted from JOHN MILTON'S Paraphrases of the Psalms.

VULPIUS. C. M.

(Christus, der ist mein Leben.)

MELCHIOR VULPIUS, 1609.



384.

We fight for truth, we fight for God.

O God of truth, whose living word
  Upholds whate'er hath breath,
Look down on thy creation, Lord,
  Enslaved by sin and death!

Set up thy standard, Lord, that we
  Who claim a heavenly birth
May march with thee to smite the lies
  That vex thy groaning earth.

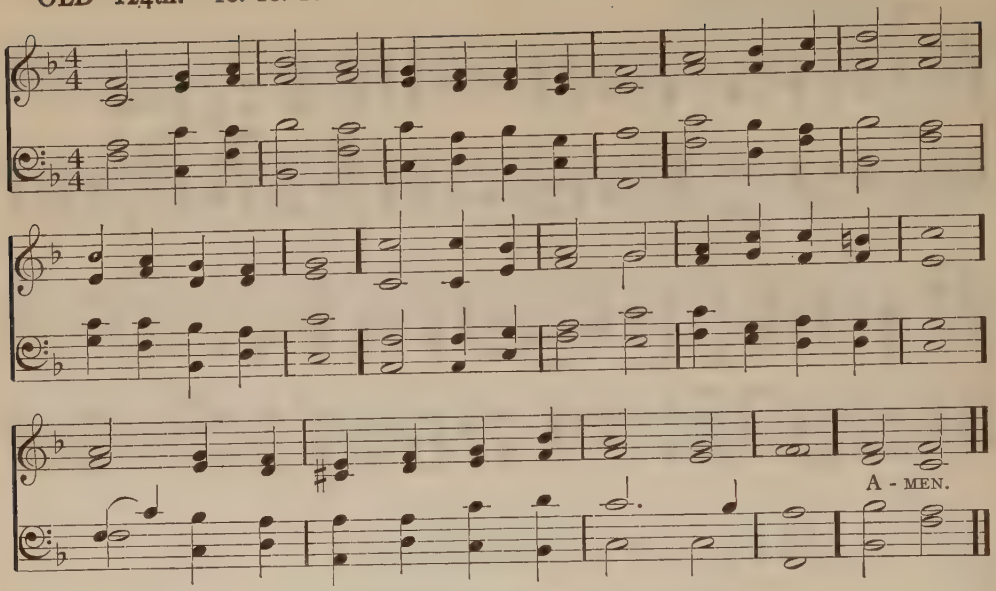
We fight for truth, we fight for God,
  Poor slaves of lies and sin.
He who would fight for thee on earth
  Must first be true within.

Thou God of truth, for whom we long,
  Thou who wilt hear our prayer,
Do thine own battle in our hearts,
  And slay the falsehood there.

Yea, come! then tried as in the fire,
  From every lie set free,
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
  And we shall live in thee.

THOMAS HUGHES, 1861.

OLD 124th. 10. 10. 10. 10. GENEVAN PSALTER, 1551.



385.

'Until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts.'

O Lord of life, thy kingdom is at hand!
Blest reign of love and liberty and light;
Time long foretold by seers of every land;
The cherished dream of watchers through the night.

Lo! in our hearts shines forth the morning star,
Shedding its luster on our darkened way;
And we behold, as pilgrims from afar,
The holy dawning of thy perfect day.

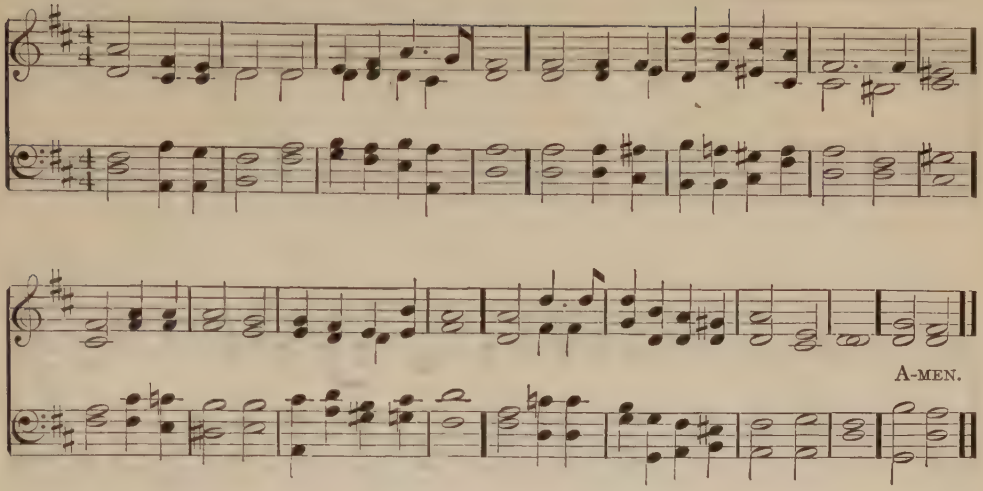
Now gleams at last upon our waiting eyes
The glory of the kingdom that shall be;
When truth in conquering grandeur shall arise,
And man shall rule the world with equity.

Father, we hail with joy this hallowed hour!
Transcendent vision breaking on our sight!
Cheered by thy presence, quickened by thy power,
We face the splendor of the heavenly light!

Forward again we move at thy command!
The flaming pillar leading on anew;
One in the faith of all thy prophet band,
Onward we press to make the vision true!

MARION FRANKLIN HAM, 1912

DALKEITH. 10.10.10.10. THOMAS HEWLETT, 1866.



386.

Thy Kingdom Come!

'Thy kingdom come!' O Lord, we daily cry,
Weary and sad with earth's long strife and pain:
'How long, O Lord!' thy suffering children sigh,
'Speed thou the dawn, and o'er the nations reign!'

Thy kingdom come! then all the din of war
Like some dark dream shall vanish with the night:
Peace, holy peace, her myriad gifts shall pour,
Resting secure from danger and affright.

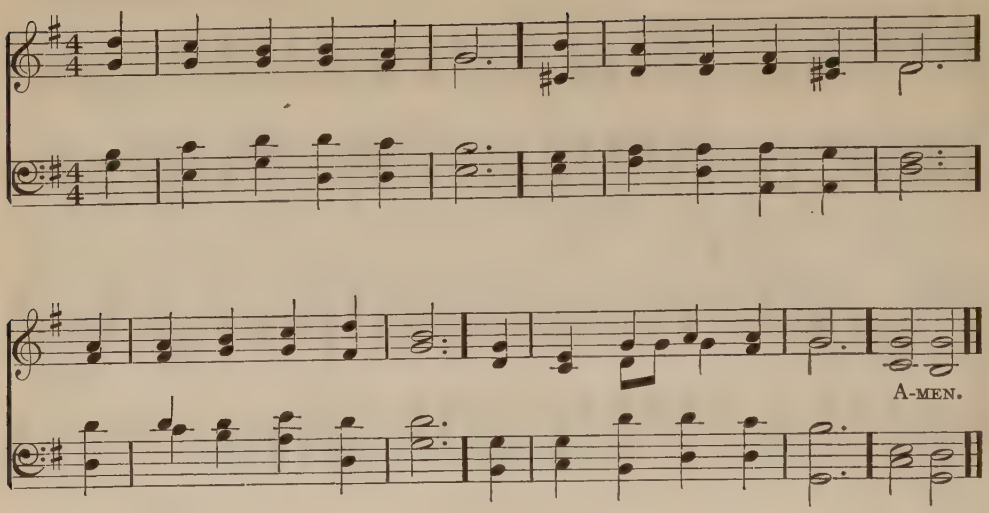
Thy kingdom come! no more shall deeds of shame,
Brutish and base, destroy the soul divine:
Bright with thy love's all-purifying flame
Thy human temples evermore shall shine.

Thy kingdom come! mad greed for wealth and power
No more shall grind the weaklings in the dust;
Then mind and strength shall share thy ample dower,
Brothers in thee, and one in equal trust.

Thy kingdom come! then shall thy blessed will
Rule all the souls in thy fair image made:
Angels and men thy every thought fulfil;
In earth and heaven thy mandates be obeyed.

HENRY WARBURTON HAWKES.

ST. CECILIA. 6.6.6.6. LEIGHTON GEORGE HAYNE, 1863.



387. *Thy kingdom come, O Lord.*

Thy kingdom come, O Lord,
Wide-circling as the sun;
Fulfil of old thy word
And make the nations one; —

One in the bond of peace,
The service glad and free
Of truth and righteousness,
Of love and equity.

Speed, speed the longed-for time
Foretold by raptured seers —
The prophecy sublime,
The hope of all the years; —

Till rise at last, to span
Its firm foundations broad,
The commonwealth of man,
The city of our God.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1905.

388. *Thy kingdom come, O God!*

Thy kingdom come, O God!
Thy rule, O Lord, begin;
Break with thy righteous rod
The tyrannies of sin.

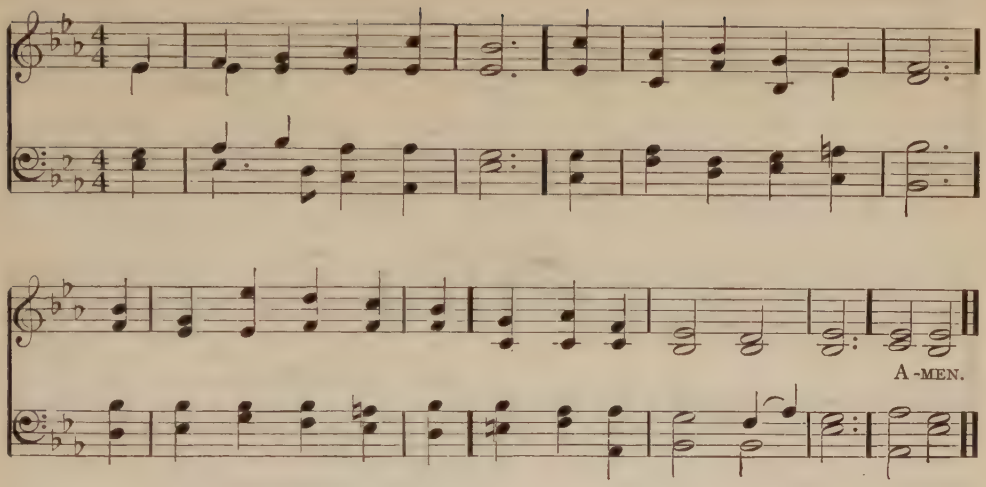
Where is thy reign of peace,
And purity and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more, —
Oppression, lust, and crime
Shall flee thy face before?

We pray thee, Lord, arise
And come in thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes
Which languish for the sight.

LEWIS HENSLEY,* 1867.

MOSELEY. 6.6.6.6. HENRY SMART, 1881.



389.

Reveal thy truth!

Reveal thy truth, O Lord!
The truth that sets us free;
And let thy hallowed word
Be more than liberty.

Be truth a kindling fire
To set our hearts aflame,
That we, with great desire,
May glorify thy name.

Thy truth be meat and drink
To strengthen us each day,
Lest we should fear and shrink
When danger bars the way.

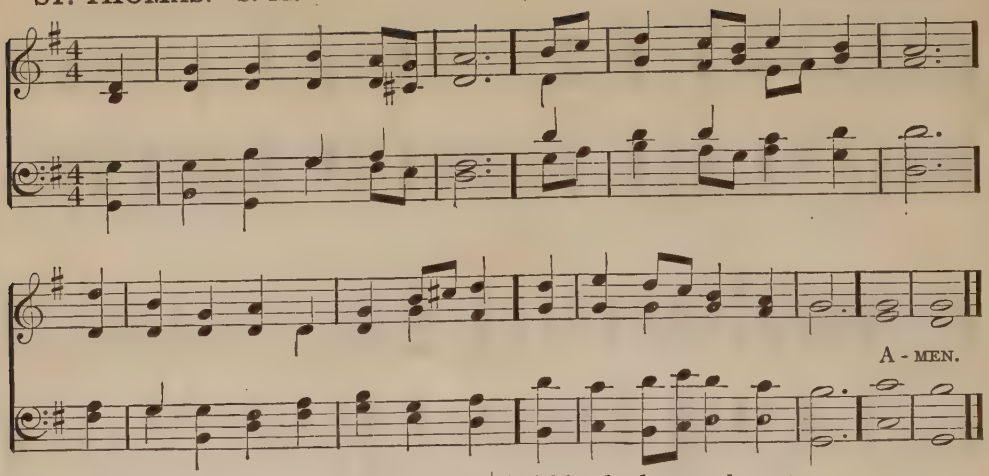
Thy truth be sword and shield
To arm us for the fight,
That we may never yield
When battling for the right.

Thy truth sweet succor give
When shadows round us lie;
Uphold us while we live,
And bless us when we die!

HENRY WARBURTON HAWKES.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

AARON WILLIAMS, 1763.



390. *Send down thy truth, O God!*

Send down thy truth, O God!
Too long the shadows frown;
Too long the darkened way we've trod:
Thy truth, O Lord, send down!

Send down thy spirit free,
Till wilderness and town
One temple for thy worship be:
Thy spirit, O send down!

Send down thy love, thy life,
Our lesser lives to crown,
And cleanse them of their hate and strife
Thy living love send down!

Send down thy peace, O Lord!
Earth's bitter voices drown
In one deep ocean of accord:
Thy peace, O God, send down!

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL, 1867.

391. *'The voice of conscience.'*

Give forth thine earnest cry,
O conscience, voice of God!
To young and old, to low and high,
Proclaim his will abroad.

Within the human breast
Thy strong monitions plead;
Still thunder thy divine protest
Against the unrighteous deed.

Show the true way of peace,
O thou our guiding light!
From bondage of the wrong release,
To service of the right.

Hymns of the Spirit.

392. *'Come, kingdom of our God.'*

Come, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

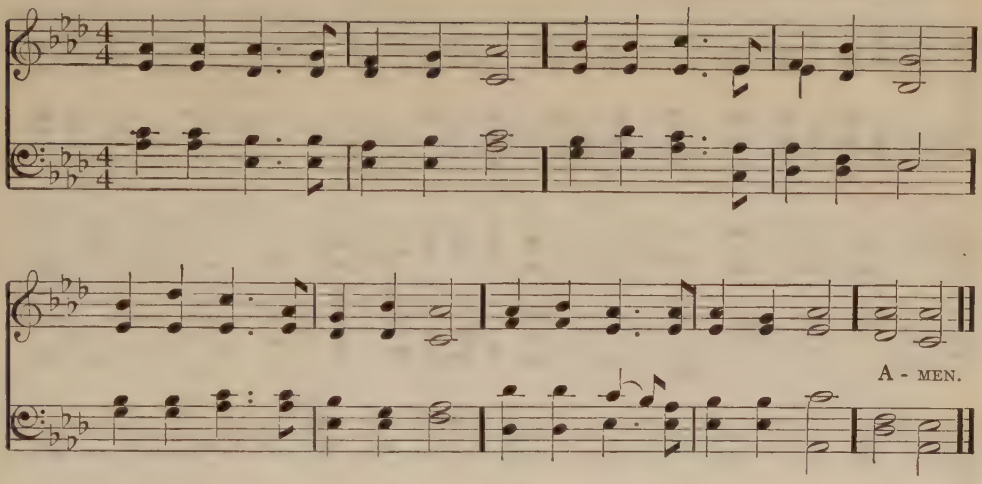
Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.

Come, kingdom of our God,
And make the broad earth thine!
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

JOHN JOHNS, 1837.

ST. BEES. 7·7·7·7. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1862.



393. *'Father, let thy kingdom come.'*

Father, let thy kingdom come,
Let it come with living power;
Speak at length the final word,
Usher in the triumph hour.

As it came in days of old,
In the deepest hearts of men,
When thy martyrs died for thee,
Let it come, O God, again.

Tyrant thrones and idol shrines,
Let them from their place be hurled;
Enter on thy better reign,
Wear the crown of this poor world.

Break, triumphant day of God,
Break at last, our hearts to cheer;
Eager souls and holy songs
Wait to hail thy dawning here.

Empires, temples, scepters, thrones,
May they all for God be won;
And on earth made one with heaven,
Father, let thy kingdom come.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS, 1876.

394. *'Inspiration.'*

Life of ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the prophet's word
And the people's liberty,—

Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined;
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind.

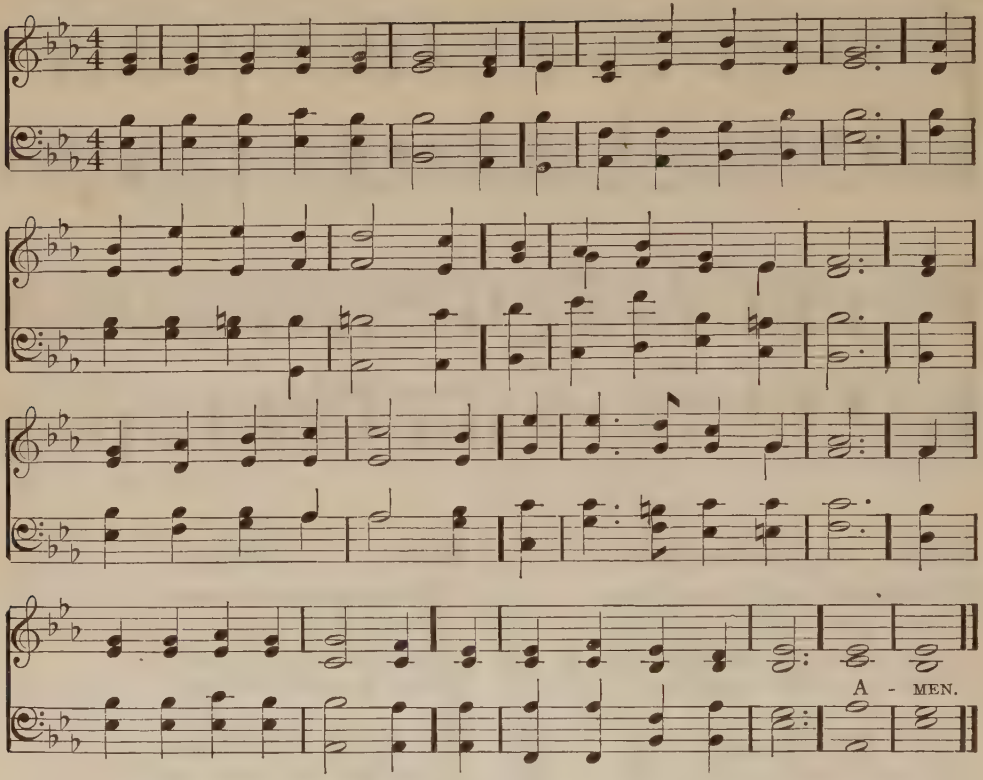
Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good,

Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track,
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
From the sacred limits back,—

Life of ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flow still in the prophet's word
And the people's liberty!

SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1864.

AURELIA. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, 1864.



395.

The Everlasting God.

O God, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene:
Before thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The everlasting Thou!

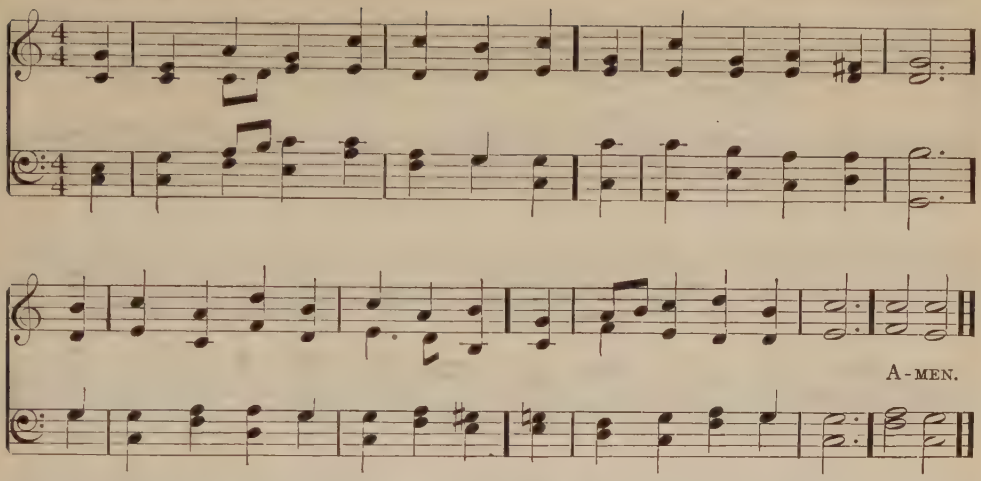
Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die;
A sleep, a dream, a story,
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us thy mercy lighten,
On us thy goodness rest;
And let thy spirit brighten
The hearts thyself hath blessed.

EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, 1866.

ST. ANNE. C. M.

WILLIAM CROFT, 1708.



396. *'Man frail and God eternal.'*

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home,

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away:
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

397. *Our Dwelling-place forever.*

O God, while generations flee
Like leaves before thy face,
Through endless ages thou wilt be
Thy children's dwelling-place;

Great Shepherd of the countless flock,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Their cheering sun, their sheltering rock,
Their everlasting home.

Our sainted fathers — where are they?
They slept, they woke in thee,
And here in memory's light to-day
They walk serene and free.

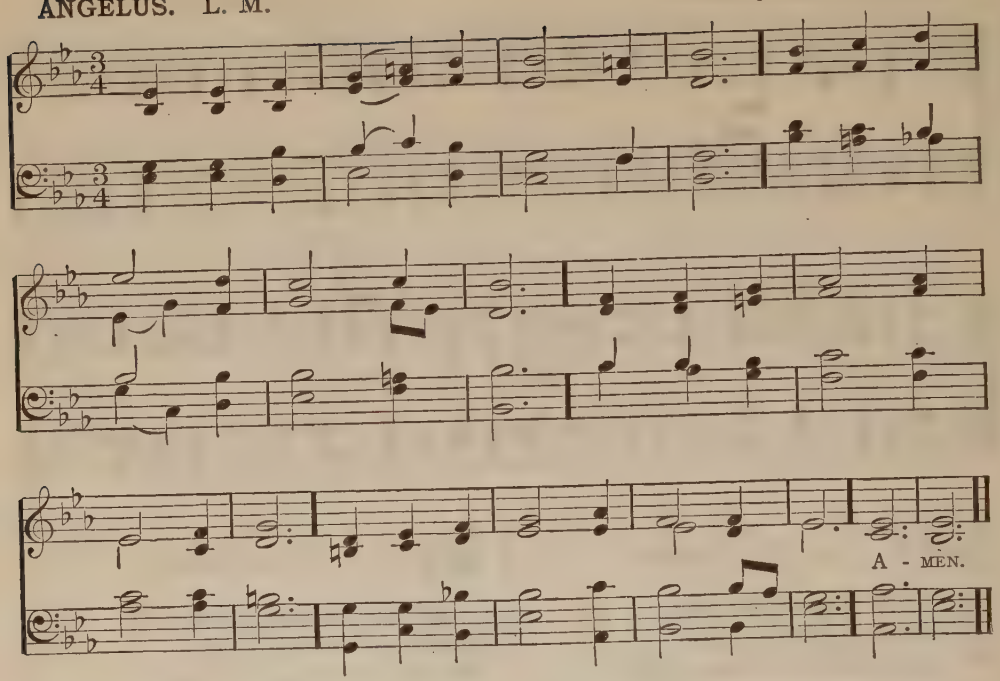
O Thou who led'st our sires of old,
Their grateful children lead;
Thy flock in shelter safe enfold,
In sunny pastures feed.

Still guide our footsteps in the way
That climbs the morning height,
Thy law, O God, our cloud by day,
Thy love our fire by night.

ANON., 1880.

ANGELUS. L. M.

GEORG JOSEPHI, *circa* 1657.



398. *'For an increase of Grace.'*

O for that flame of living fire
Which shone so bright in saints of old,
Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,
Calm in distress, in danger bold, —

That spirit which, from age to age,
Proclaimed thy love and taught thy ways,
Brightened Isaiah's vivid page
And breathed in David's hallowed lays!

Is not thy grace as mighty now
As when Elijah felt its power,
When glory beamed from Moses' brow,
Or Job endured the trying hour?

Remember, Lord, the ancient days,
Renew thy work, thy grace restore,
Warm our cold hearts to prayer and praise,
And teach us how to love thee more!

WILLIAM HILEY BATHURST, 1831.

399. *Blessed are the eyes that see the things that ye see.*

O blest the souls that see and hear
The things of God to-day revealed,
Of old to longing saint and seer
Within the future closely sealed:

The stir of nations near and far,
The wakened hearts that beat as one,
The flow of peace, the ebb of war,
The passing night, the risen sun!

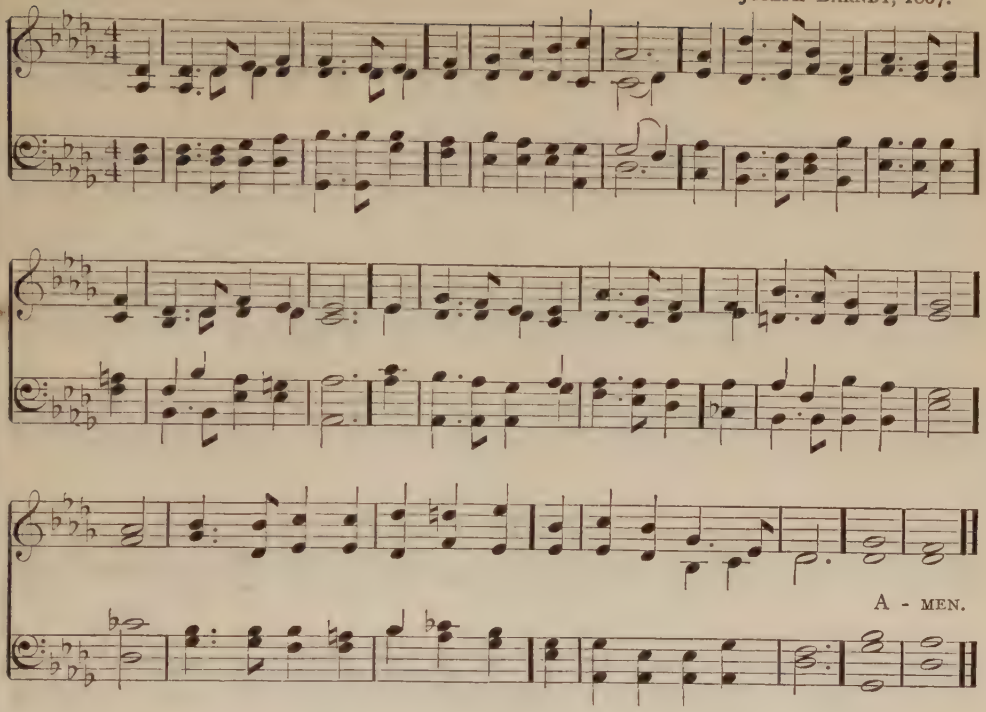
Be ours the vision, ours the will
To follow, though the faithless ban;
The love that triumphs over ill,
The trust in God and hope for man.

And thou whose tides of purpose bear
These mortal lives that come and go,
Give us to feel through toil and prayer
Thy deep eternal underflow!

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1907.

ASPIRATION. C. M. D.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1867.



400.

'He was very confident the Lord had more light and truth yet to break forth out of his holy word.'

Who dares to bind to his dull sense
The oracles of heaven,
For all the nations, tongues, and climes,
And all the ages given?
That universe, how much unknown!
That ocean unexplored!
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from his word.

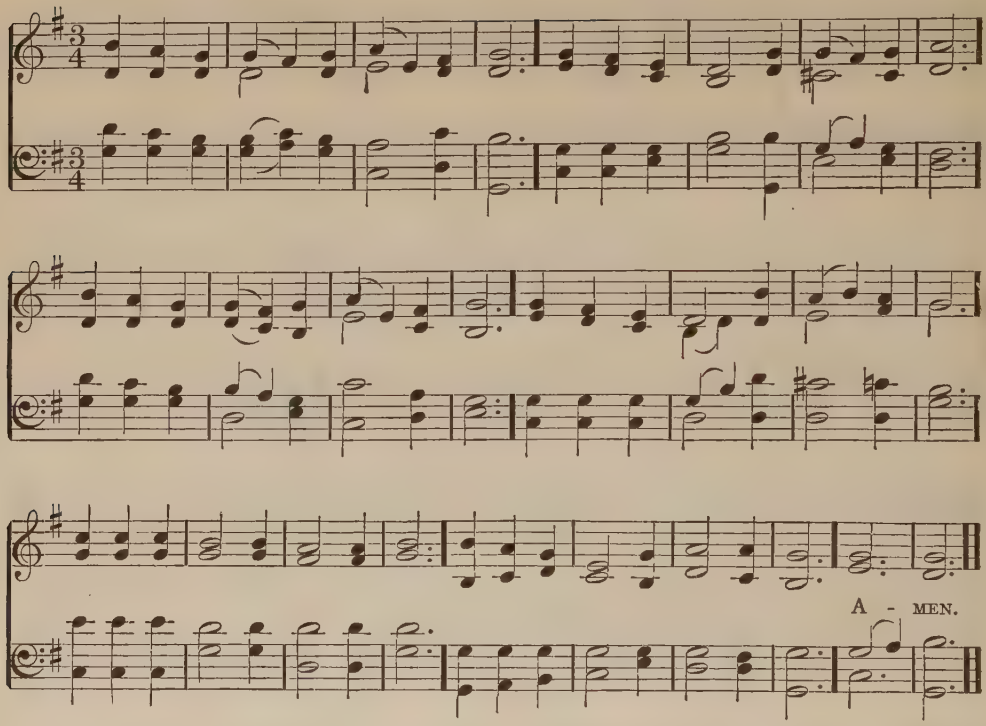
Darkling our great forefathers went
The first steps of the way;
'T was but the dawning, yet to grow
Into the perfect day:—
And grow it shall; our glorious Sun
More fervid rays afford;
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from his word.

The valleys past, ascending still
Our souls would higher climb,
And look down from supernal heights
On all the bygone time.
Upward we press; the air is clear,
And the sphere-music heard;
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from his word.

GEORGE RAWSON.

ST. CATHERINE. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

HENRI FREDERICK HEMY, 1865.
Alt. by JAMES GEORGE WALTON, 1871.



Alternative Tune: Melita.

401.

'Faith of our fathers.'

Faith of our fathers, living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword,
O how our hearts beat high with joy,
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
And blest would be their children's fate
If they, like them, should die for thee:
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

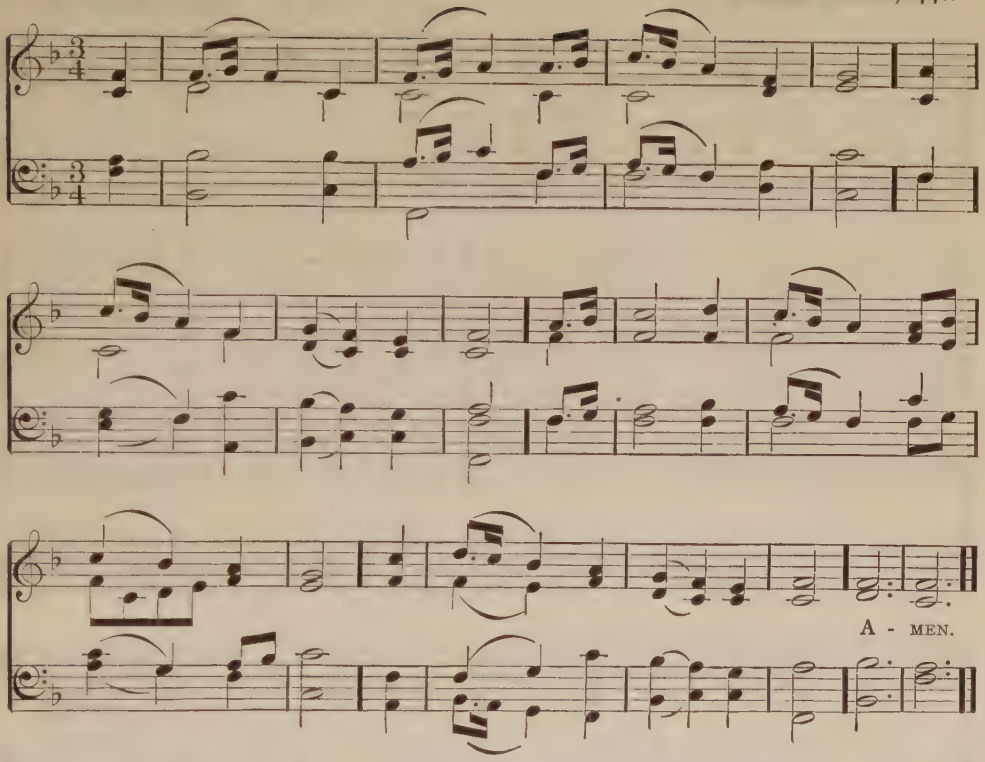
Faith of our fathers, faith and prayer
Have kept our country brave and free,
And through the truth that comes from God,
Her children have true liberty.
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life;
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER,* 1849.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

WILLIAM TANSUR, 1740.



402.

Psalm LXXVIII.

Give ear, ye children, to my law
  Devout attention lend,
Let the instructions of my mouth
  Deep in your hearts descend.

My tongue, by inspiration taught,
  Shall parables unfold:
Dark oracles, but understood,
  And owned for truths of old,

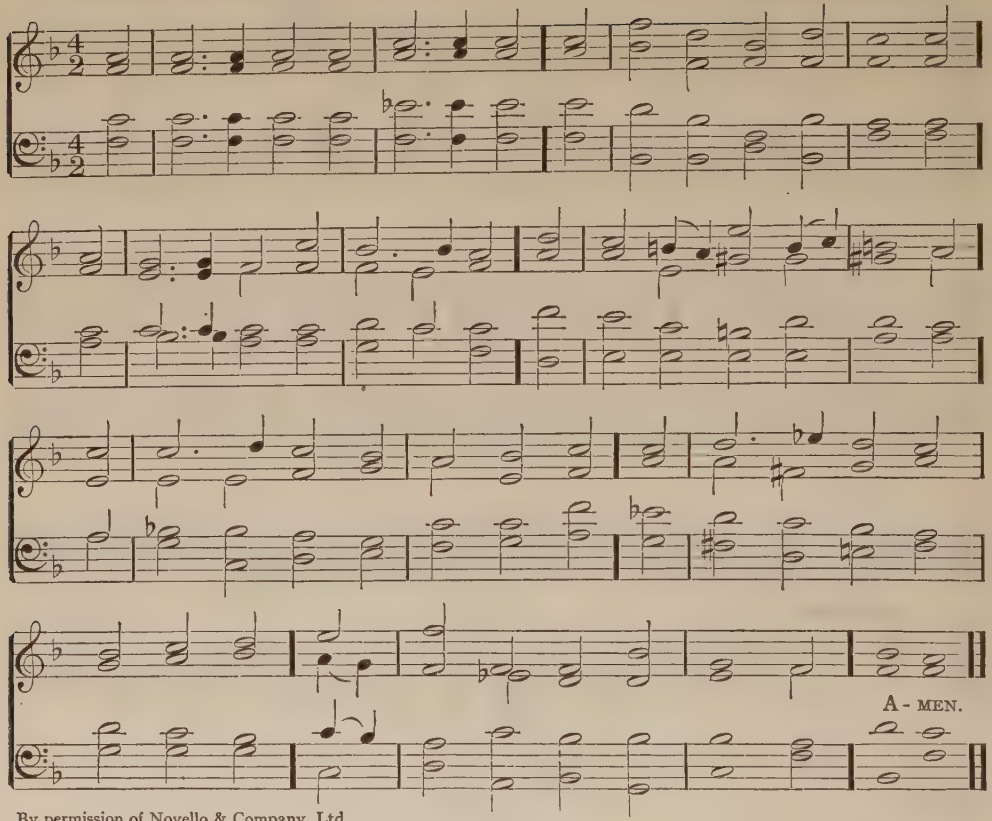
Which we from sacred registers
  Of ancient times have known,
And our forefathers' pious care
  To us has handed down.

Let children hear the mighty deeds,
  Which God performed of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
  And which our fathers told.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
  And they again to theirs, —
That generations yet unknown,
  May teach them to their heirs.

NAHUM TATE, NICHOLAS BRADY, and ISAAC WATTS; as arranged by JEREMY BELKNAP.

THE GOLDEN CHAIN. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1887.



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403.

'The Golden Chain.

We come unto our fathers' God;
Their rock is our salvation;
The eternal arms, their dear abode,
We make our habitation:
We bring thee, Lord, the praise they brought,
We seek thee as thy saints have sought
In every generation.

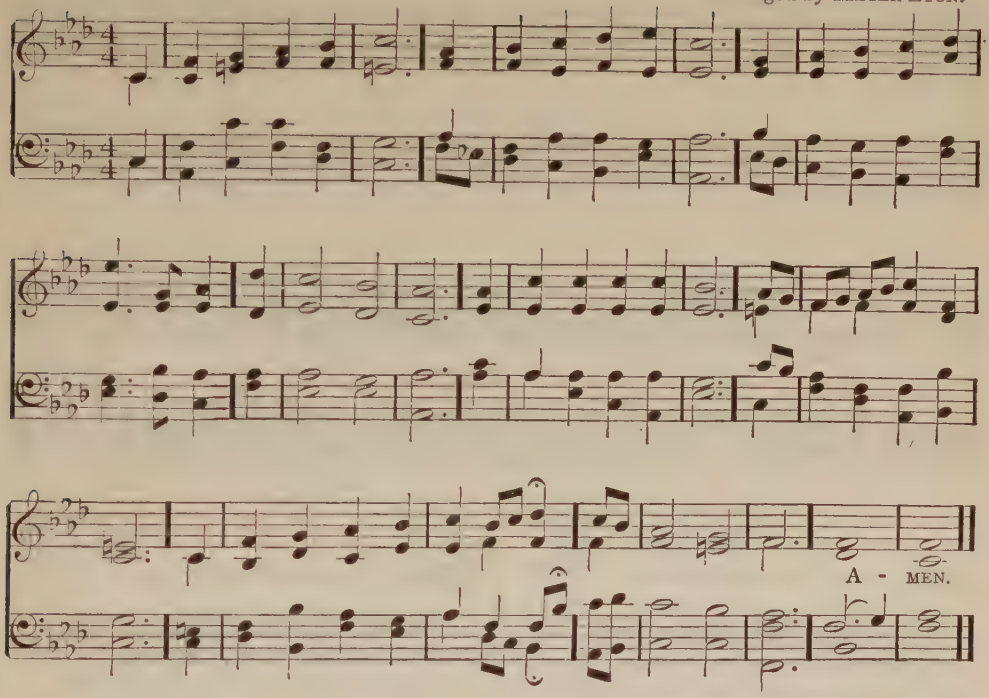
Their joy unto their Lord we bring;
Their song to us descendeth;
The Spirit who in them did sing,
To us his music lendeth;
His song in them, in us, is one;
We raise it high, we send it on, —
The song that never endeth!

Ye saints to come, take up the strain,
The same sweet theme endeavor;
Unbroken be the golden chain,
Keep on the song forever;
Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
Rich with the same eternal grace,
Bless the same boundless Giver.

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL, 1868.

YIGDAL (Leoni). 6.6.8.4.6.6.8.4.

JEWISH MELODY.
Arranged by MEYER LYON.



404.

'A people blest of God.'

Uplift the song of praise
To him, our fathers' God!
Who led them o'er the watery ways
To lands untrod:
Seed of a race to be,
Upon his new-world shore;
The home of law and liberty
Forevermore.

Lift high the song of praise,
O nation grown in power!
Hold fast through good and evil days
Thy glorious dower!
The age-long hope fulfil,
New-quickened at thy birth;
Thy strength thy God, whose righteous will
Rules heaven and earth.

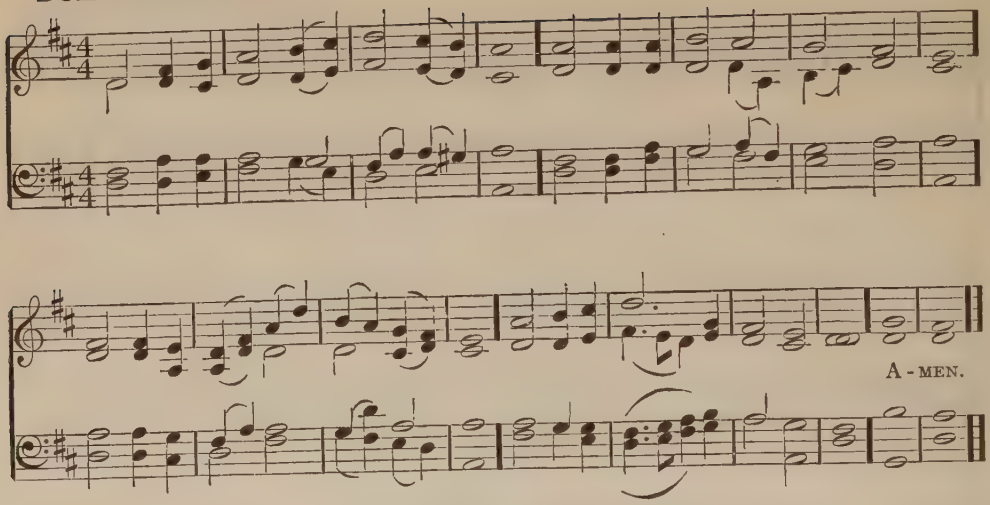
Uplift the song of praise!
His love and wisdom own,
Who leadeth still in unseen ways,
By paths unknown.
His purposes of old
And promises endure,
And through the circling years unfold,
Forever sure.

Lift high the song of praise
And bless his holy name!
Whose care above the passing days
Abides the same:
Our fathers' confidence,
Through all their pilgrimage;
Our dwelling-place and our defense
From age to age.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1911.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON, 1793.



405. *Sicut patribus sit Deus nobis.*

O God! beneath thy guiding hand
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And, when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshipped thee.

Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer;
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

Law, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

And here thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

LEONARD BACON, 1838.

406. *'Remembrance of our Fathers.'*

In pleasant lands have fallen the lines
That bound our goodly heritage;
And safe beneath our sheltering vines
Our youth is blest, and soothed our age.

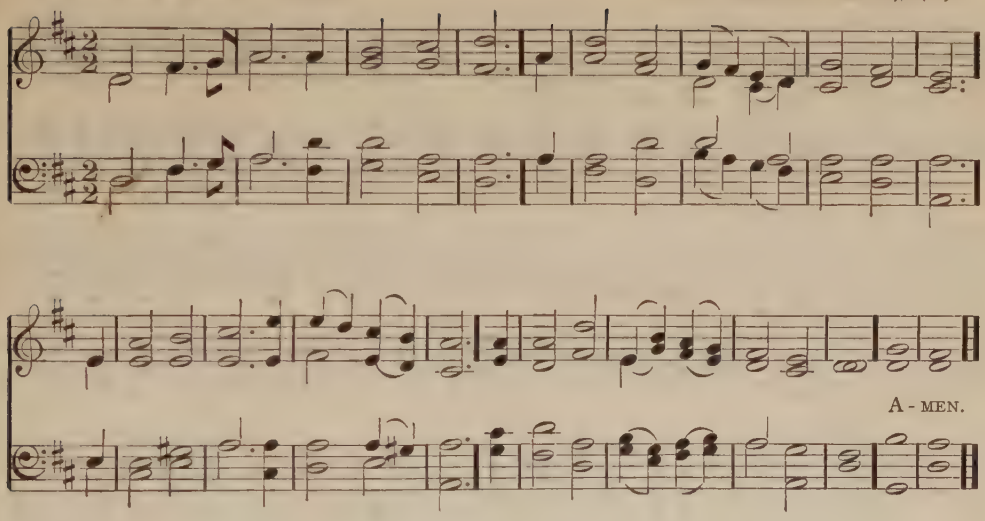
What thanks, O God, to thee are due,
That thou didst plant our fathers here;
And watch and guard them as they grew,
A vineyard, to the Planter dear.

The toils they bore our ease have wrought;
They sowed in tears, — in joy we reap;
The birthright they so dearly bought
We'll guard till we with them shall sleep.

Thy kindness to our fathers, shown
In weal and woe through all the past,
Their grateful sons, O God, shall own,
While here their name and race shall last.

JAMES FLINT, 1840.

TRURO. L. M. CHARLES BURNEY, 1789.



Alternative Tune: Duke Street.

407. *'The Founders.'*

Like pilgrims sailing through the night
In search of shores more wide and free,
A dauntless few, they went apart
To gain a grander liberty.

The living seed they planted then
Has known the increase of the years,
And now a harvest-time has come;
We garner in the precious ears.

Brave-hearted ones have passed beyond
Into that land whence none return.
With such a cloud of witnesses
Should not their hope within us burn?

O Thou, who led'st the founders on
In paths untrod and trouble-fraught,
Help us with fervor to enlarge
The liberty for which they wrought.

FLORENCE HARRIS, 1907.

408. *The coming race.*

These things shall be,— a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls,
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

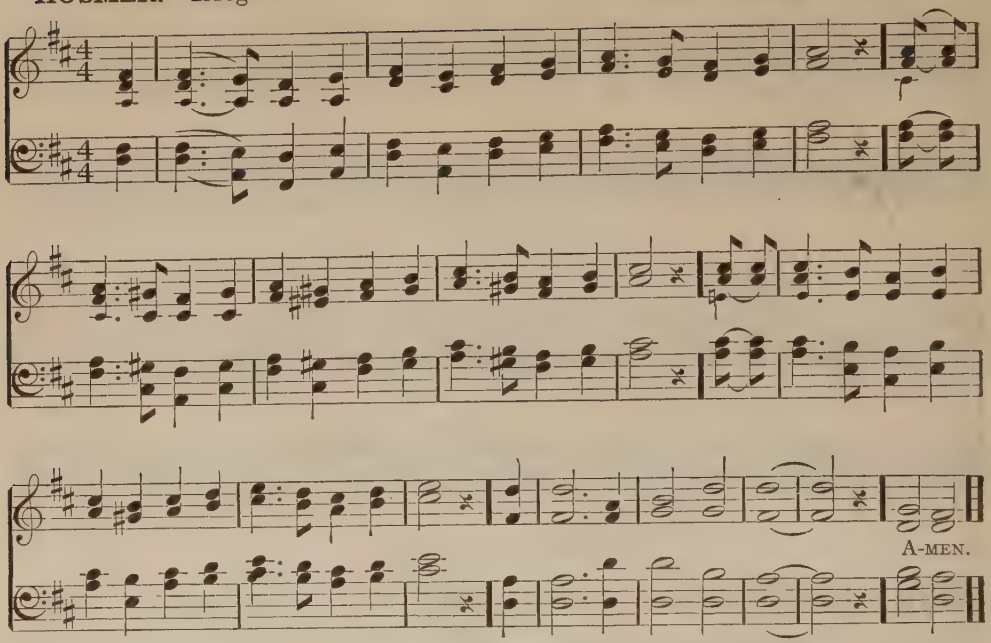
New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song
When all the earth is paradise.

There shall be no more sin, nor shame,
Though pain and passion may not die,
For man shall be at one with God
In bonds of firm necessity.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, 1880.

HOSMER. Irregular.

FREDERIC FIELD BULLARD, 1902.



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409.

The right is marching on.

From age to age they gather, all the brave of heart and strong,
In the strife of truth with error, of the right against the wrong;
I can see their gleaming banner, I can hear their triumph song:
The truth is marching on!

'In this sign we conquer:' 't is the symbol of our faith,
Made holy by the might of love triumphant over death;
'He finds his life who loseth it,' forevermore it saith:
The right is marching on!

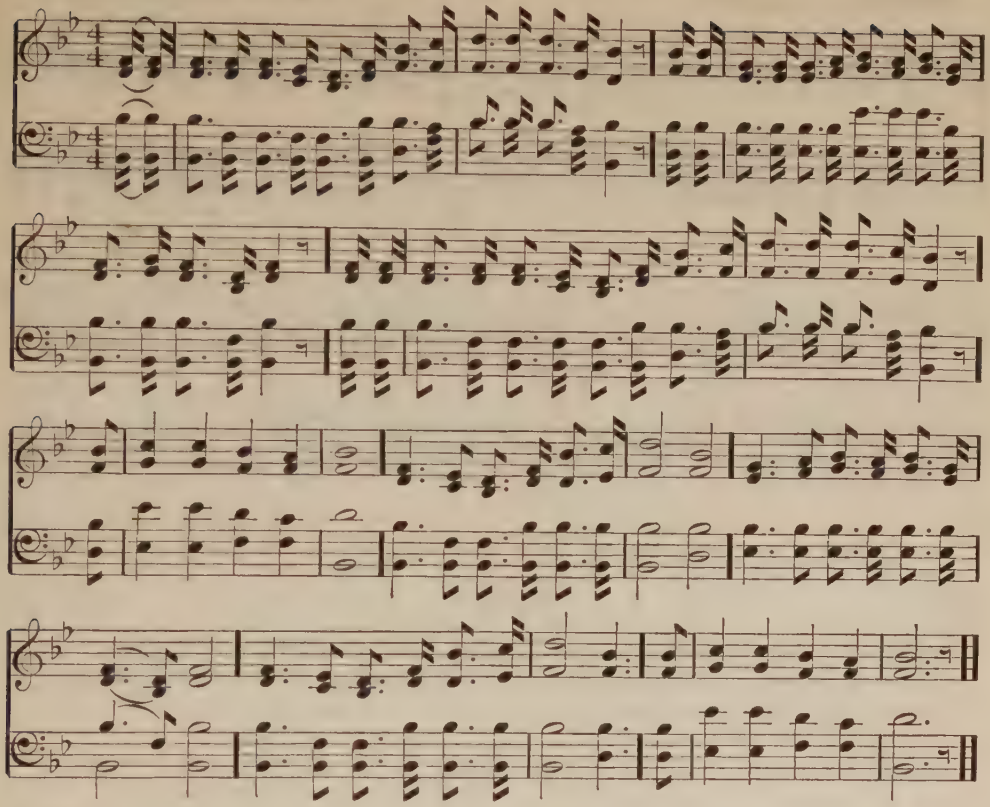
The earth is circling onward out of shadow into light;
The stars keep watch above our way, however dark the night;
For every martyr's stripe there glows a bar of morning bright,
And love is marching on!

Lead on, O cross of martyr faith, with thee is victory;
Shine forth, O stars and reddening dawn, the full day yet shall be;
On earth his kingdom cometh, and with joy our eyes shall see;
Our God is marching on!

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1891.

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

ANON.



410.

'The Battle Hymn of the Republic.'

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah;
His truth is marching on.

He has sounded forth a trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat,
O be swift, my soul, to answer him: be jubilant, my feet;
Our God is marching on.

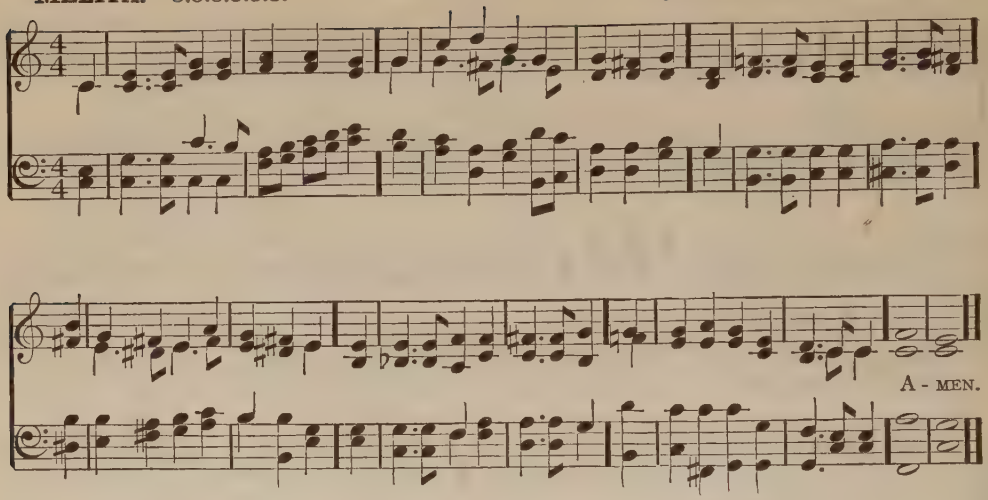
Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.
While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE, 1861.

MELITA. 8.8.8.8.8.8. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1861.



411.

Recessional.

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

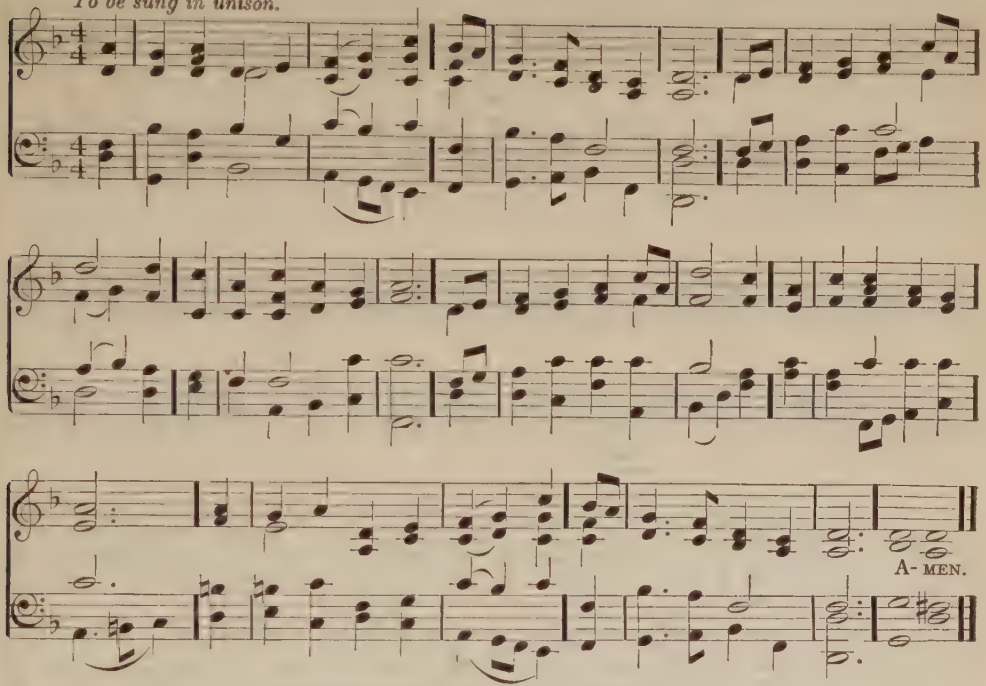
If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word —
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!

RUDYARD KIPLING, 1897.

KINGS LYNN. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. TRADITIONAL ENGLISH MELODY.

To be sung in unison.



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Alternative Tune: Tours.

412.

O God of earth and altar.

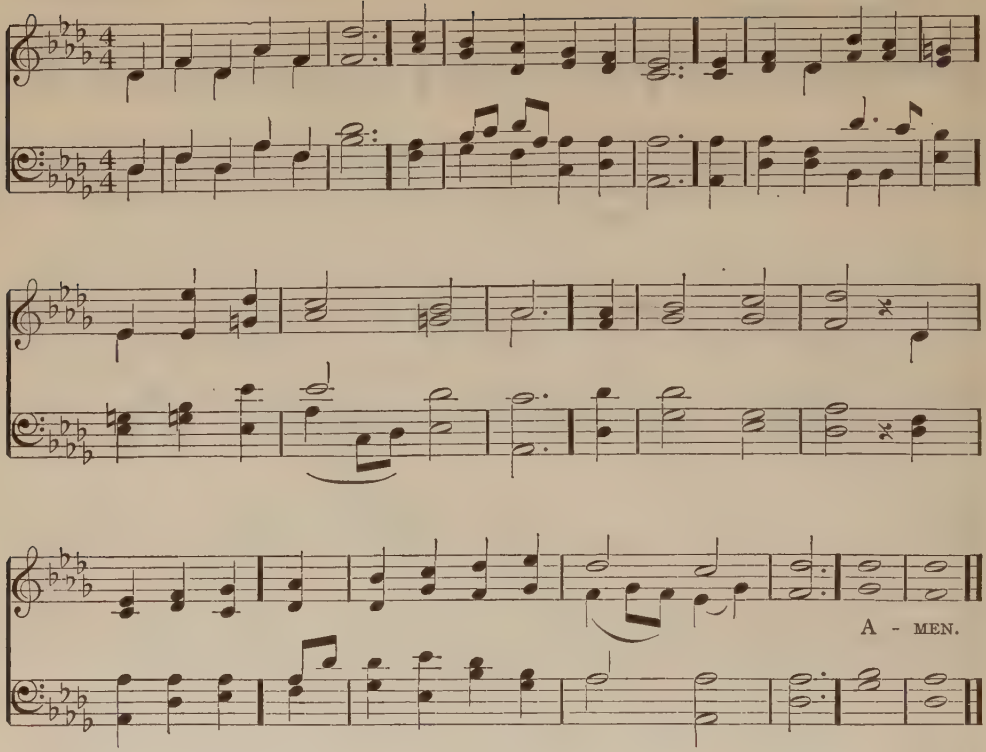
O God of earth and altar,
Bow down and hear our cry,
Our earthly rulers falter,
Our people drift and die;
The walls of gold entomb us,
The swords of scorn divide,
Take not thy thunder from us,
But take away our pride.

From all that terror teaches,
From lies of tongue and pen,
From all the easy speeches
That comfort cruel men,
From sale and profanation
Of honor and the sword,
From sleep and from damnation,
Deliver us, good Lord.

Tie in a living tether
The priest and prince and thrall,
Bind all our lives together,
Smite us and save us all;
In ire and exultation
Aflame with faith, and free,
Lift up a living nation,
A single sword to thee.

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON.

DARWALL. 6.6.6.6.8.8. JOHN DARWALL, 1770.



413.

Guard and bless our Fatherland.

To thee, our God, we fly
For mercy and for grace;
O hear our lowly cry,
And hide not thou thy face.
O Lord, stretch forth thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

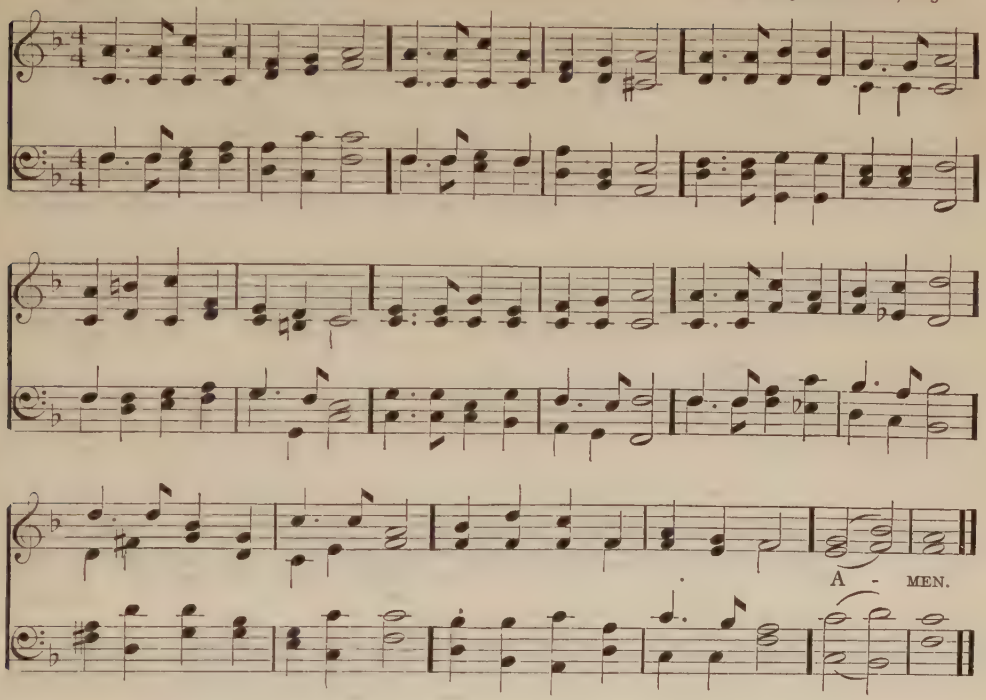
Arise, O Lord of hosts,
Be jealous for thy name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame.
O Lord, stretch forth thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

The powers ordained by thee
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness.
O Lord, stretch forth thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

Give peace, Lord, in our time;
O let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult thy majesty.
O Lord, stretch forth thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1871.

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. 7·7·7·7·7·7·7·7. GEORGE JOB ELVEY, 1858.



414.

'Hymn for America.'

Great and fair is she, our land,
High of heart and strong of hand;
Dawn is on her forehead still,
In her veins youth's arrowy thrill.
Hers are riches, might and fame;
All the earth resounds her name;
In her roadsteads navies ride:
Hath she need of aught beside?

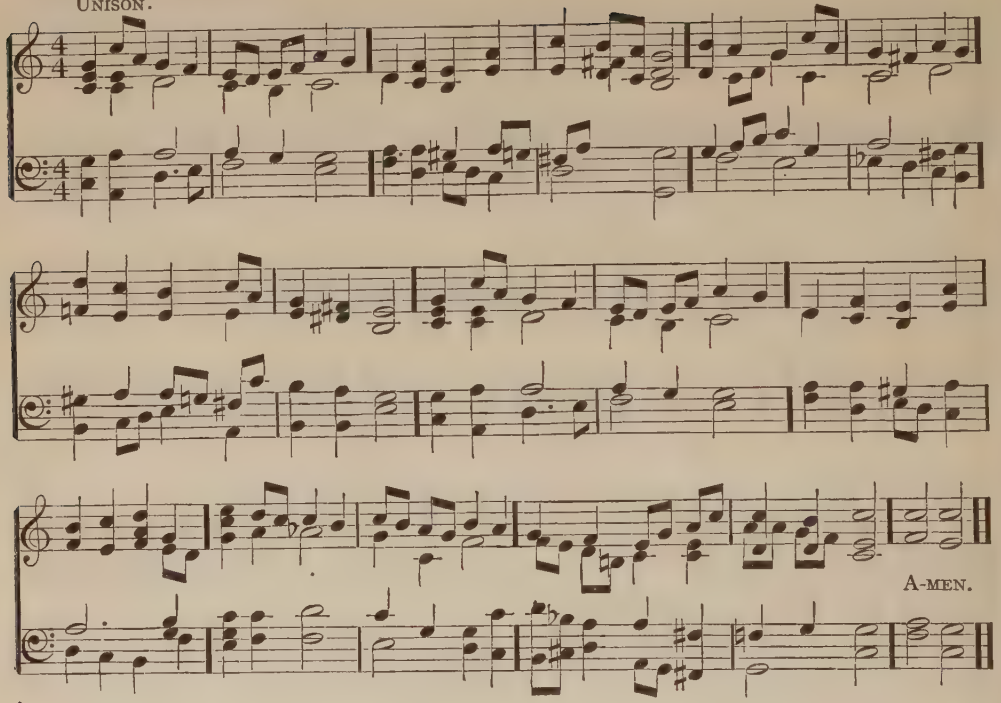
Power Unseen, before whose eyes
Nations fall and nations rise,
Grant she climb not to her goal
All-forgetful of the Soul!
Firm in honor be she found,
Justice-armed and mercy-crowned,
Blest in labor, blest in ease,
Blest in noiseless charities.

Unenslaved by things that must
Yield full soon to moth and rust
Let her hold a light on high
Men unborn may travel by.
Mightier still she then shall stand,
Moulded by thy secret hand,
Power Eternal, at whose call
Nations rise and nations fall!

WILLIAM WATSON, 1910.

HARVARD HYMN. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7. JOHN KNOWLES PAINE, 1883.

UNISON.



Alternative Tune: Austria.

415.

'The People's Thanksgiving.'

Not alone for mighty empire,
Stretching far o'er land and sea,
Not alone for bounteous harvests,
Lift we up our hearts to thee:
Standing in the living present,
Memory and hope between,
Lord, we would with deep thanksgiving
Praise thee more for things unseen.

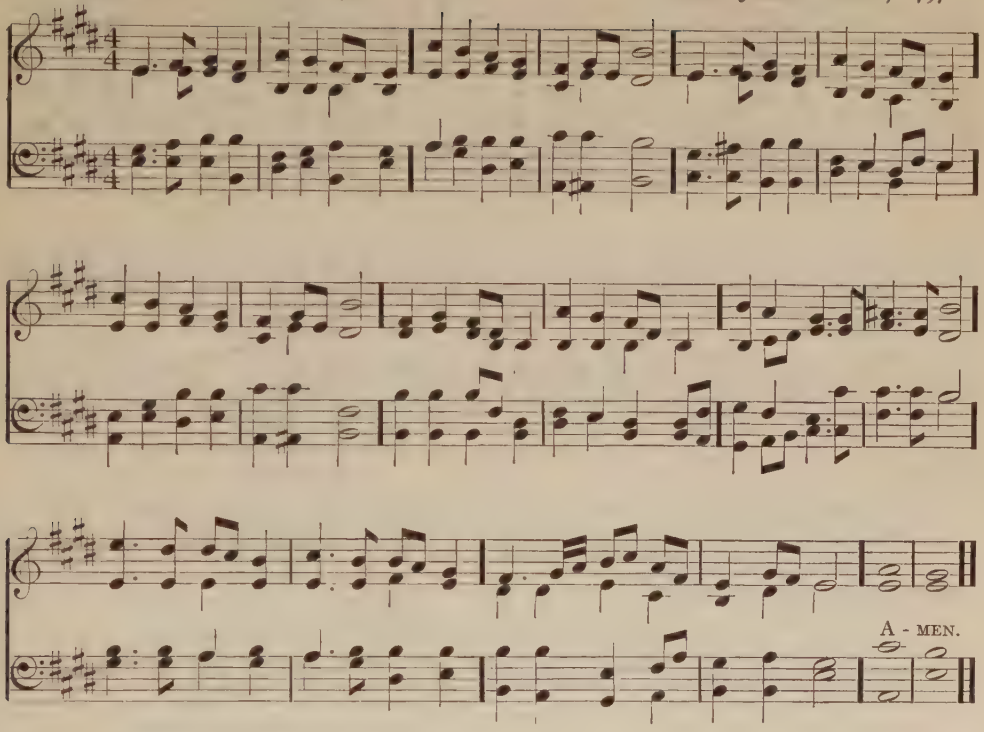
Not for battle-ship and fortress,
Not for conquests of the sword,
But for conquests of the spirit
Give we thanks to thee, O Lord;
For the heritage of freedom,
For the home, the church, the school,
For the open door to manhood
In a land the people rule.

For the armies of the faithful,
Lives that passed and left no name;
For the glory that illumines
Patriot souls of deathless fame;
For the people's prophet-leaders,
Loyal to thy living word, —
For all heroes of the spirit,
Give we thanks to thee, O Lord.

God of justice, save the people
From the war of race and creed,
From the strife of class and faction, —
Make our nation free indeed;
Keep her faith in simple manhood
Strong as when her life began,
Till it find its full fruition
In the brotherhood of man!

WILLIAM PIERSON MERRILL.

AUSTRIA. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7. FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN, 1797.



416.

Goodly were thy tents, O Israel.

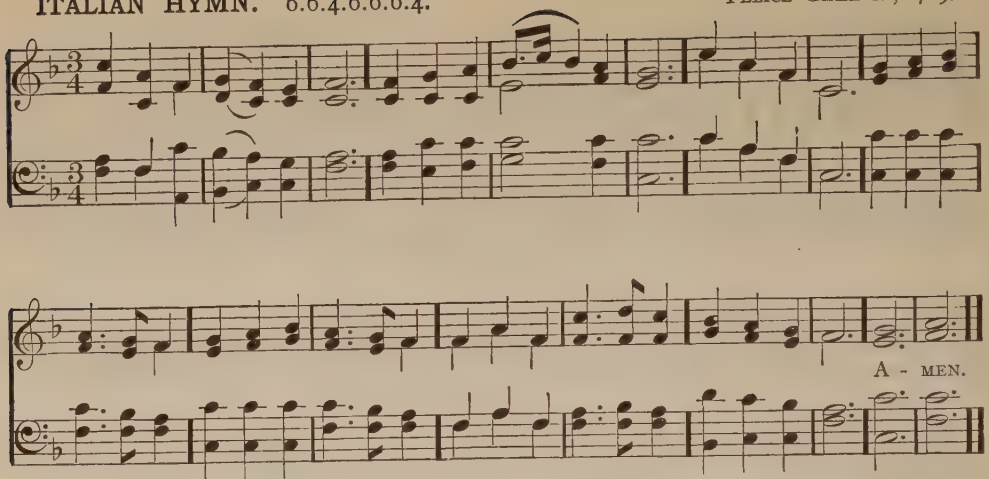
Goodly were thy tents, O Israel,
Spread along the river's side,
Bright thy star which rose prophetic,
Herald of dominion wide;
Fairer are the homes of freemen,
Scattered o'er our broad domain;
Brighter is our rising day-star,
Ushering in a purer reign.

Welcome to the glorious freedom,
Which our fathers hither brought;
Welcome to the priceless treasure,
Which with constant faith they sought;
See, from every nation gathering,
Swarming myriads throng our coasts,
Hear, with steady steps advancing,
Ceaseless tread of countless hosts.

God of nations! our Preserver,
Hear our prayers, our counsels bless;
Lift o'er all thy radiant banner,
On these souls thy love impress;
From thy throne of boundless blessing,
O'er our land thy Spirit pour;
In the grandeur of thine empire,
Reign supreme from shore to shore.

SAMUEL WOLCOTT, 1881.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6.6.4.6.6.4. FELICE GIARDINI, 1769.



417.

Our Fathers.

Gone are those great and good
Who here, in peril, stood
And raised their hymn.
Peace to the reverend dead!
The light that on their head
The passing years have shed
Shall ne'er grow dim.

Ye temples, that to God
Rise where our fathers trod,
Guard well your trust, —
The faith that dared the sea,
The truth that made them free,
Their cherished purity,
Their garnered dust.

Thou high and holy One,
Whose care for sire and son
All nature fills, —
While day shall break and close,
While night her crescent shows,
O let thy light repose
On these our hills!

JOHN PIERPONT.

418.

My Country, to thy shore
Far-wandering pilgrims pour
To build in thee
A new republic's plan,
New truth of loftier span,
New brotherhood of man,
And liberty.

In thy wide-watered plains,
Thy mountains' liberal veins
And forests fair,
Large, golden gifts are found,
And in thy garden ground
Earth's proudest fruits abound
For all to share.

Thy cities strong and wise
Shall lift to cloudless skies
Fraternal towers.
What toil and genius gave
To serve men, not enslave,
In thee shall help and save
Man's noblest powers.

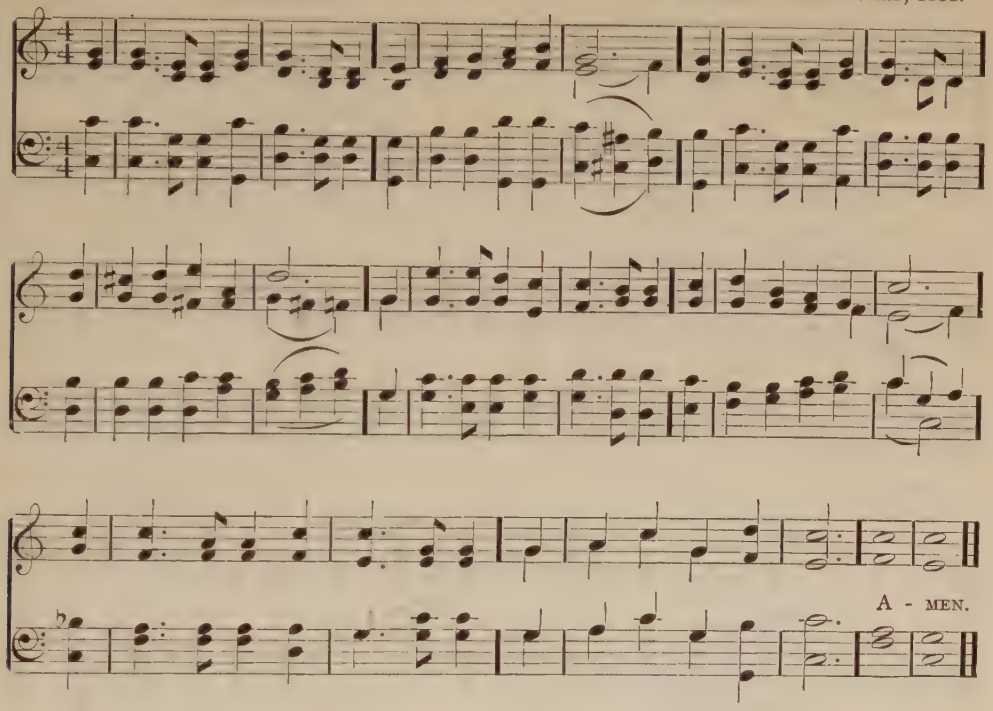
Young heroes smiling died;
True hearts have sanctified
Long life for thee.
Heirs of a free-born land,
Free may our children stand,
And God's almighty hand
Their guidance be.

May Freedom clothed in light
Obey the Eternal Right
From sun to sun;
And to all lands display
Her blest and righteous way,
Until, in God's own day,
Mankind be one.

THEODORE CHICKERING WILLIAMS, 1912.

MATERNA. C. M. D.

SAMUEL AUGUSTUS WARD, 1882.



419.

'America, the beautiful.'

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

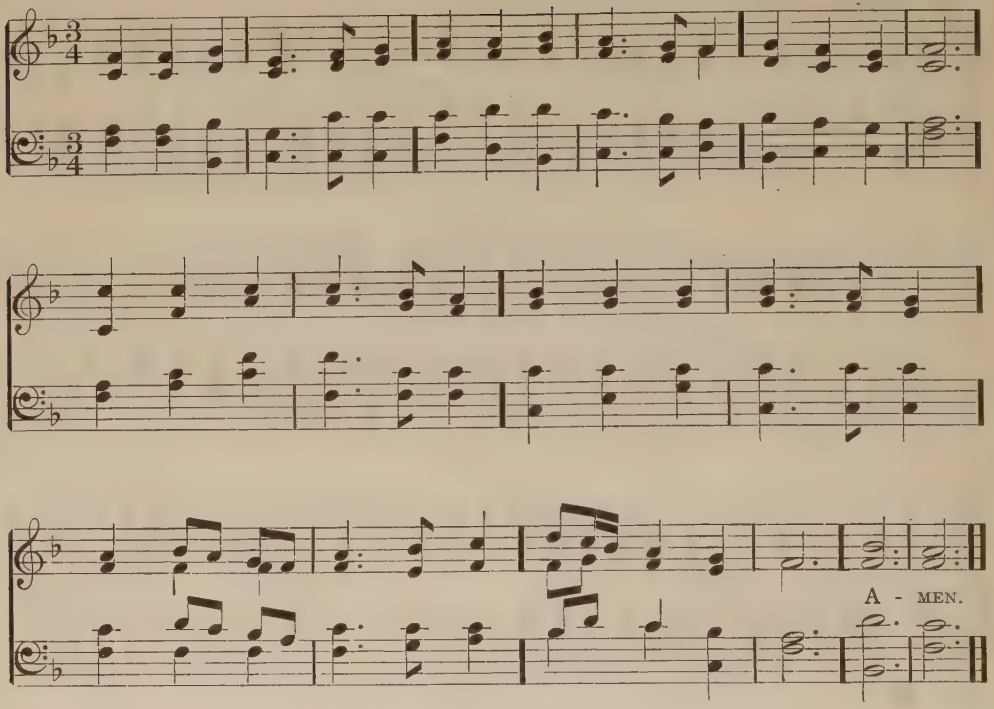
O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress,
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for glorious tale
Of liberating strife,
When valiantly for man's avail,
Men lavished precious life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

KATHERINE LEE BATES.*

AMERICA. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. HARMONIA ANGLICANA, C. 1743.



420.

My Country, 't is of thee.

My country 't is of thee,—
Sweet land of liberty,
  Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
  Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee, —
Land of the noble free, —
  Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
  Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
  The sound prolong!

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty, —
  To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
  Great God, our King.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, 1832.

421. *Our Country.*

God bless our native land.
Firm may she ever stand
  Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save,
  By thy great might!

For her our prayers shall be,
Our fathers' God, to thee,
  On thee we wait!
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
  God save the state!

Lord of all truth and right,
In whom alone is might,
  On thee we call!
And may the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family!
  God save us all!

Composite: based on
CHARLES TIMOTHY BROOKS
and JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT.

422. *International hymn.*

Two empires by the sea,
Two nations great and free,
  One anthem raise.
One race of ancient fame,
One tongue, one faith we claim,
One God, whose glorious name
  We love and praise.

What deeds our fathers wrought,
What battles we have fought,
  Let fame record.
Now, vengeful passion, cease,
Come, victories of peace;
Nor hate nor pride's caprice
  Unsheath the sword.

Though deep the sea and wide
'Twixt realm and realm, its tide
  Binds strand to strand.
So be the gulf between
Gray coasts and islands green,
With bonds of peace serene
  And friendship spann'd.

Now may our God above
Guard the dear lands we love,
  Both east and west.
Let love more fervent glow
As peaceful ages go,
And strength yet stronger grow,
  Blessing and blest.

GEORGE HUNTINGTON.

423. *God bless our land!*

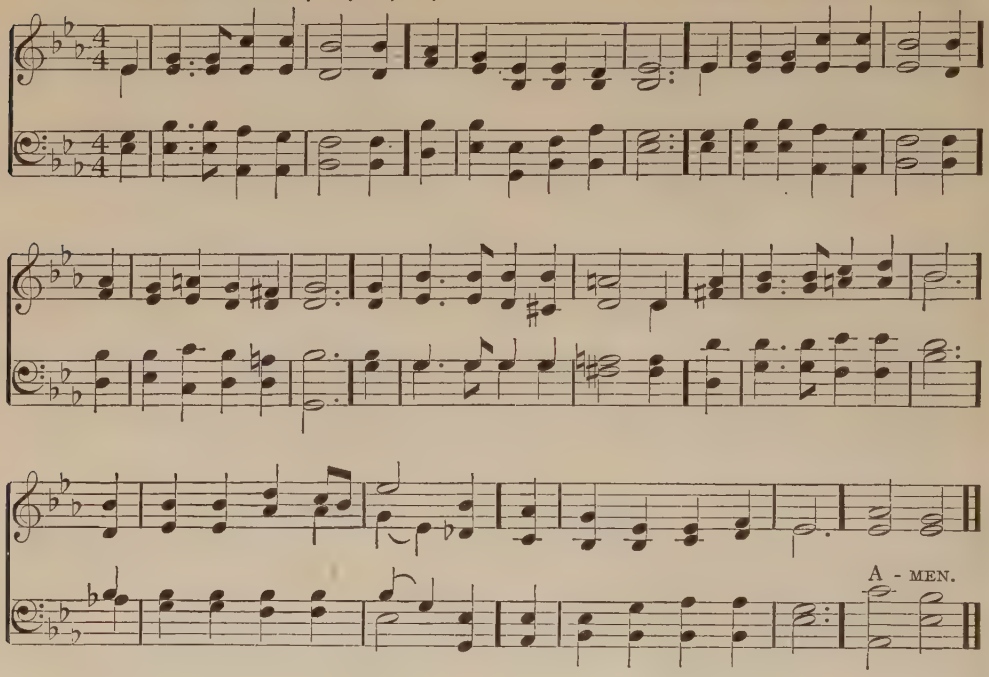
God bless our native land,
May heaven's protecting hand
  Still guard our shore.
May peace her power extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And all our rights depend
  On war no more.

May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
  And peaceful reign.
Home of the brave and free,
Stronghold of liberty —
We pray that still on thee
  There be no stain.

And not this land alone,
But be thy mercies known
  From shore to shore;
Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
  The wide world o'er.

WILLIAM EDWARD HICKSON, 1836.

O BONA PATRIA. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.



Alternative Tune: Aurelia or Ewing.

424.

'O Beautiful, my Country.'

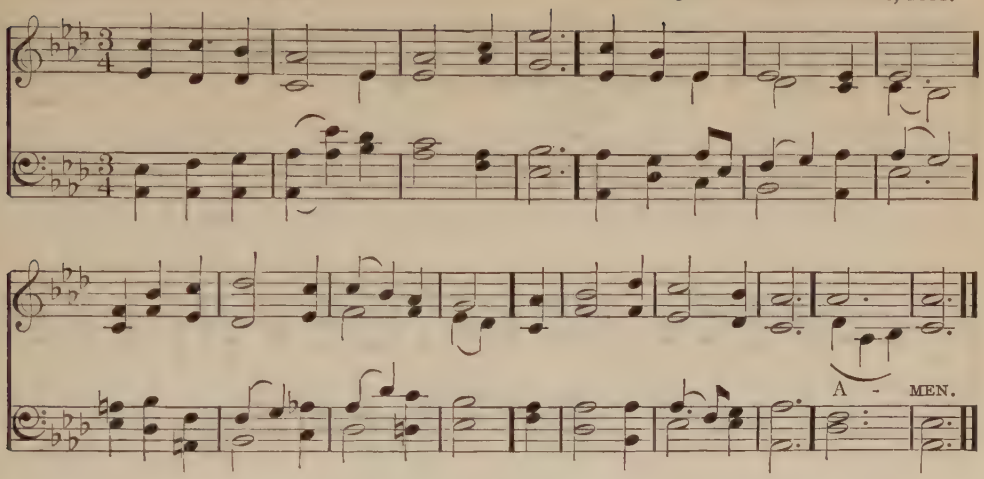
'O Beautiful, my Country!'
Be thine a nobler care
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
Thy harvests waving fair;
Be it thy pride to lift up
The manhood of the poor;
Be thou to the oppressèd
Fair freedom's open door!

For thee our fathers suffered;
For thee they toiled and prayed;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright,
Grand memories on thee shine;
The blood of pilgrim nations
Commingled flows in thine.

O beautiful, our country!
Round thee in love we draw;
Thine is the grace of freedom,
The majesty of law.
Be righteousness thy scepter,
Justice thy diadem;
And on thy shining forehead
Be peace the crowning gem!

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1884.

GERONTIUS. C. M. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1868.



425.

Our country.

Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land, —
The land we love the most!

O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

JOHN REYNELL WREFORD, 1837.

426.

God of the nations.

God of the nations, near and far,
Ruler of all mankind,
Bless thou thy peoples as they strive
The paths of peace to find.

The clash of arms still shakes the sky,
King battles still with king;
Wild through the frighted air of night
The bloody tocsins ring.

But clearer far the friendly speech
Of scientists and seers,
The wise debate of statesmen, and
The shouts of pioneers.

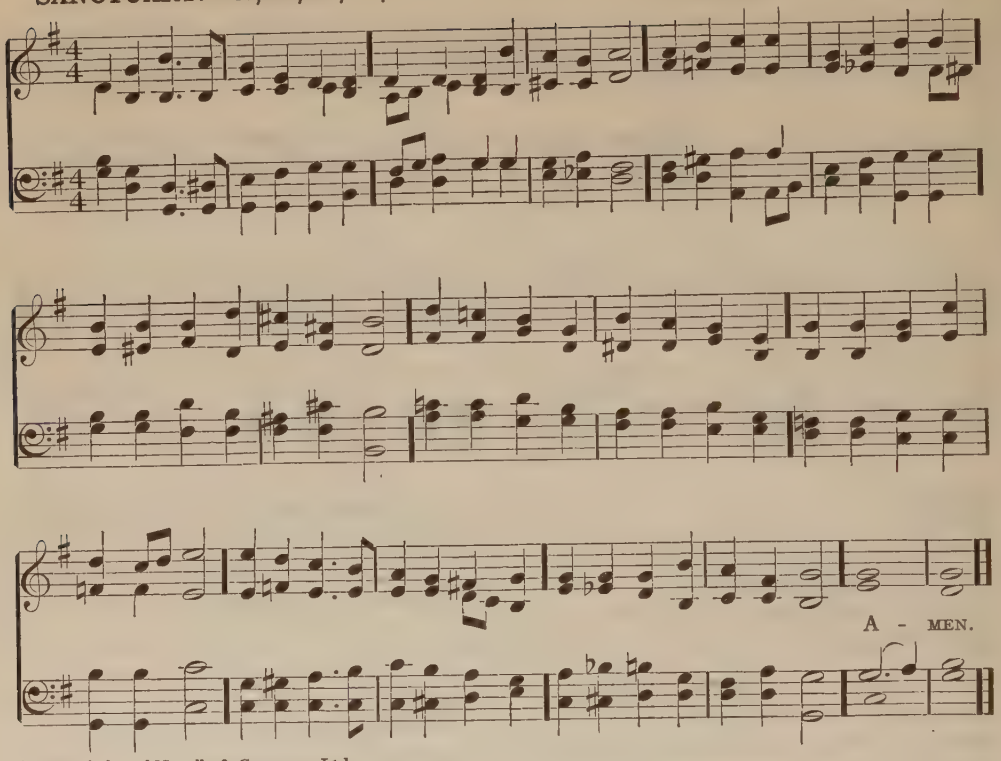
And stronger far the claspéd hands
Of labor's teeming throngs,
Who in a hundred tongues repeat
Their common creeds and songs.

From shore to shore the peoples call
In loud and sweet acclaim;
The gloom of land and sea is lit
With pentecostal flame.

O Father, from the curse of war
We pray thee give release;
And speed, O speed thy blesséd day
Of justice, love, and peace.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, 1911.

SANCTUARY. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1871.



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Alternative Tune: Austria.

427.

'The City of our Hopes.'

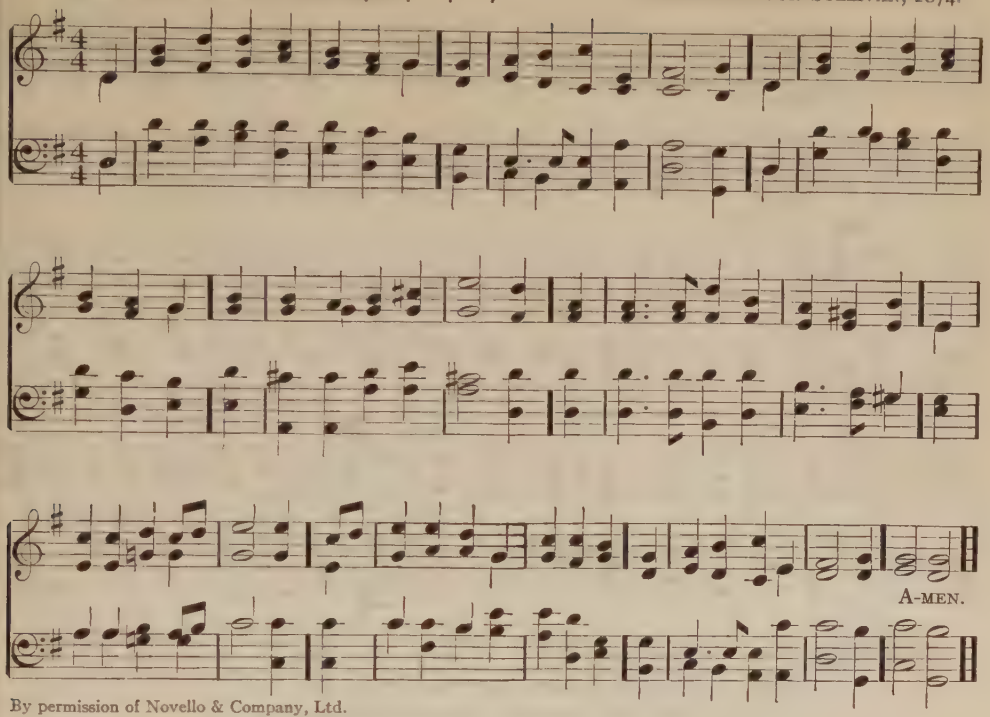
Hail the glorious golden city,
  Pictured by the seers of old:
Everlasting light shines o'er it,
  Wondrous things of it are told.
Only righteous men and women
  Dwell within its gleaming wall;
Wrong is banished from its borders,
  Justice reigns supreme o'er all.

We are builders of that city.
  All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear its shining ramparts;
  All our lives are building stones.
Whether humble or exalted,
  All are called to task divine;
All must aid alike to carry
  Forward one sublime design.

And the work that we have builded
  Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
Oft in error, oft in anguish,
  Will not perish with our years:
It will live and shine transfigured
  In the final reign of right:
It will pass into the splendors
  Of the city of the light.

FELIX ADLER, 1878.

GOLDEN SHEAVES. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7 ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1874.



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428.

The new Jerusalem.

I saw the city of the Lord,
Eternal its foundation,
On high its gleaming turrets soared,
The joy of every nation;
Four-square to all the lands it stood,
And through its portals wending,
The true, the brave, the wise, the good,
Flowed on, a stream unending.

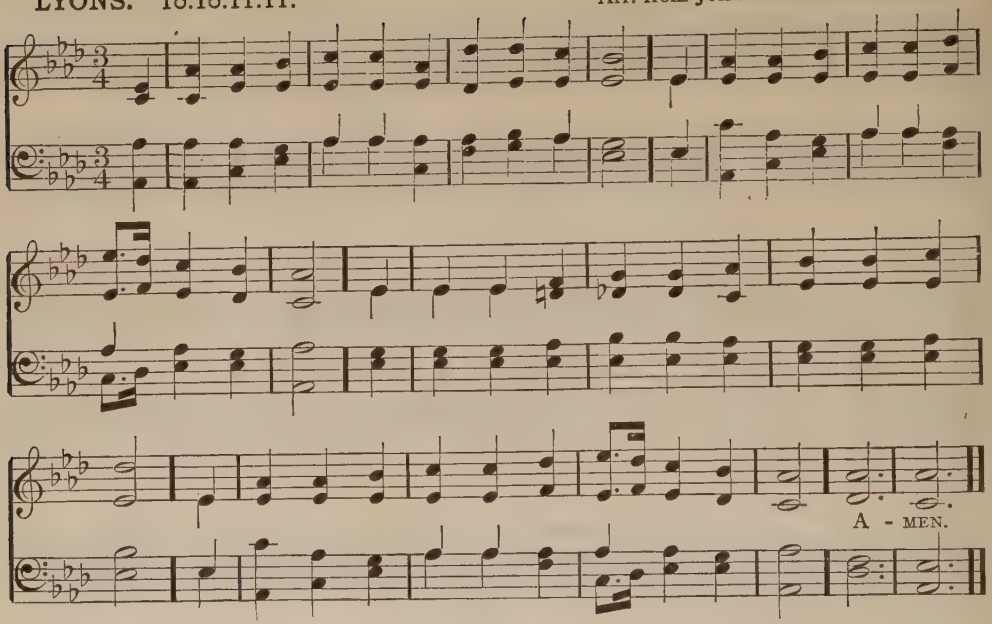
There princes came on pilgrimage
With million-handed labor,
There came the simple and the sage,
Each happy with his neighbor;
At peace within those mansions fair
They dwelt with one another,
And every man was welcome there
Who made a man his brother.

A temple of the Lord I saw,
All beautiful and holy,
Its light was love, its highest law
Compassion for the lowly;
And thence arose a mighty voice
Of countless voices blended,
The song of singers that rejoice,
Their night of sorrow ended.

I saw that city from afar,
A city of salvation,
And still it shineth like a star
To every generation;
And I, a pilgrim too, would press
Where God the host is guiding,
To reach the gates of righteousness,
A citizen abiding.

WILLIAM GEORGE TARRANT.

LYONS. 10.10.11.11. Arr. from JOHANN MICHAEL HAYDN.



429.

Hear, O ye Nations!

Hear, hear, O ye nations, and hearing obey
The cry from the past and the call of to-day!
Earth wearies and wastes with her fresh life outpoured,
The glut of the cannon, the spoil of the sword.

Lo, dawns a new era, transcending the old,
The poet's rapt vision, by prophet foretold!
From war's grim tradition it maketh appeal
To service of all in a world's commonweal.

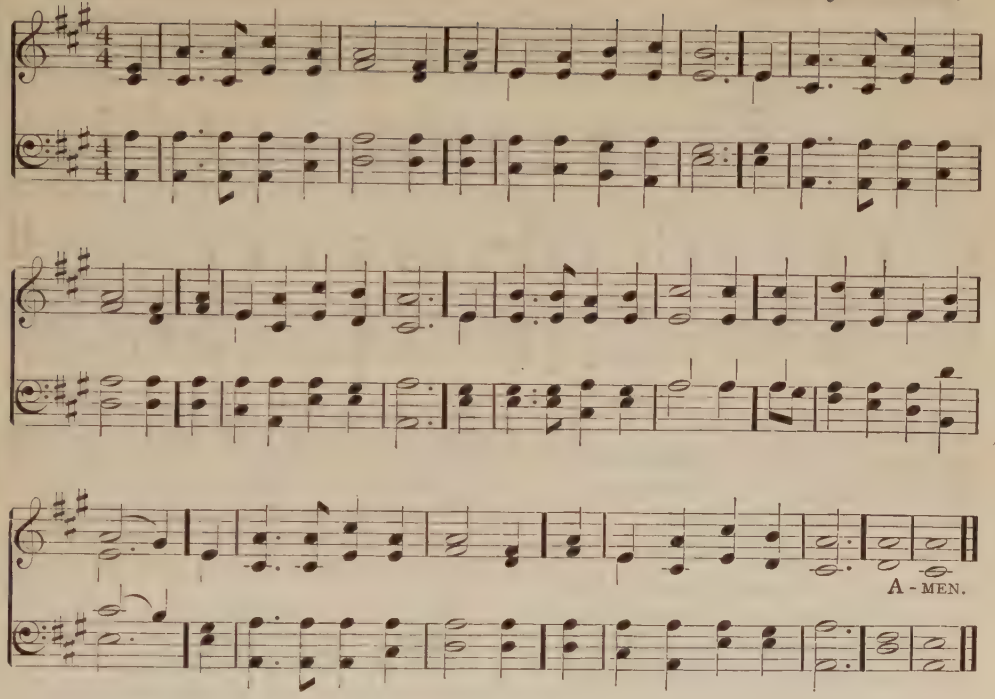
Home, altar, and school, the mill, and the mart,
The workers afield, in science, in art,
Peace-circled and sheltered, shall join to create
The manifold life of the firm-builded state.

Then, then shall the empire of right over wrong
Be shield to the weak and a curb to the strong;
Then justice prevail and, the battle-flags furled,
The high court of nations give law to the world.

And thou, O my country, from many made one,
Last-born of the nations, at morning thy sun,
Arise to the place thou art given to fill,
And lead the world-triumph of peace and good will!

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1909.

WEBB. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. GEORGE JAMES WEBB.



430.

The promised time.

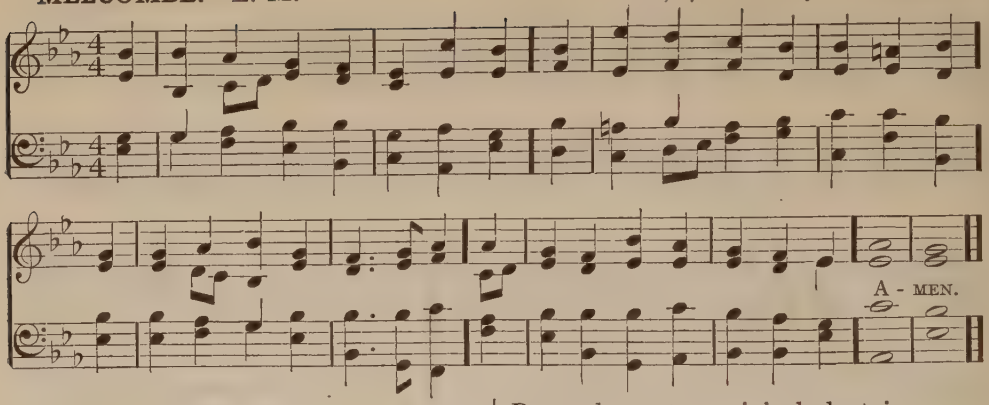
Now is the time approaching,
By prophets long foretold,
When all shall dwell together,
One shepherd and one fold.
Let war be learned no longer,
Let strife and tumult cease,
All earth his blesséd kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace.

Let all that now divides us
Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day.
Let all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union,
In a blest land of love.

O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray!
Yet shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away.
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on,
To pray, and hope, and labor,
Till the dark night be gone.

JANE LAURIE BORTHWICK.*

MELCOMBE. L. M. SAMUEL WEBBE, 1782. Arr. by W. H. MONK.



431. *The city of God.*

Not given to us from out the skies,
Perfect, complete, to glad our eyes;
On earth the new Jerusalem
Is built by earnest, loving men.

Four-square with truth that city lies,
Its shining walls toward heaven arise,
And its foundations, strong and sure,
In righteousness and faith endure.

Its gates stand open day and night,
While issuing from them, rayed in light,
A happy throng life's highways press,
With loving zeal to serve and bless.

O city, dreamed by ancient seer!
Our faithfulness must bring thee near;
Our toil and sorrow, hope and prayer,
Alone can lift thy walls in air.

Yet not to us, to him the praise,
Whose wisdom guides and guards our ways;
Let all our hearts adoring own
The Master-Builder, God alone.

CHARLES WILLIAM WENDTE, 1907.

432. *'Give peace in our time, O God.'*

O God of love, O King of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

Remember, Lord, thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

Whom shall we trust but thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on thy faithful word?
None ever called on thee in vain:
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain:
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, 1861.

433. *'The day of the Lord.'*

Kingdom of God! the day how blest
When to thy fold as to their home,
From north and south, from east and west,
Thine own of every name shall come!

Day of the Lord! thine hour draws nigh,
We see the radiant dawn afar;
The light of truth illumes the sky,
Resplendent as the morning star.

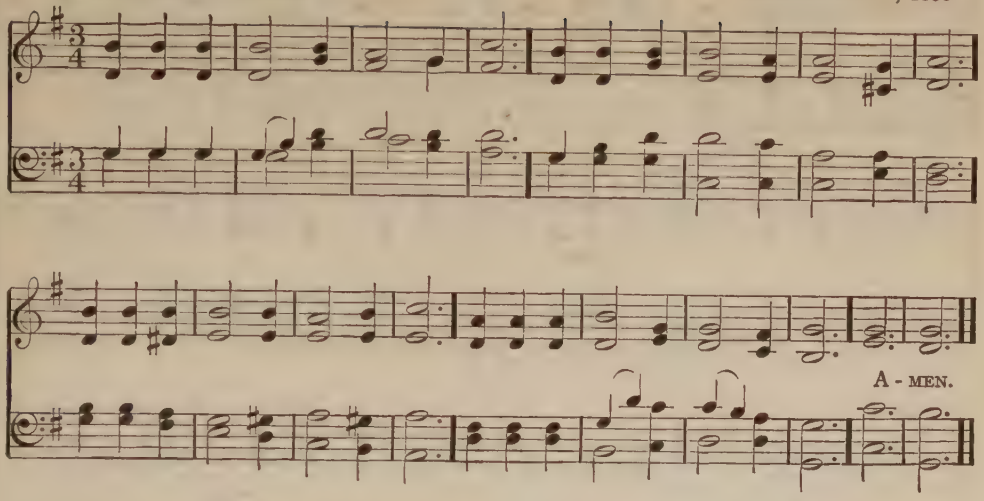
Not ours the noon, but ours the dawn,
The prelude to the full-orbed day;
And ours to bid the clouds be gone,
And give the light unhindered way.

All glory, gracious God, to thee!
We lift our eyes unto the hills,
And lo! the blessed prophecy,
By thy strong arm, its course fulfils.

SETH CURTIS BEACH, 1907.

PENTECOST. L. M.

WILLIAM BOYD, 1868.



434. *'A Prayer for Peace.'*

Let there be light, Lord God of Hosts!
Let there be wisdom on the earth!
Let broad humanity have birth!
Let there be deeds, instead of boasts!

Within our passioned hearts instill
The calm that endeth deadly strife;
Make us thy ministers of life;
Purge us from lusts that curse and kill.

Give us the peace of vision clear
To see our brothers' good our own,
To joy and suffer not alone:
The love that casteth out all fear.

Let woe and waste of warfare cease,
That useful labor yet may build
Its homes with love and laughter filled.
God, give thy wayward children peace!

WILLIAM MERRELL VORIES.
1911.

435. *One Lord there is, all lords above.*

One Lord there is, all lords above;
His name is Truth, his name is Love,
His name is Beauty, it is Light,
His will is Everlasting Right.

But ah! to wrong what is his name?
This Lord is a Consuming Flame
To every wrong beneath the sun;
He is one Lord, the Holy One.

Lord of the Everlasting Name,
Truth, Beauty, Light, Consuming Flame!
Shall I not lift my heart to thee,
And ask thee, Lord, to rule in me?

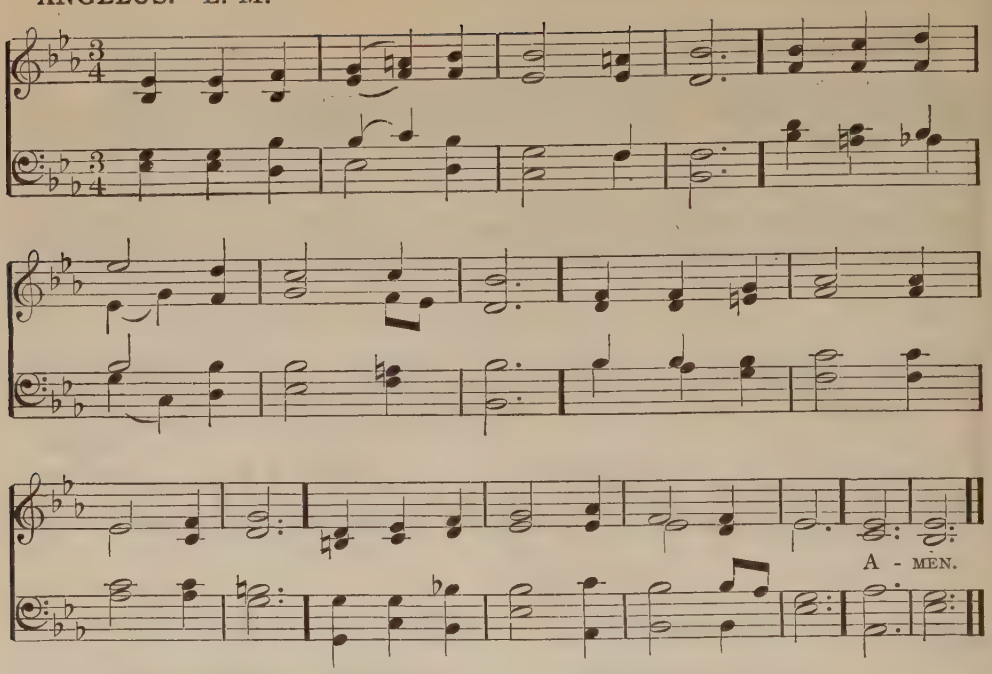
If I be ruled in other wise,
My lot is cast with all that dies,
With things that harm, and things that hate,
And roam by night, and miss the Gate,

Thy happy Gate, which leads to where
Love is like sunshine in the air,
And Love and Law are both the same,
Named with an Everlasting Name.

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.

ANGELUS. L. M.

GEORG JOSEPHI, c. 1657.



436. *'Thanksgiving for Saints and Prophets.'*

To thee, Eternal Soul, be praise!
Who, from of old to our own days
Through souls of saints and prophets, Lord,
Hast sent thy light, thy love, thy word.

We thank thee for each mighty one
Through whom thy living light hath shone;
And for each humble soul and sweet
That lights to heaven our wandering feet.

We thank thee for the love divine
Made real in every saint of thine;
That boundless love itself that gives
In service to each soul that lives.

We thank thee for the word of might
The Spirit spake in darkest night;
Spake through the trumpet voices loud
Of prophets at thy throne who bowed.

Eternal Soul, our souls keep pure!
That like thy saints we may endure;
Forever through thy servants, Lord,
Send thou thy light, thy love, thy word.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

437. *'Anniversary Hymn.'*

Thou glorious God, before whose face
The generations pass away,
As to our eyes the tender grace
And marvel of each shining day,

We thank thee for the joy sublime
Of years so radiant with thy power
That all the best of endless time
Seems granted to the fleeting hour.

We praise thee for the surer right,
The clearer message from above,
The lengthening day, the shortening night,
The wiser ministries of love.

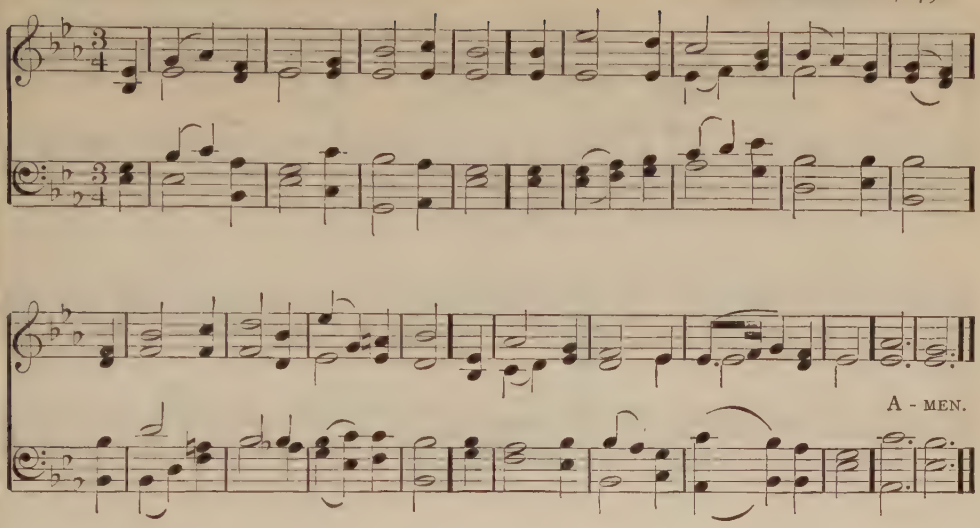
We bless thee for the friends we miss,
Who wrought out peace and stilled our pain;
And trust thee, on some height of bliss,
That thou wilt make us one again.

We magnify thy holy name;
And, while in thee our hearts rejoice,
Strong be our wills through praise and shame
To do the bidding of thy voice.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.*

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

EDWARD MILLER, 1790.



438.

'Universal Worship.'

O Thou to whom in ancient time
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue!

Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favored worshipper may dwell;
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven and find acceptance there.

O Thou to whom in ancient time
The lyre of prophet bards was strung!
To thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

JOHN PIERPONT, 1824.

439.

'In lonely vigil.'

O thou in lonely vigil led
To follow Truth's new-risen star
Ere yet her morning skies are red,
And vale and upland shadowed are, —

Gird up thy loins and take thy road,
Obedient to the vision be:
Trust not in numbers; God is God,
And one with him majority!

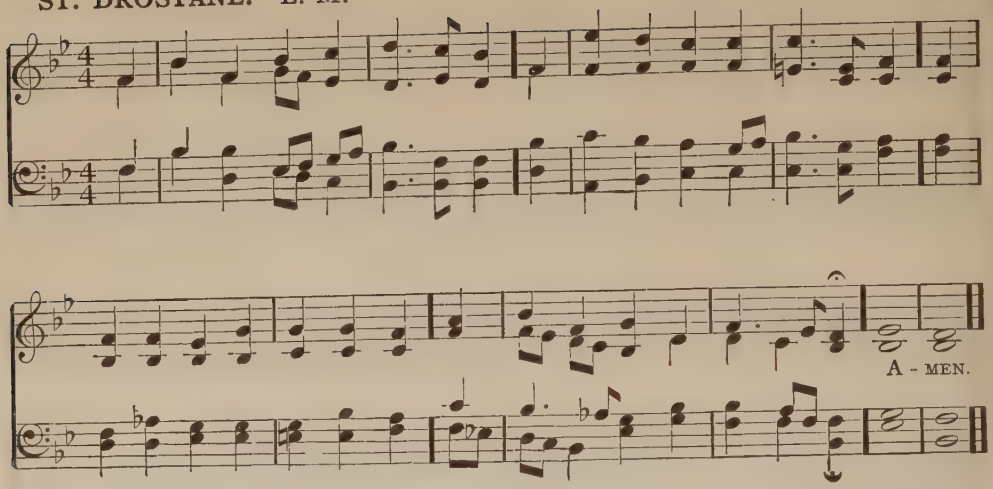
Soon pass the judgments of the hour,
Forgotten are the scorn and blame;
The Word moves on, a gladdening power,
And safe enshrines the prophet's fame.

Now, as of old, in lowly plight
The Christ of larger faith is born:
The watching shepherds come by night,
And then, the kings of earth at morn!

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1903.

ST. DROSTANE. L. M.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1862.



440.

Thou mighty God!

Thou mighty God, who didst of old
The psalmist's wondrous song inspire,
Our hearts are glad that every age
Is touched by thine immortal fire.

We bless thee for the radiant bands
Whose voices sound from every shore,
Making a music clear and sweet
That man shall love forevermore.

How can we thank thee, gracious God,
For what no worth of ours has bought,—
The heritage of faith and hope,
The wider vision, nobler thought?

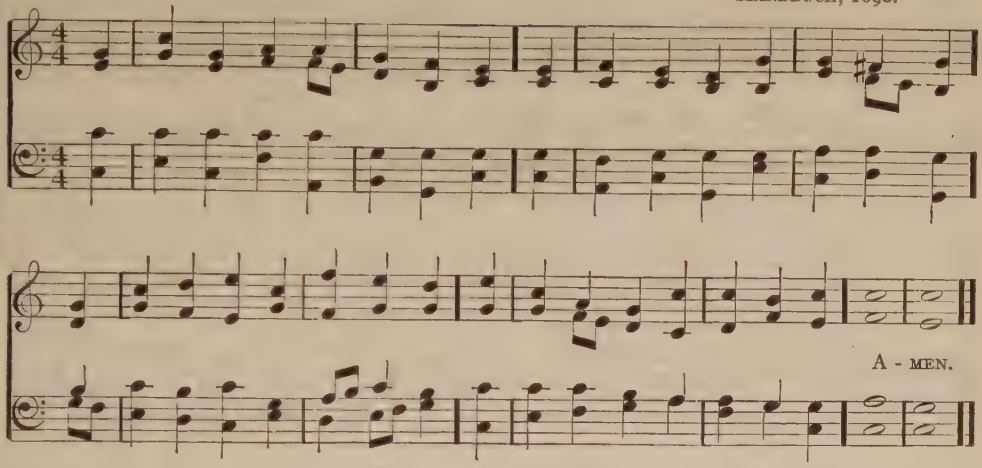
Our earth a deeper wonder shows,
Our skies a mightier host reveal,
The bells of God their changes ring
With fuller chords and grander peal.

All things, O God, thou makest new!
From age to age thy plastic hand
Unceasing moulds to fairer forms
The worlds that rose at thy command.

Adapted from JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

WINCHESTER NEW. L. M.

HAMBURGER MUSICALISCHES HANDBUCH, 1690.



441.

The unchanging God.

Eternal One, thou living God,
Whom changing years unchanged reveal,
With thee their way our fathers trod;
The hand they held, in ours we feel.

The same our trust, the same our need,
In sorrow's stress, in duty's hour;
We keep their faith, if not their creed,
That faith the fount of all our power.

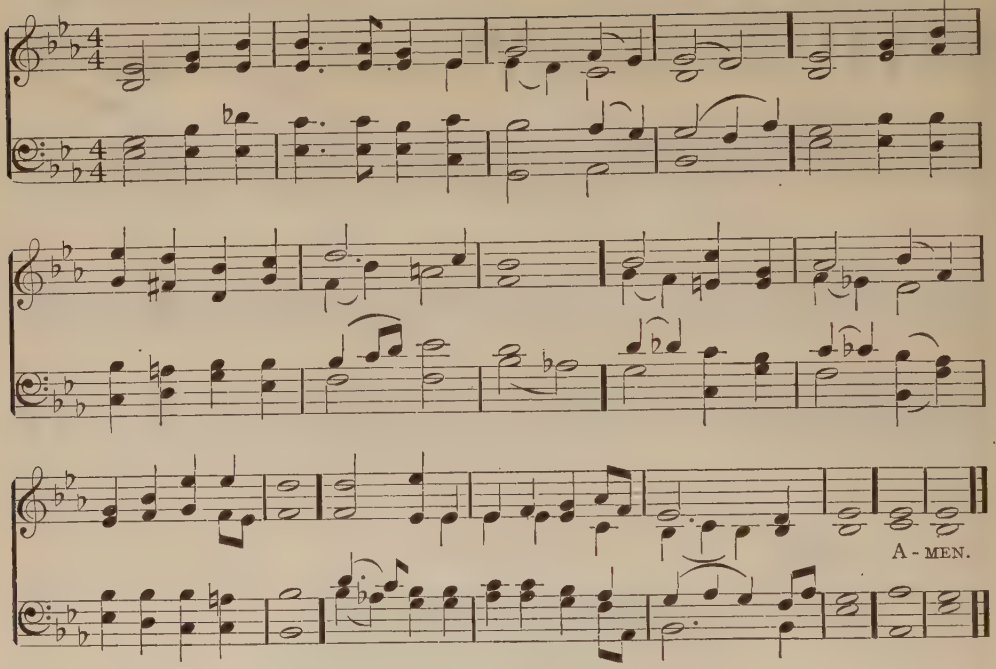
We bless thee for the growing light,
The advancing thought, the widening view,
The larger freedom, clearer sight,
Which from the old unfolds the new.

With wider view, come loftier goal;
With fuller light, more good to see;
With freedom, truer self-control,
With knowledge, deeper reverence be.

Anew we pledge ourselves to thee,
To follow where thy truth shall lead;
Afloat upon its boundless sea,
Who sails with God is safe indeed!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1875.

PAX DEI. 10.10.10.10. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1868.



442.

The witness of the past.

The past yet lives in all its truth, O God!
Where thy great spirit speaks for us to hear;
Where holy lives their lofty witness bear,
And, by their glory, make our course more clear.

That such as these have trod the world's steep path,
Wresting from sin its strength, from wrong its throne,
In every age and clime the leaders true
By whom the way of life to man is shown, —

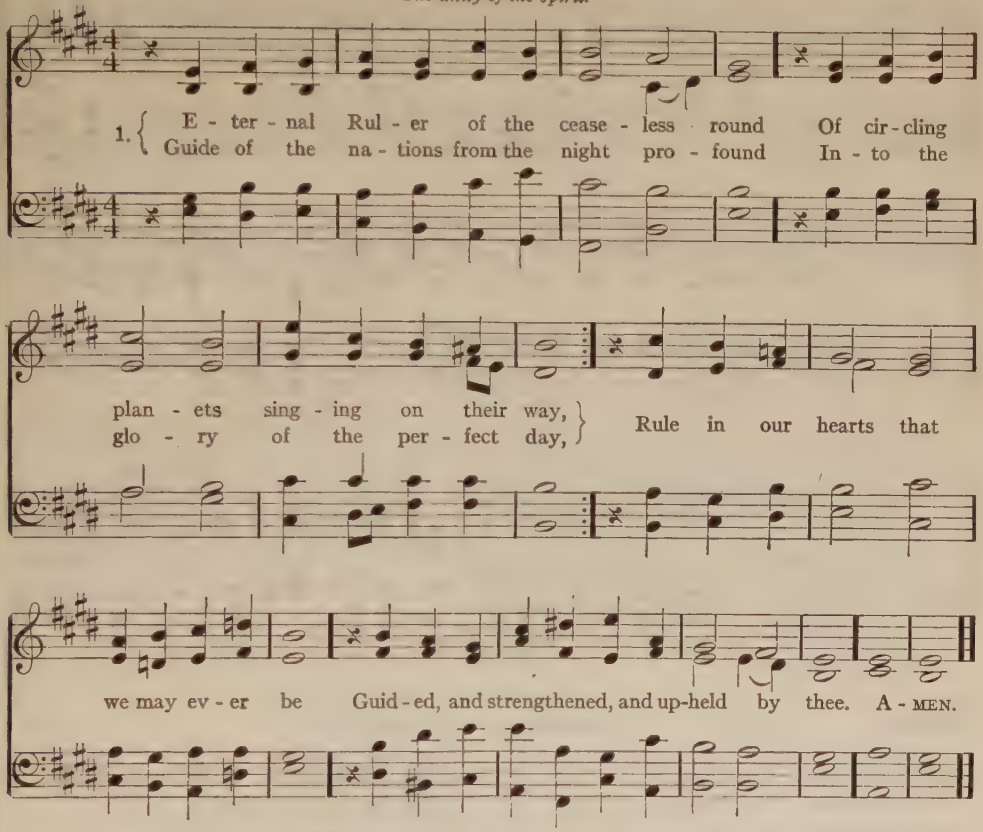
We, with our spirits waked to higher aims,
Would thank thee, Holy Father of our souls,
Taking to heart the prophecy of might
That from their burning deeds forever rolls.

O lead us, Father! break all bonds that keep
Our souls from heeding thee, and only thee;
Teach us that they who serve the living truth
Hallow all time, and move eternity.

FRANCIS PARKER APPLETON, 1864.

443. CHADWICK. 10.10.10.10.10.10. MARY PHILLIPS WEBSTER, 1913.

The unity of the spirit.


1. E - ter - nal Rul - er of the cease - less round Of cir - cling
Guide of the na - tions from the night pro - found In - to the
plan - ets sing - ing on their way,
glo - ry of the per - fect day,
Rule in our hearts that
we may ev - er be Guid - ed, and strengthened, and up-held by thee. A - MEN.

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2

We are of thee, the children of thy love,
The brothers of thy well-belovéd son.
Descend, O Holy Spirit, like a dove,
Into our hearts, that we may be as one,—
As one with thee, to whom we ever tend;
As one with him, our brother and our friend.

3

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembles into prayer,
One in the power that makes thy children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow thee.

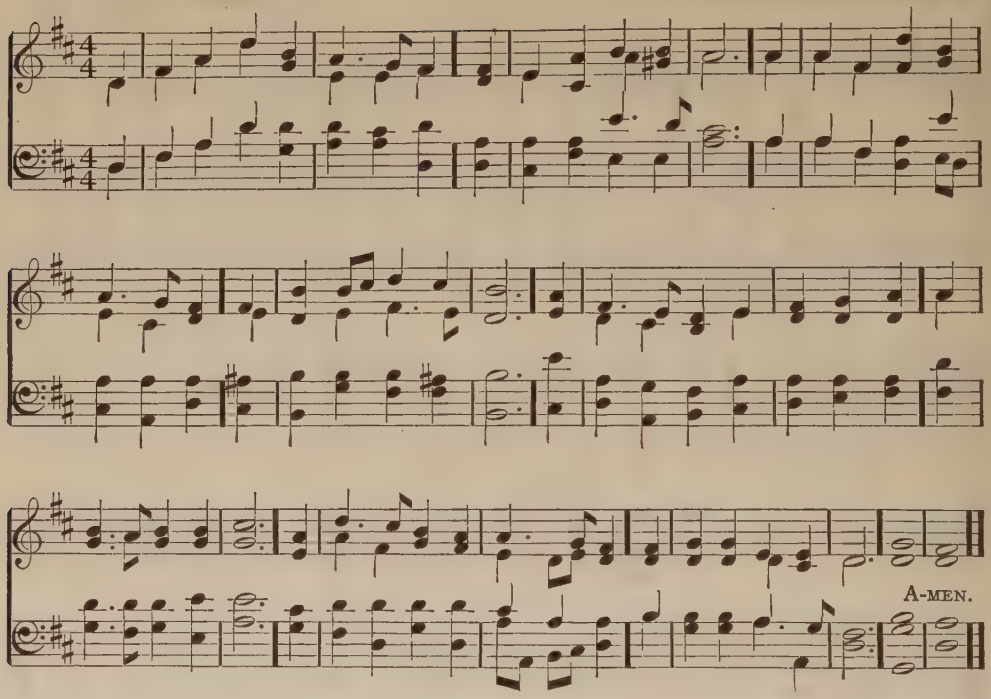
4

O clothe us with thy heavenly armor, Lord!
Thy trusty shield, thy sword of love divine;
Our inspiration be thy constant word;
We ask no victories that are not thine;
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be,
Enough to know that we are serving thee.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK, 1864.

PETERSHAM. C. M. D.

CLEMENT WILLIAM POOLE, 1875.



444.

'Light is sown for the righteous.'

Behold a Sower! from afar
He goeth forth with might;
The rolling years his furrows are,
His seed the growing light;
For all the just his word is sown,
It springeth up alway;
The tender blade is hope's young dawn,
The harvest, love's new day.

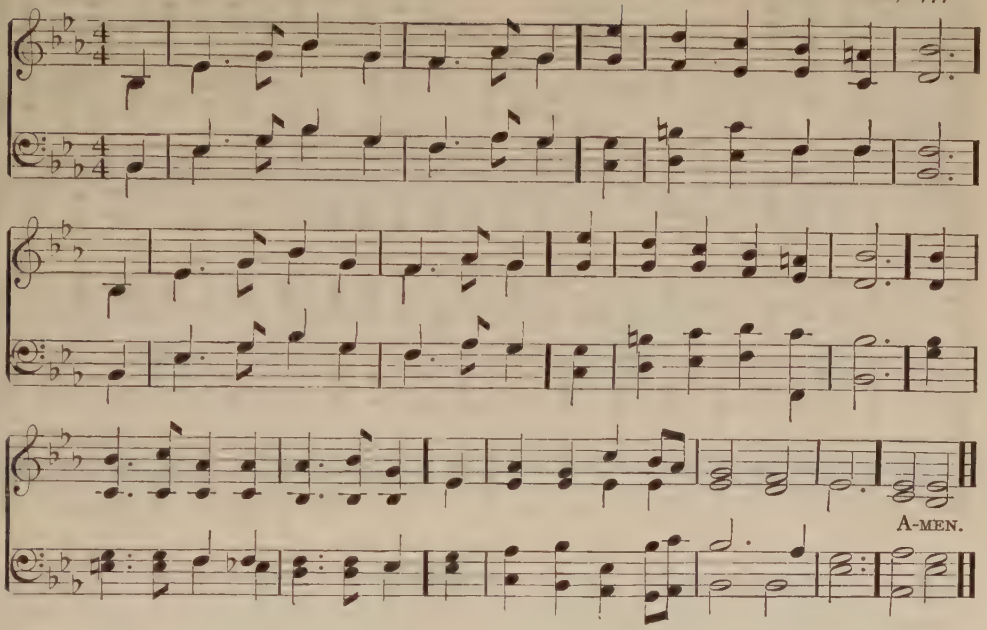
O Lord of life, to thee we lift
Our hearts in praise for those,
Thy prophets, who have shown thy gift
Of grace that ever grows,
Of truth that spreads from shore to shore,
Of wisdom's widening ray,
Of light that shineth more and more
Unto thy perfect day.

Shine forth, O Light, that we may see,
With hearts all unafraid,
The meaning and the mystery
Of things that thou hast made:
Shine forth, and let the darkling past
Beneath thy beam grow bright;
Shine forth, and touch the future vast
With thine untroubled light.

Light up thy word; the fettered page
From killing bondage free:
Light up our way; lead forth this age
In love's large liberty.
O Light of light! within us dwell,
Through us thy radiance pour,
That word and life thy truths may tell,
And praise thee evermore.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN, 1897.

MEIRINGEN. 8.6.8.6.8.8. CHRISTIAN GOTTLOB NEEFE, 1777.



445.

The prophets.

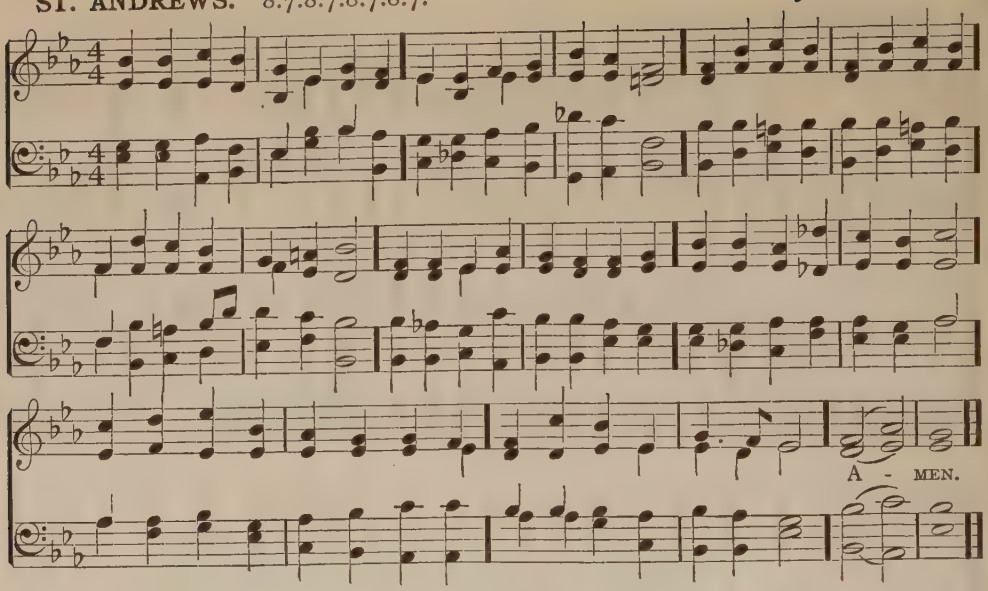
O sing with loud and joyful song,
The seers of every name!
O sing the prophets high and true,
And saints of holy fame!
From age to age their voice is heard,
One solemn cry, one living word.

They came, the Lord's anointed ones,
To every age and shore;
And ever-blesséd tidings brought,
And holy witness bore;
Witness of Love's celestial light,
Of holy and eternal Right.

O thanks that all the ages down
The same love is outpoured!
O thanks that every prophet-voice
Proclaims one truth, one Lord!
O holy throng, ye show the store
Of endless life from more to more.

JAMES VILA BLAKE.

ST. ANDREWS. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7. JOSEPH BARNBY.



446. *'Igjennem Nat og Traengsel.'*

Through the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.
And before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
And steps fearless through the night.

One the light of God's own presence
O'er his faithful people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:
One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires:

One the strain which lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun:
One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the one Almighty Father
Reigns in love forevermore.

BERNHARD SEVERIN INGEMANN, 1825.
Trans. SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1867.

447. *'The future peace and glory of the church.'*

Hear what God, the Lord, hath spoken:
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways:
You shall name your walls 'Salvation,'
And your gates shall all be 'Praise.'

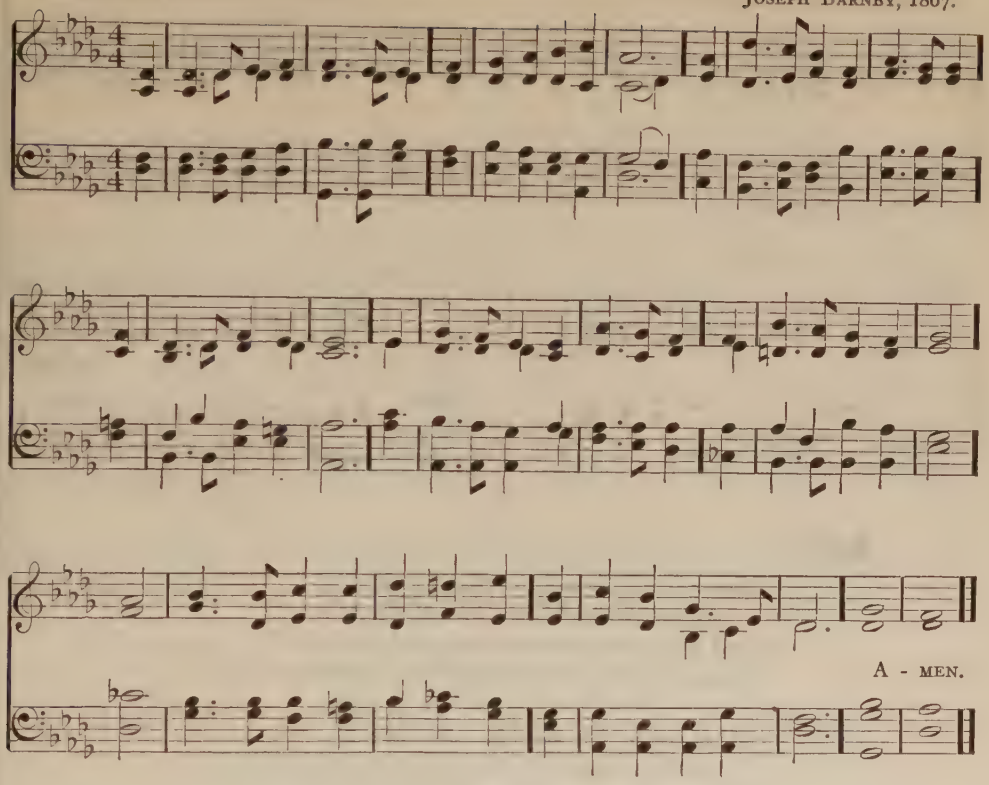
There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow:
Still in undisturbed possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me:
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

WILLIAM COWPER,* 1779.

ASPIRATION. C. M. D.

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1867.



448.

'Godminster.'

The ages one great minster seem
  That throbs with praise and prayer;
From Calvary shines the altar's gleam,
  The church's east is there:
And all the way from Calvary down
  The carven pavement shows
Their graves who won the martyr's crown,
  And safe in God repose.

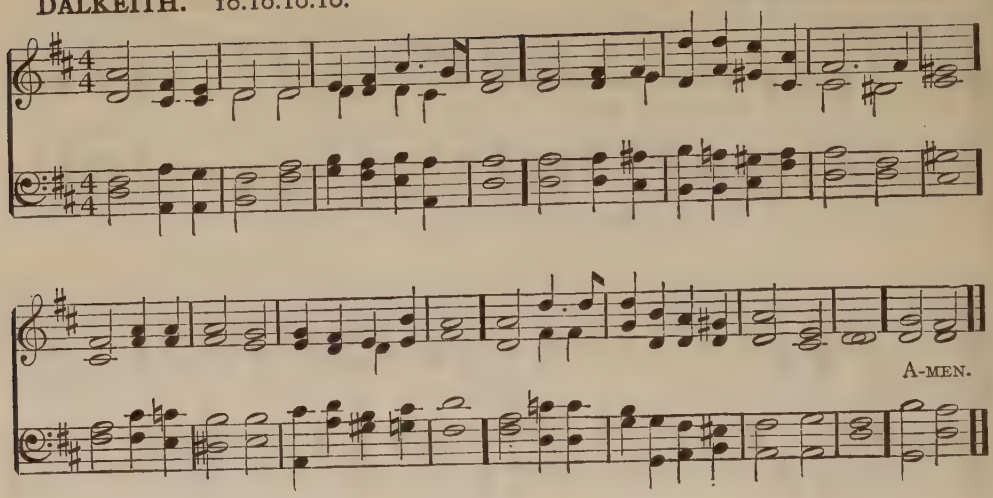
And as the mystic aisles we pace,
  By aureoled workmen built,
Lives ending at the cross we trace
  Alike through grace and guilt.

Moravian hymn and Roman chant
  In one devotion blend,
To speak the soul's eternal want
  Of God, the inmost Friend.

O chime of sweet Saint Charity,
  Peal soon that Easter morn
When Christ for all shall risen be,
  And in all hearts new-born!
That Pentecost when utterance clear
  To all men shall be given,
When all shall say 'my brother' here,
  And hear 'my son' in heaven!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

DALKEITH. 10.10.10.10. THOMAS HEWLETT, 1866.



449.

Gather us in.

Gather us in, thou Love that fillest all;
Gather our rival faiths within thy fold;
Rend each man's temple-veil, and bid it fall,
That we may know that thou hast been of old.

Gather us in: we worship only thee;
In varied names we stretch a common hand;
In diverse forms a common soul we see;
In many ways we seek one promised land.

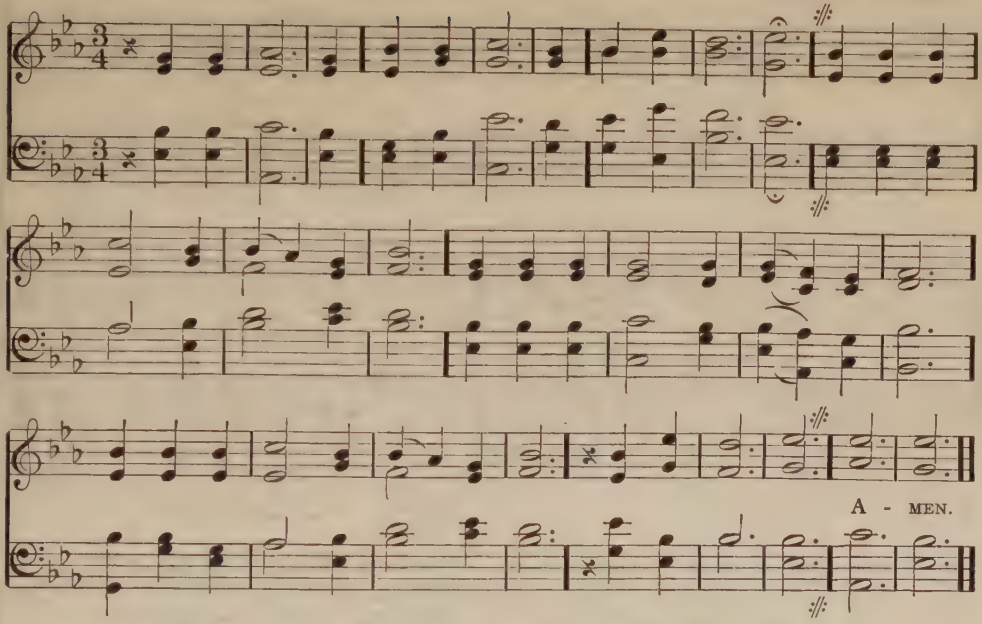
Thine is the mystic life great India craves;
Thine is the Parsee's sin-destroying beam;
Thine is the Buddhist's rest from tossing waves;
Thine is the empire of vast China's dream.

Thine is the Roman's strength without his pride;
Thine is the Greek's glad world without its graves;
Thine is Judea's law with love beside,
The truth that censures and the grace that saves.

Some seek a Father in the heavens above;
Some ask a human image to adore;
Some crave a Spirit vast as life and love: —
Within thy mansions we have all and more.

GEORGE MATHESON, 1890.

PALESTRINA. 8.8.8.4. GIOVANNI PIERLUIGI DA PALESTRINA.



450.

Forgive, O Lord, our severing ways,
The rival altars that we raise,
The wrangling tongues that mar thy praise!

ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

Thy grace impart! In time to be
Shall one great temple rise to thee, —
Thy Church our broad humanity.
Alleluia!

White flowers of love its walls shall climb,
Soft bells of peace shall ring its chime,
Its days shall all be holy time.
Alleluia!

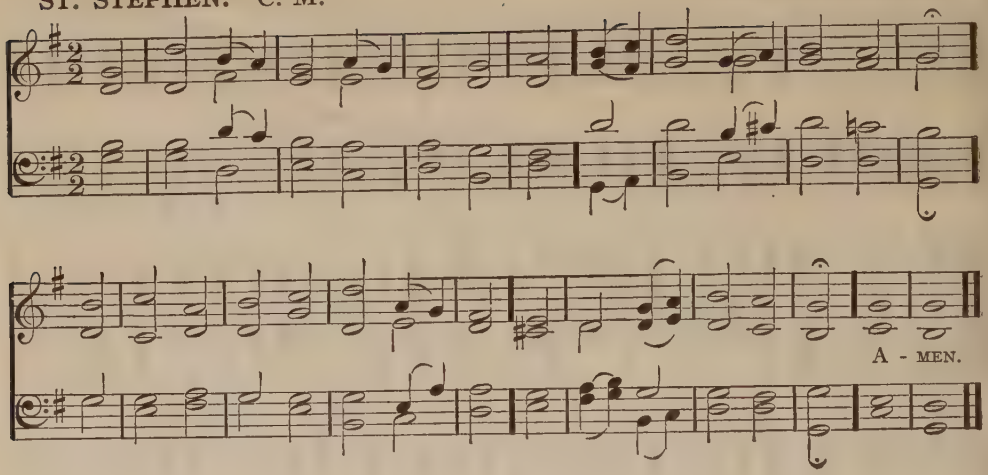
A sweeter song shall then be heard,
Confessing, in a world's accord,
The inward Christ, the living Word.
Alleluia!

That song shall swell from shore to shore,
One hope, one faith, one love restore
The seamless robe that Jesus wore.
Alleluia!

Composite: based on JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

ST. STEPHEN. C. M.

WILLIAM JONES, 1789.



451. *'The City of God.'*

City of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.

One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast, high intent,
One working band, one harvest-song,
One King omnipotent!

How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth!
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of freedom, love, and truth!

How gleam thy watch-fires through the night,
With never-fainting ray!
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day!

In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands;
Unharmed, upon the Eternal Rock,
The eternal city stands.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1864.

452. *The Church Universal.*

One holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

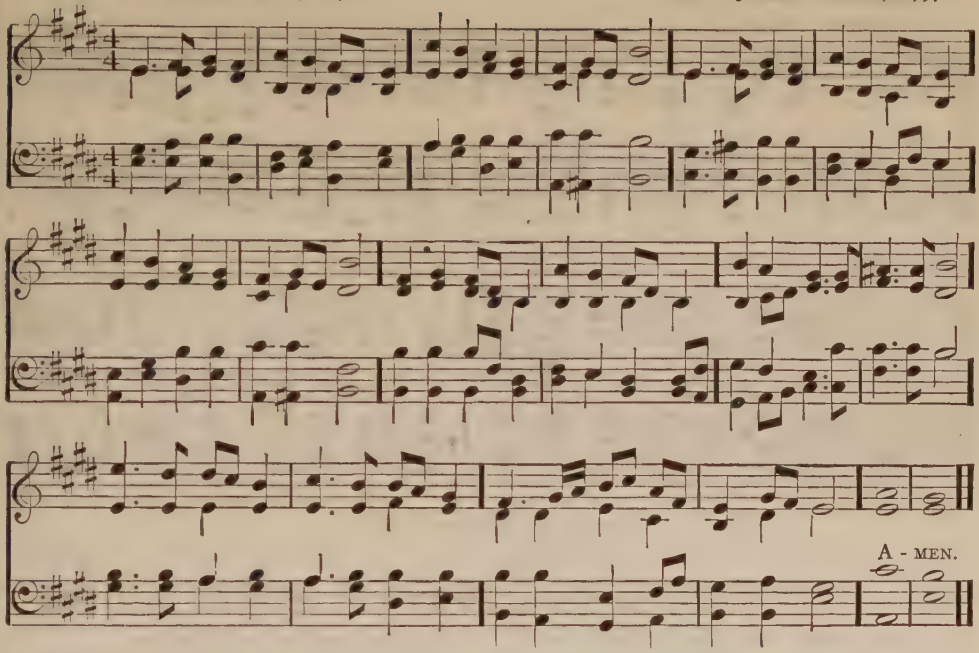
Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones;
Love, her communion-cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errands swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church! thine errand speed;
Fulfil thy task sublime;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed;
Redeem the evil time!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1860.

AUSTRIA. 8.7.8.7.8.7.7. FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN, 1797.



453. *Inspiration.*

Light of ages and of nations,
Every race, and every time,
Has received thine inspirations,
Glimpses of thy truth sublime.
Always spirits in rapt vision
Passed the heavenly veil within,
Always hearts bowed in contrition
Found salvation from their sin.

Reason's noble aspiration
Truth in growing clearness saw;
Conscience spoke its condemnation,
Or proclaimed the eternal law.
While thine inward revelations
Told thy saints their prayers were heard,
Prophets to the guilty nations
Spoke thine everlasting word.

Lord, that word abideth ever;
Revelation is not sealed;
Answering now to our endeavor,
Truth and right are still revealed.
That which came to ancient sages,
Greek, Barbarian, Roman, Jew,
Written in the soul's deep pages,
Shines to-day, forever new!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

454. *The city of God.*

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

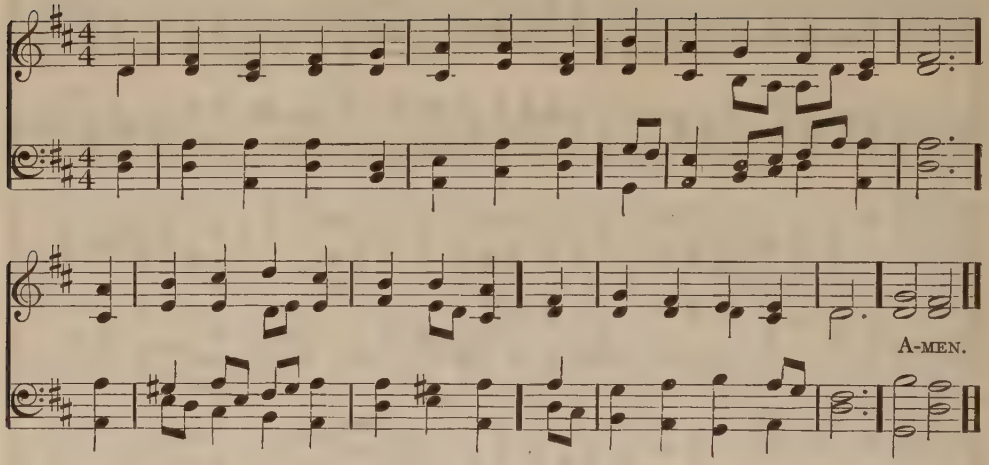
See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

JOHN NEWTON.

VULPIUS. C. M.

(Christus, der ist mein Leben.)

MELCHIOR VULPIUS, 1609.



Alternative Tune: Winchester Old.

455. *'The goodly fellowship of the prophets.'*

From age to age how grandly rise
The prophet souls in line!
Above the passing centuries
Like beacon-lights they shine.

Through differing accents of the lip
One message they proclaim,
One growing bond of fellowship,
Above all names one Name.

They witness to one heritage,
One Spirit's quickening breath,
One widening reign, from age to age,
Of freedom and of faith.

Their kindling power our souls confess;
Though dead they speak to-day:
How great the cloud of witnesses
Encompassing our way!

Through every race, in every clime,
One song shall yet be heard:
Move onward in thy course sublime,
O everlasting Word!

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1899.

456. *The reformers.*

O pure reformers! not in vain
Your trust in human kind;
The good which bloodshed could not gain,
Your peaceful zeal shall find.

The truths ye urge are borne abroad
By every wind and tide;
The voice of nature and of God
Speaks out upon your side.

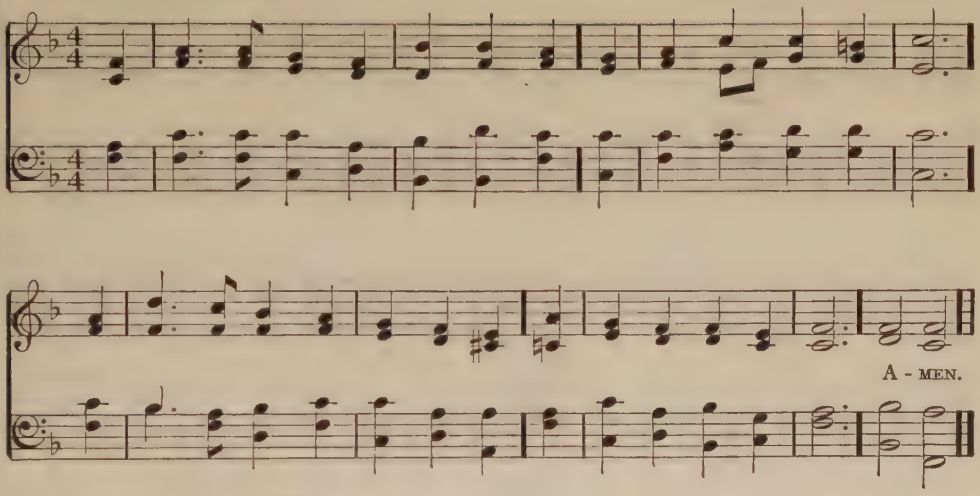
The weapons which your hands have found
Are those which heaven hath wrought,
Light, truth, and love; your battleground,
The free, broad field of thought.

O may no selfish purpose break
The beauty of your plan,
No lie from throne or altar shake
Your steady faith in man.

Press on! and, if we may not share
The glory of your fight,
We'll ask at least, in earnest prayer,
God's blessing on the right.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1843.
Adapted.

WINCHESTER OLD. C. M. CHRISTOPHER TYE, 1592.



457. *'One Life, Law, Love.'*

O prophet souls of all the years,
Bend o'er us from above;
Your far-off vision, toils, and tears
Now to fulfilment move!

From tropic clime and zones of frost
They come, of every name, —
This, this our day of Pentecost,
The Spirit's tongue of flame.

One Life together we confess,
One all-indwelling Word,
One holy Call to righteousness
Within the silence heard:

One Law that guides the shining spheres
As on through space they roll,
And speaks in flaming characters
On Sinais of the soul:

One Love, unfathomed, measureless,
An ever-flowing sea,
That holds within its vast embrace
Time and eternity.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1893.

458. *'The Day of God.'*

Thy kingdom come, — on bended knee
The passing ages pray;
And faithful souls have yearned to see
On earth that kingdom's day.

But the slow watches of the night
Not less to God belong,
And for the everlasting Right
The silent stars are strong.

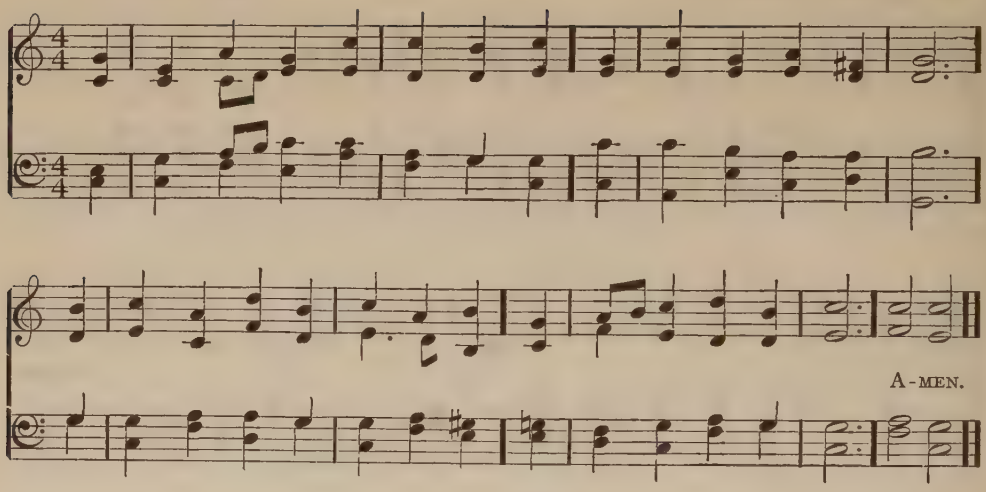
And lo! already on the hills
The flags of dawn appear;
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,
Proclaim the day is near!

The day in whose clear-shining light
All wrong shall stand revealed;
When justice shall be throned in might,
And every hurt be healed:

When knowledge hand in hand with peace
Shall walk the earth abroad, —
The day of perfect righteousness,
The promised day of God.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1891.

ST. ANNE. C. M. WILLIAM CROFT, 1708.



459.

'Let us go to seek the Lord.'

O saints of old! not yours alone
The search for God shall be;
We take the glory for our own;
Lord! we are seeking thee.

Not only when ascends the song
And soundeth sweet the word;
Not only with the Sabbath throng,
Our souls would seek the Lord.

We mingle with another throng,
And other words we speak;
To other business we belong,
Yet still our Lord we seek.

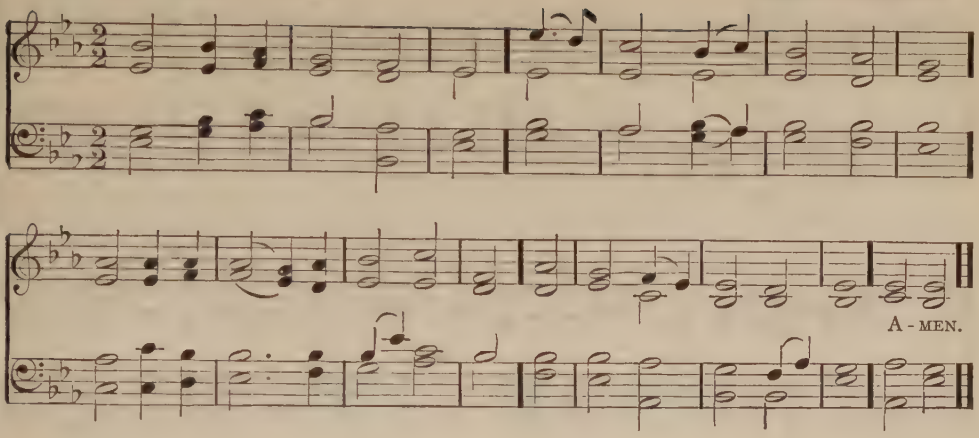
We would not to our daily task
Without our God repair,
But in the world his presence ask,
And seek his glory there.

O everywhere, O every day,
Thy grace is still outpoured:
We work, we watch, we strive, we pray,
Behold thy seekers, Lord!

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL,* 1848.

MORNINGTON. S. M.

GARRET WELLESLEY.



460.

The field is the world.

Thou, whose glad summer yields
Fit increase of the spring,
In faith we sow these living fields,
Bless thou the harvesting.

Thy church must lead aright
Life's work, left all undone,
Till, founded fast in love and light,
Earth home to heaven be won.

Grant, then, thy servants, Lord,
Fresh strength from hour to hour;
Through speech and deed the living word
Find utterance with power,

To keep the child's faith bright,
To strengthen manhood's truth,
And set the age-dimmed eye alight
With heaven's eternal youth;

That in the time's stern strife,
With saints we speed reform,
Unresting in the calm of life,
Unshrinking in the storm.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1864.

461.

For all thy saints.

For all thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in thee to live,
Who followed thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

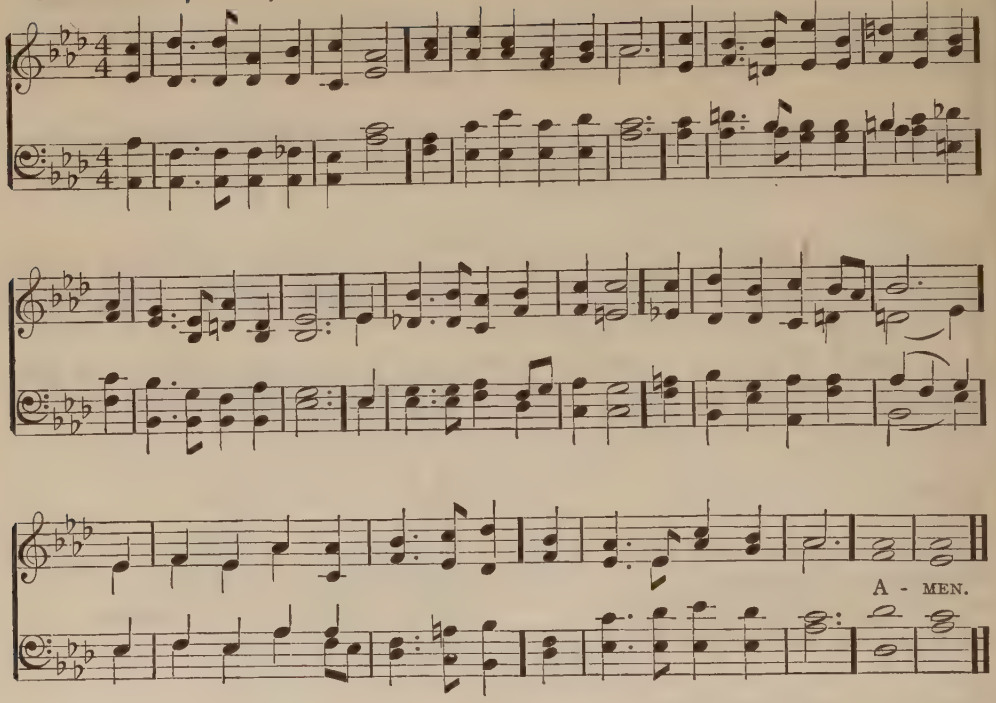
For all thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted thee their great reward,
And strove in thee to die.

They all in life and death,
With thee, their Lord, in view,
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

For this, thy name we bless,
And humbly beg that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee.

RICHARD MANT, 1837.

ALFORD. 7.6.8.6.7.6.8.6. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1875.



462.

'All nations shall flow unto it.'

Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'T is finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

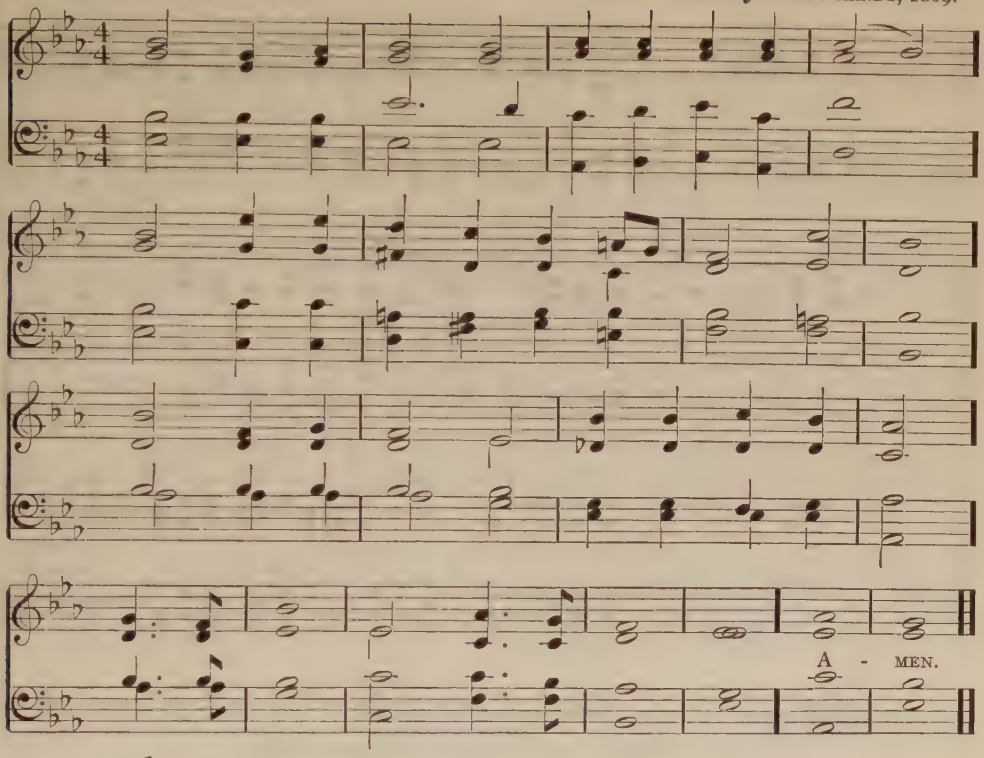
What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes,
A thousand-fold repaid!

O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late,
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'T is finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

HENRY ALFORD, 1867.

SARUM. 10.10.10.4. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1869.



463.

The cloud of witnesses.

For all the saints, who from their labors rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blessed.
Alleluia!

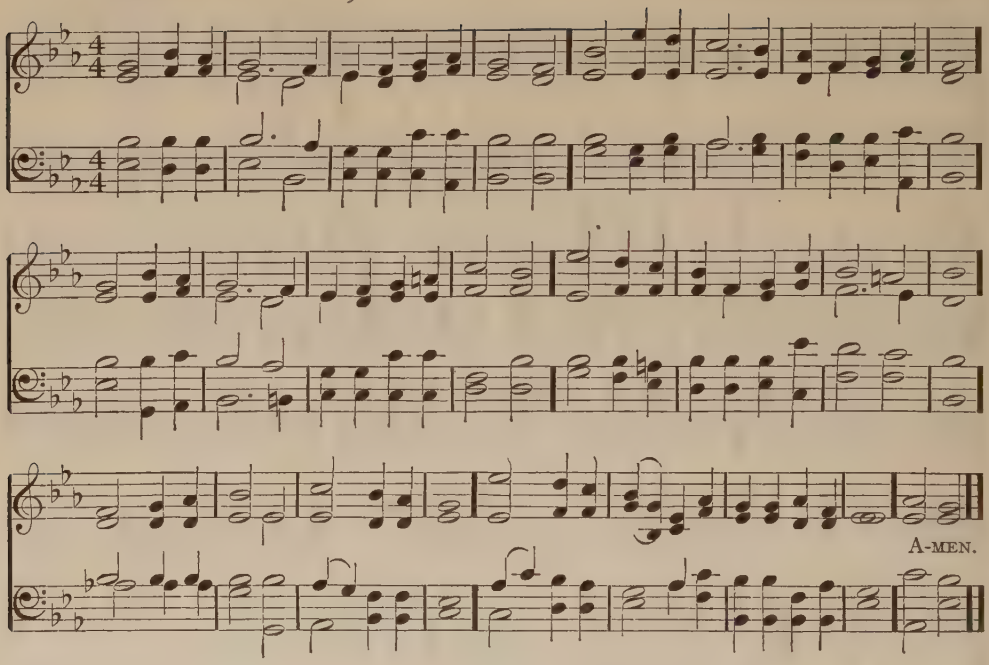
Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light.
Alleluia!

O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints, who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia!

O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.
Alleluia!

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1864

PILGRIMS. 11.10.11.10.9.11. HENRY SMART, 1868.



464.

'Pilgrims of the Night.'

Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blesséd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

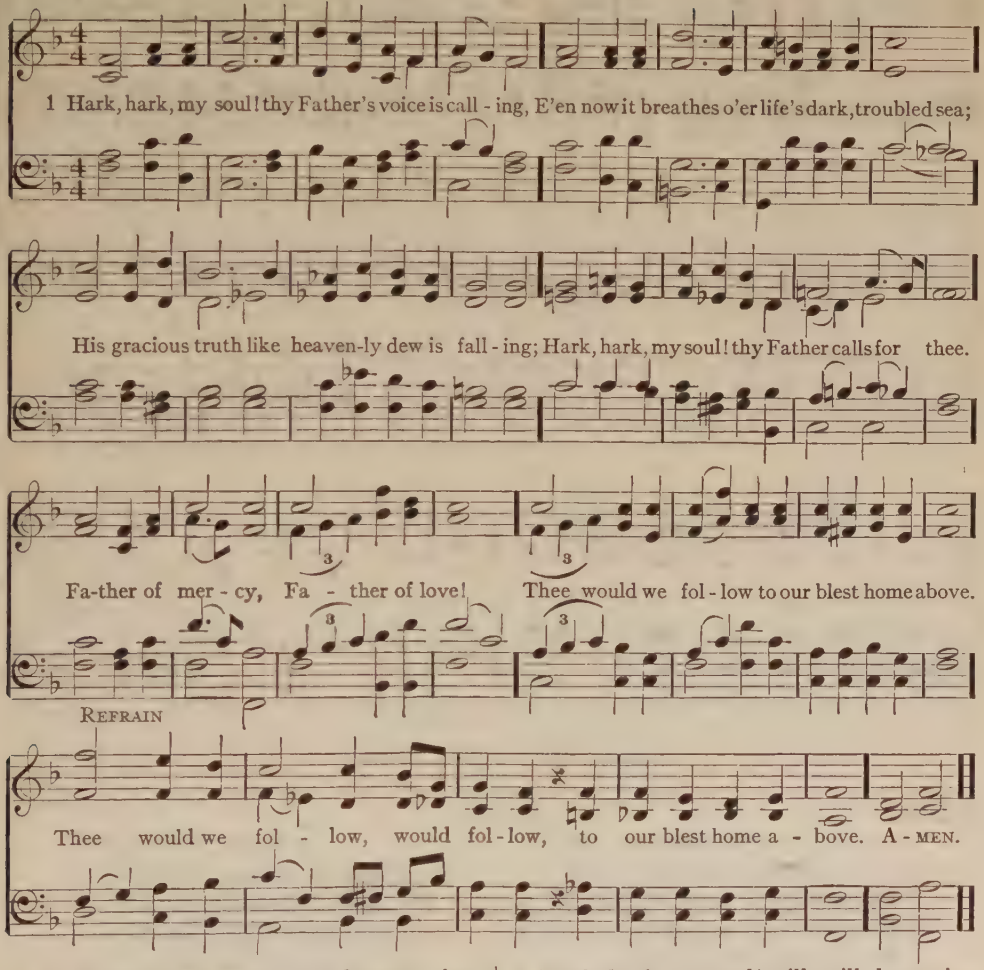
Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
'Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come';
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, 1854.

VOX ANGELICA. 11.10.11.10.9.11. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1868.

465.

Father of mercy, Father of love.

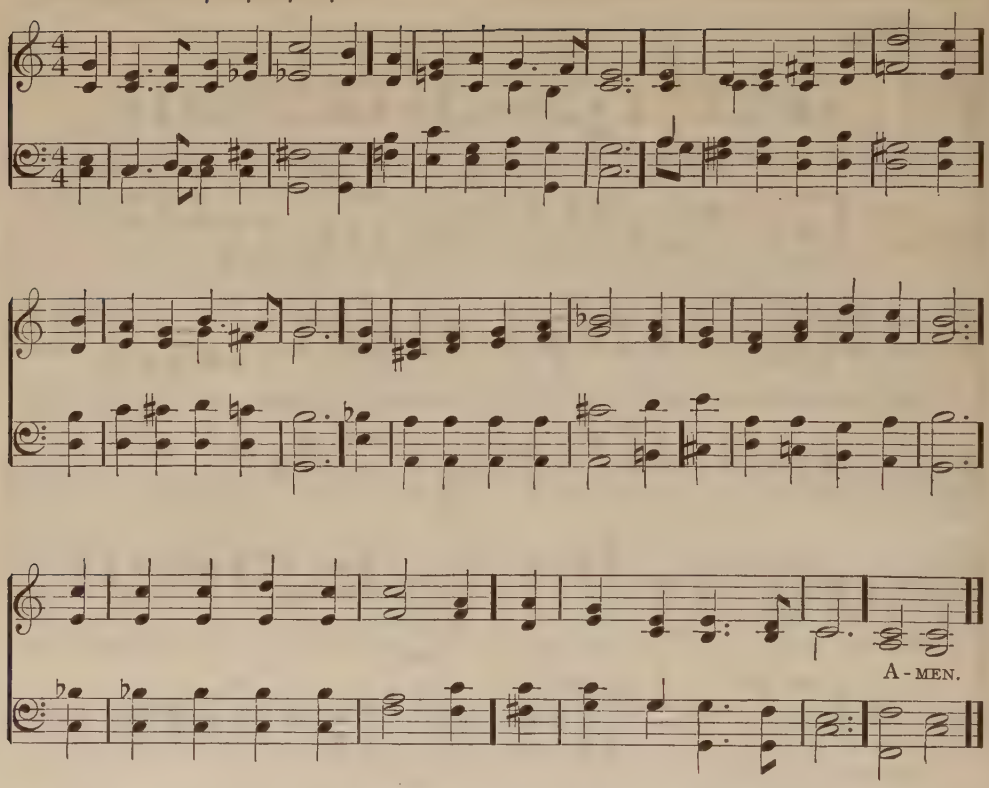

1 Hark, hark, my soul! thy Father's voice is call - ing, E'en now it breathes o'er life's dark, troubled sea;
His gracious truth like heaven-ly dew is fall - ing; Hark, hark, my soul! thy Father calls for thee.
Fa-ther of mer - cy, Fa - ther of love! Thee would we fol - low to our blest home above.
REFRAIN
Thee would we fol - low, would fol - low, to our blest home a - bove. A - MEN.

2 Hark, hark, my soul! from heaven that voice is pleading
With thee, ere evil days draw darkly near;
Still by his love our Father's hand is leading,
From sin and shame, from sorrow, doubt, and fear.
Father of mercy, Father of love!
Thee would we follow to our blest home above.

3 Hark, hark, my soul! still, still that voice is sounding,
Like music sweet from some far distant shore,
While angel bands, our daily path surrounding,
Lead God's dear children on forevermore.
Father of mercy, Father of love!
Thee would we follow to our blest home above.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

MOSCOW. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN.



Alternative Tune: Ewing, or *Lancashire.*

466.

Psalm XXIII. 4.

In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid;
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

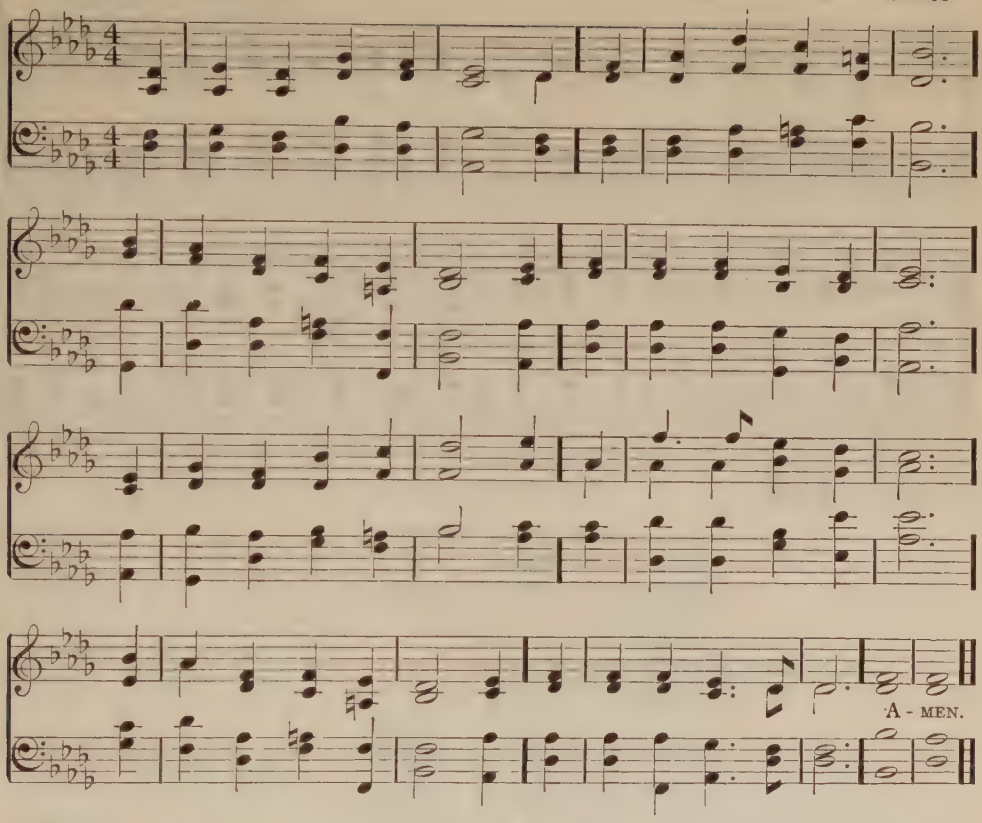
Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.

His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path in life is free:
My Father has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

ANNA LÆTITIA WARING,* 1850.

EWING. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. ALEXANDER EWING, 1853.



467.

'Urbs Sion aurea.'

Jerusalem, the golden,
With milk and honey blest!
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, O I know not
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

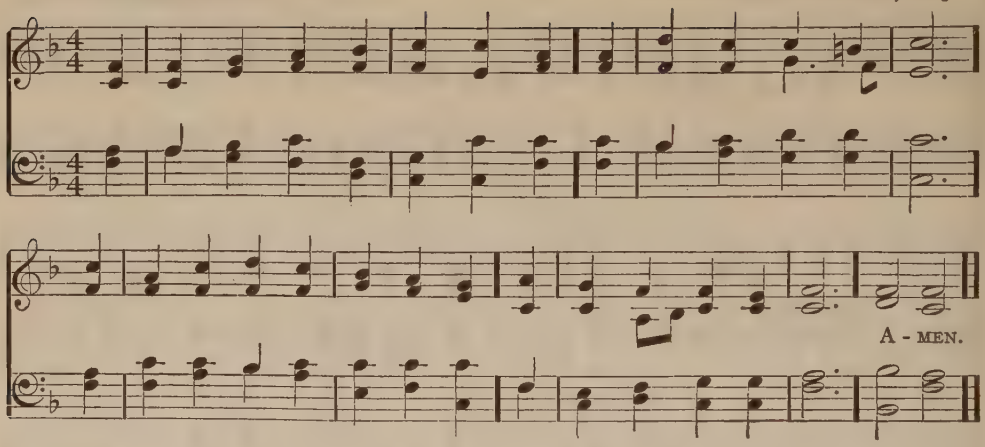
They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.

The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blesséd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they who, with their leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

BERNARD OF CLUNY, c. 1140.
Trans. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1849.
Hymns Ancient and Modern, 1861.

DUNFERMLINE. C. M. SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1615.



468.

The land of pure delight.

There is a land of pure delight
  Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
  And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
  And never withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
  This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
  Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
  While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
  To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
  And fear to launch away.

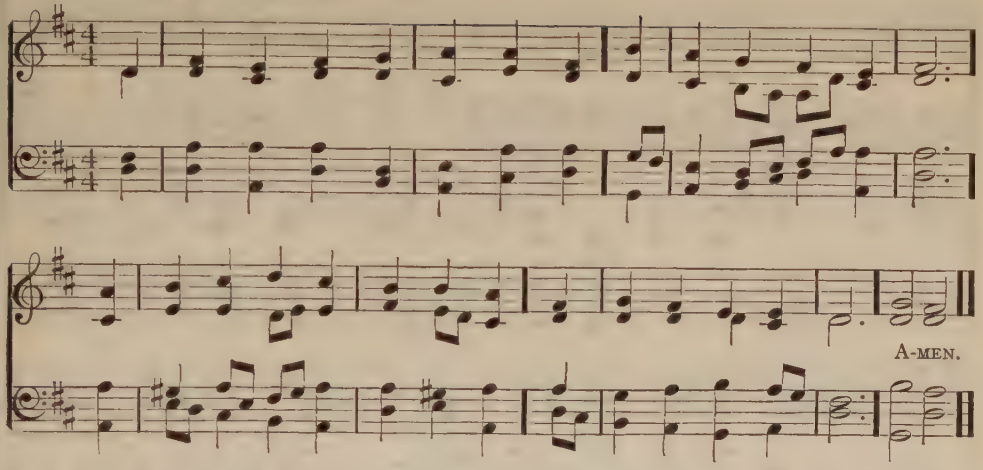
O! could we make our doubts remove,
  Those gloomy doubts that rise —
And see the Canaan that we love
  With unbeclouded eyes:

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
  And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
  Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

VULPIUS. C. M.
(*Christus, der ist mein Leben.*)

MELCHIOR VULPIUS, 1609.



469.

Assured.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And he can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruisèd reed he will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

470.

The dearer trust.

My God, I rather look to thee
Than to my fancies fond,
And wait till thou reveal to me
That fair and far Beyond.

I seek not of thine Eden-land
The forms and hues to know,
What trees in mystic order stand,
What strange, sweet waters flow;

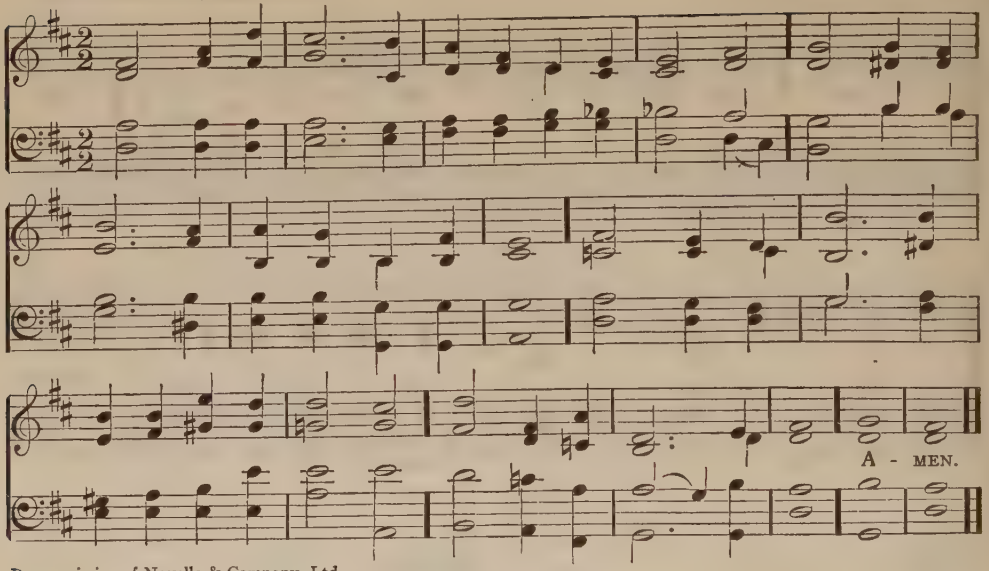
What duties fill the heavenly day,
Or converse glad and kind;
Or how along each shining way
The bright processions wind.

O sweeter far to trust in thee
While all is yet unknown,
And through the death-dark cheerily
To walk with thee alone!

In thee my powers, my treasures live,
To thee my life must tend;
Giving thyself, thou all dost give,
O soul-sufficing Friend!

ELIZA SCUDDER.*

BURNLEY (Diadema). 11.10.11.6. JOSEPH BARNBY.



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Alternative Tune: Integer Vitæ.

471.

'At last.'

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou, who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting:
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but thee, my Father! let thy spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if — my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through thine abounding grace —
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

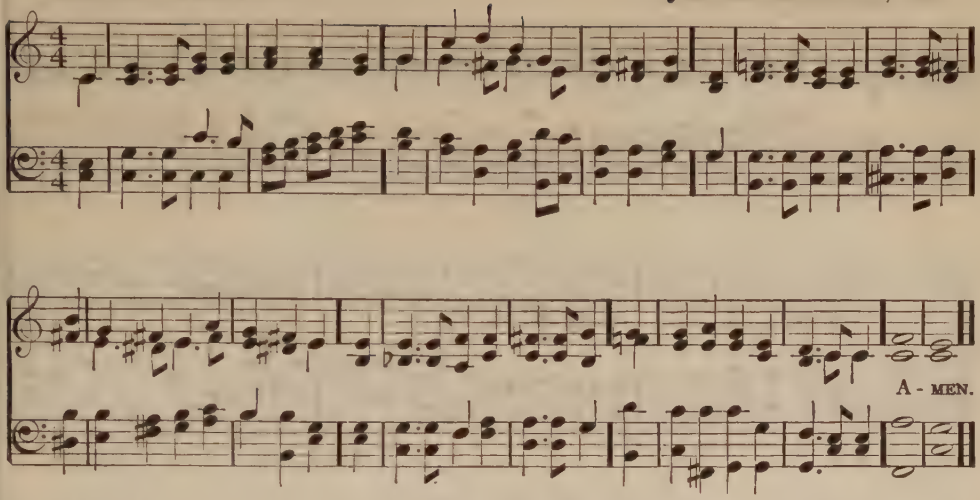
Some humble door among thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever, through heaven's green expansions,
The river of thy peace.

There from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1882.

MELITA. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1861.



472.

God of the living.

God of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled thy whole creation lies,
All souls are thine; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto thee.

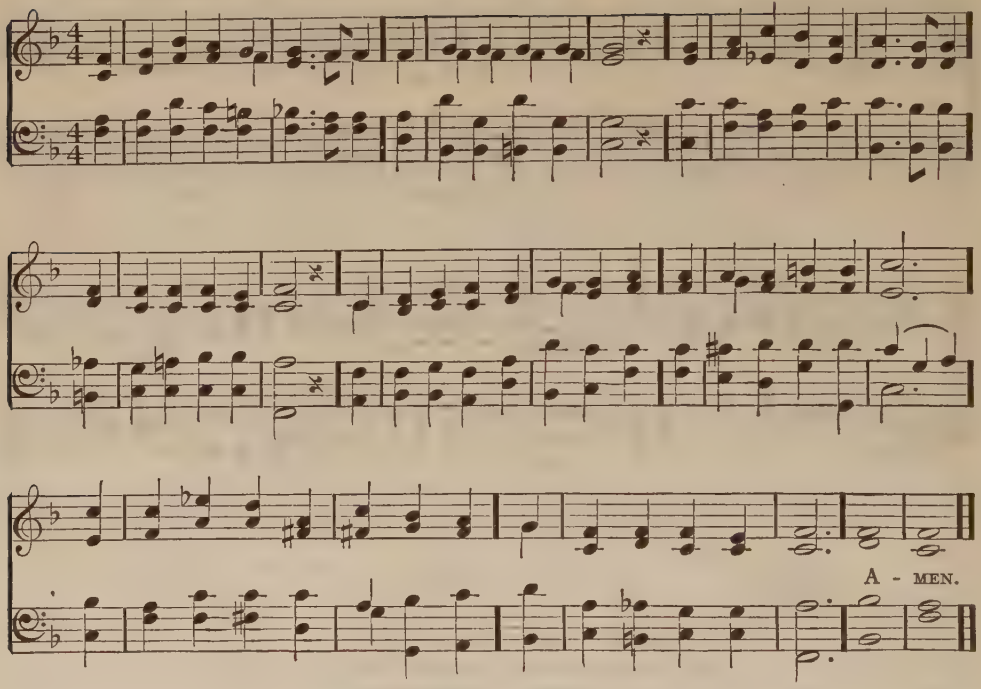
Released from earthly toil and strife,
With thee is hidden still their life;
Thy word is true, thy will is just;
To thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto thee.

O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Quickener of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin;
That body, soul, and spirit be
Forever living unto thee!

JOHN ELLERTON, 1867.

ST. LEONARD. C. M. D.

HENRY HILES, 1868.



Alternative Tune: Materna.

473.

'The Abiding Love.'

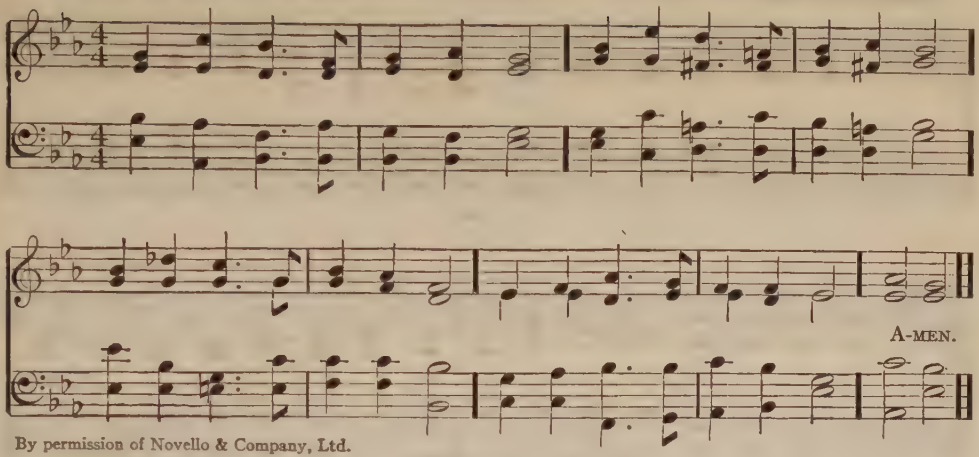
It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call:
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore,
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'T is hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown:
But O 't is good to think of them,
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Though they are here no more.

More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God, forevermore.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK, 1876.

FORGIVENESS (Consecration). 7.7.7.7. GEORGE MURSELL GARRETT, 1872.



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Alternative Tune: Rest (Redhead).

474.

'Fought a Good Fight.'

Calmly, calmly lay him down:
  He hath fought a noble fight,
  He hath battled for the right,
He hath won the fadeless crown.

Memories, all too bright for tears,
  Crowd around us from the past:
  He was faithful to the last,
Faithful through long, toilsome years.

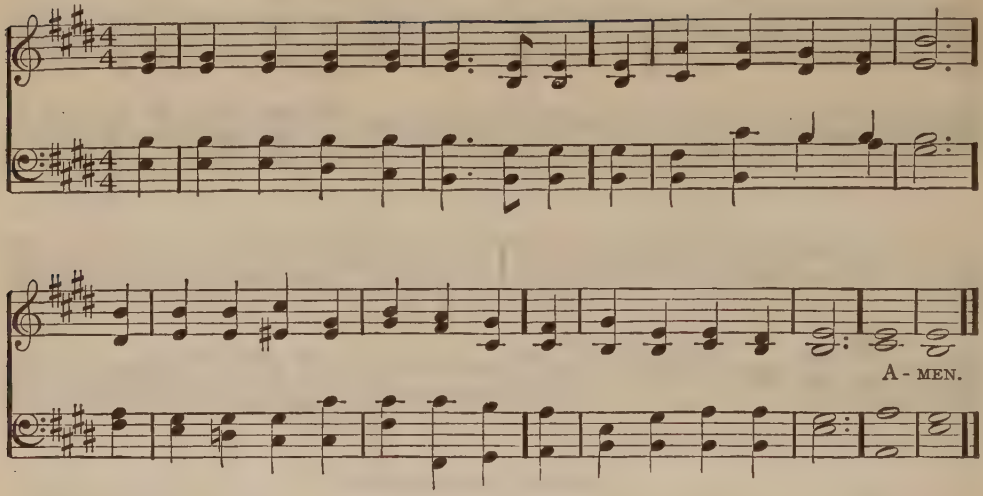
All that makes for human good,
  Freedom, righteousness and truth, —
  These, the objects of his youth,
Unto age he still pursued.

Kind and gentle was his soul,
  Yet it had a glorious might:
  Clouded minds it filled with light,
Wounded spirits it made whole.

Calmly, calmly lay him down:
  He hath fought the noble fight,
  He hath battled for the right,
He hath won the fadeless crown.

WILLIAM GASKELL, 1837.

MEDITATION. C. M. JOHN HENRY GOWER, 1890.



475. *Rest in God.*

O God, unseen but ever near,
Our blessèd rest art thou;
And we, in love that hath no fear,
Take refuge with thee now.

All soiled with dust our pilgrim feet,
And weary with the way;
We seek thy shelter from the heat
And burden of the day.

O welcome in the wilderness
The shadow of thy love;
The stream that springs our thirst to bless,
The manna from above!

Awhile beside the fount we stay
And eat this bread of thine,
Then go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

EDWARD OSLER.
SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

476. *Bread from Heaven.*

'Give us each day our daily bread,'
In childlike trust we pray;
And thou each hungering soul hast fed
From thy full board to-day.

For sorrow thou hast given a balm,
For swift temptation, aid:
Our stormy souls once more are calm,
Our wandering steps are stayed.

The holy words our ears have heard,
By saints and prophets given,
Within our silent hearts have stirred
The music sweet of heaven.

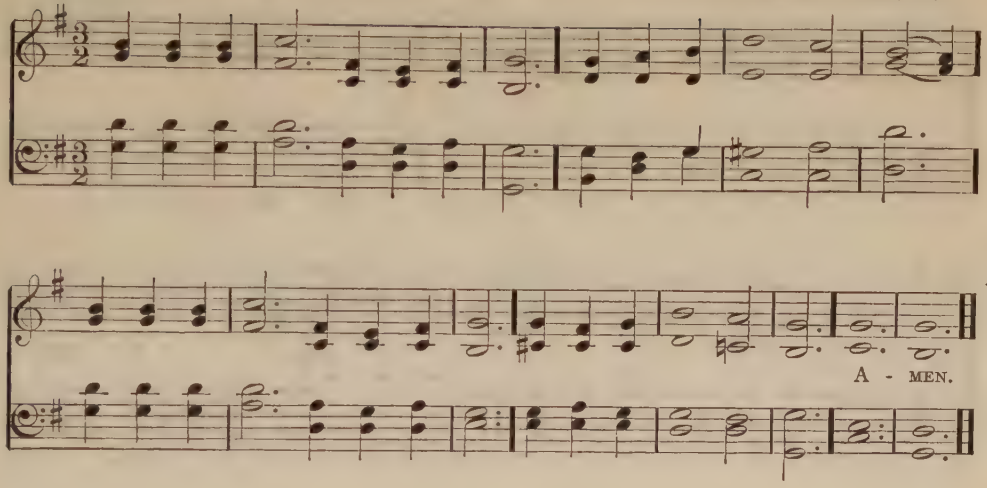
Our night has turned to sunny noon
Beneath thy quickening ray:
Life seems again a wondrous boon
Since thou hast blessed our way.

With strength renewed, the path divine
We trace with willing feet,
And bless thee for this bread of thine;
This living water sweet.

HENRY WARBURTON HAWKES.

LAMBETH. C. M.

WILHELM SCHULTHES, 1871.



477. *'Do this in remembrance of me.'*

'Remember me,' the Master said,
On that forsaken night,
When from his side the nearest fled,
And death was close in sight.

Through all the following ages' track
The world remembers yet;
With love and worship gazes back,
And never can forget.

But who of us has seen his face,
Or heard the words he said?
And none can now his look retrace
In breaking of the bread.

O blest are they, who have not seen,
And yet believe him still.
They know him, when his praise they mean,
And when they do his will.

We hear his word along our way;
We see his light above;
Remember when we strive and pray,
Remember when we love.

NATHANIEL LANGDON FROTHINGHAM.*

478. *Communion hymn.*

How sweet and silent is the place,
My God, alone, with thee!
Awaiting here thy touch of grace,
Thy heavenly mystery.

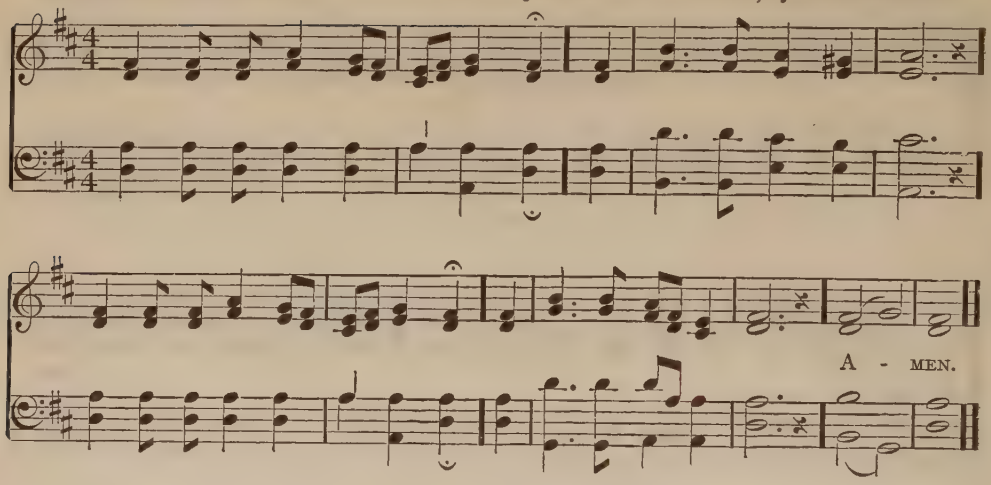
So many ways thou hast, dear Lord,
My longing heart to fill:
Thy lovely world, thy spoken word,
The doing thy sweet will,

Giving thy children living bread,
Leading thy weak ones on,
The touch of dear hands on my head,
The thought of loved ones gone.

Lead me by many paths, dear Lord,
But always in thy way;
And let me make my earth a heaven
Till next communion day.

ALICE FREEMAN PALMER, 1901.

NAOMI. C. M. Arr. fr. Johann Georg Nägeli, by Lowell Mason.



479. *The one petition.*

Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise: —

'Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

'Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.'

Anne Steele,* 1760.

480. *'The love of the brethren.'*

A holy air is breathing round,
A fragrance from above:
Be every soul from sense unbound,
Be every spirit love.

O God, unite us heart to heart,
In sympathy divine,
That we be never drawn apart,
To love not thee nor thine;

But by the cross of Jesus taught,
And all his gracious word,
Be nearer to each other brought,
And nearer thee, O Lord.

Abiel Abbot Livermore,* 1844.

481. *Proper dispositions for the communion.*

O here, if ever, God of love,
Let strife and hatred cease;
And every thought harmonious move,
And every heart be peace!

Not here, where met to think on him
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come to dim
The prayer devotion pours.

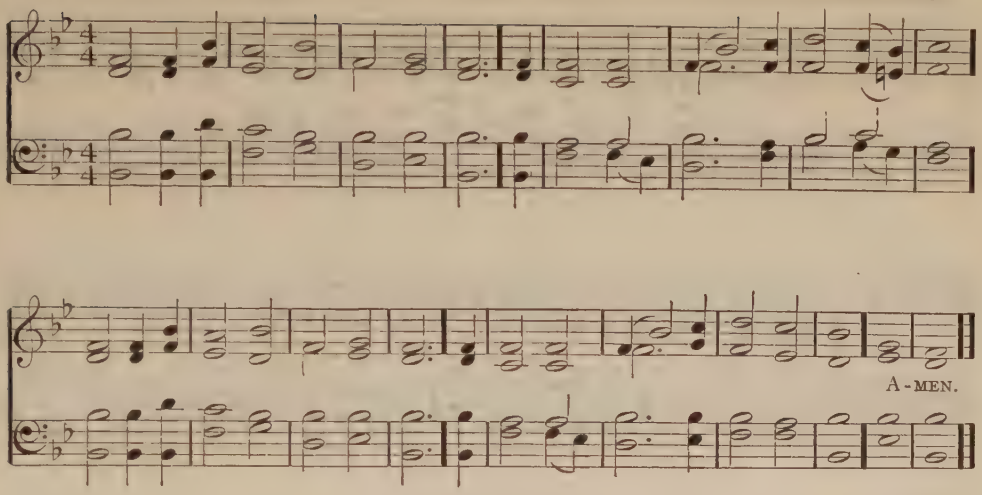
No: gracious Master, not in vain
Thy life of love hath been:
The peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
Though thou no more art seen.

'Thy kingdom come': we watch, we wait,
To hear thy cheering call,
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

Emily Taylor, 1818.

WARD. L. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.



482.

Communion hymn.

O thou whose gracious presence shone
A light to bless thy fellowmen,
To thee we fondly turn again,
As to a friend that we have known.

Thy grace and truth, thy life that shed
Undying radiance through all time,
Thy tender love, thy faith sublime,—
Remembering these, we break the bread.

And lo! again we seem to hear
Thy blessing on the loaf and cup;
The presence that was lifted up
Again to loving hearts brought near.

Our lesser lives, thus touching thine,
Are joined, with all the pure and good,
In truer, nobler brotherhood
That lifts the world to realms divine.

MARION FRANKLIN HAM, 1912.

483.

The fellowship of Jesus.

Wherever through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice,
Where love its arms hath opened wide,
Or man for man has calmly died,

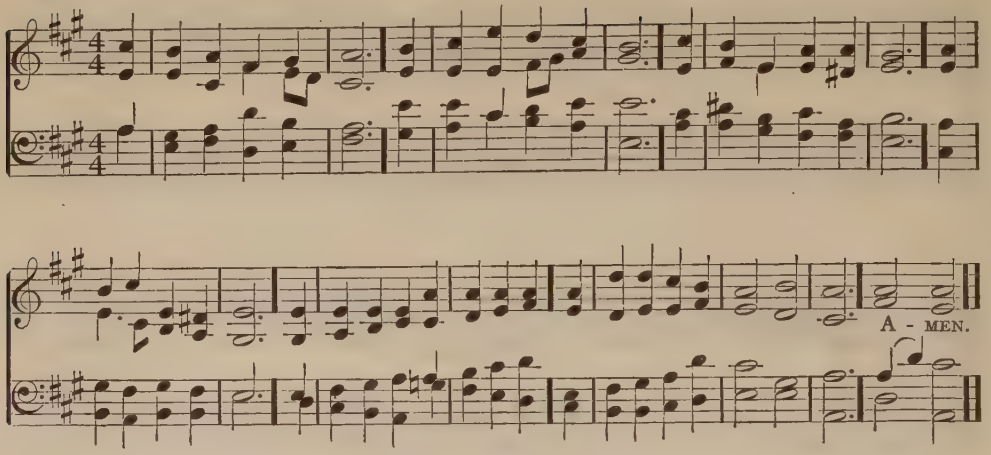
We see the same white wings outspread,
That hovered o'er the Master's head;
And in all lands beneath the sun
The heart affirmeth, 'Love is one.'

Up from undated time they come,
The martyr-souls of heathendom,
And to his cross and passion bring
Their fellowship of suffering.

And the one marvel of their death
To the one order witnesseth, —
Each, in his measure, but a part
Of thine unmeasured loving heart.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.*

ST. GODRIC. 6.6.6.6.8.8. (First Tune) JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1862.



484.

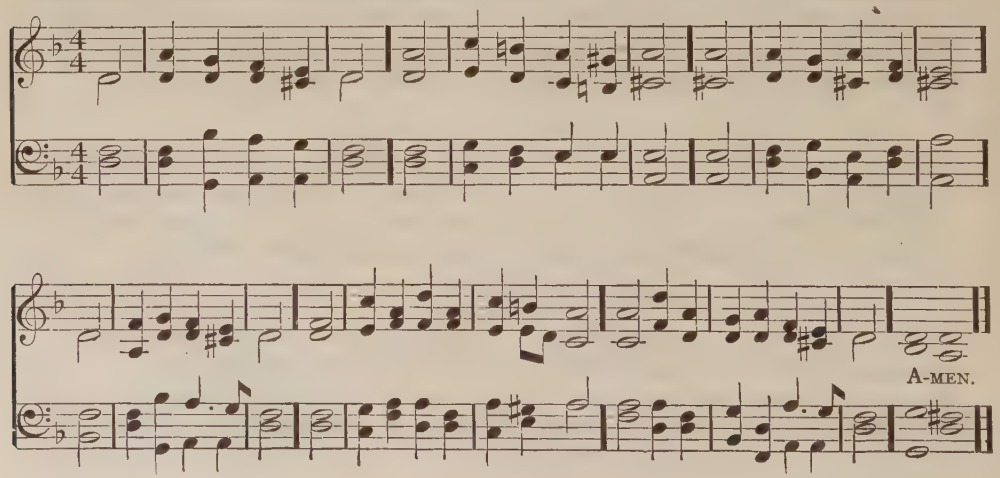
Author of life divine.

Author of life divine,
Who hast a table spread
Furnished with mystic wine
And everlasting bread,
Preserve the life thyself hast given,
And feed and train us up for heaven.

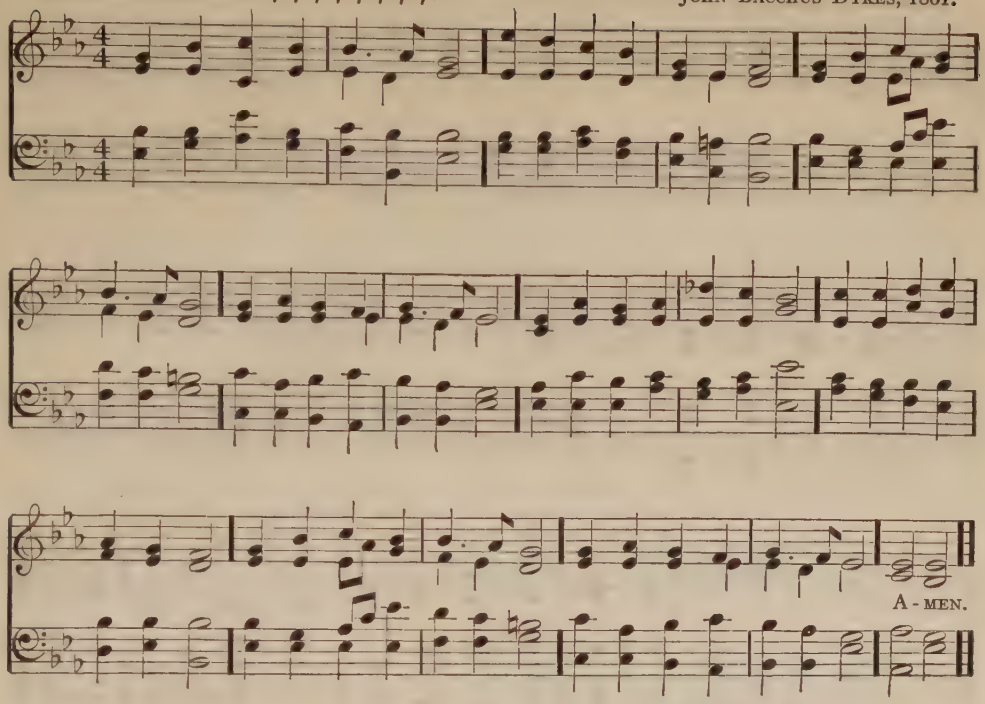
Our needy souls sustain
With fresh supplies of love,
Till all thy life we gain,
And all thy fulness prove,
And, strengthened by thy perfect grace,
Behold without a veil thy face.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1745.

DOLGELLY. 6.6.6.6.8.8. (Second Tune) WELSH MELODY.



HOLLINGSIDE. 7·7·7·7·7·7·7·7. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1861.



485.

When the Paschal evening fell.

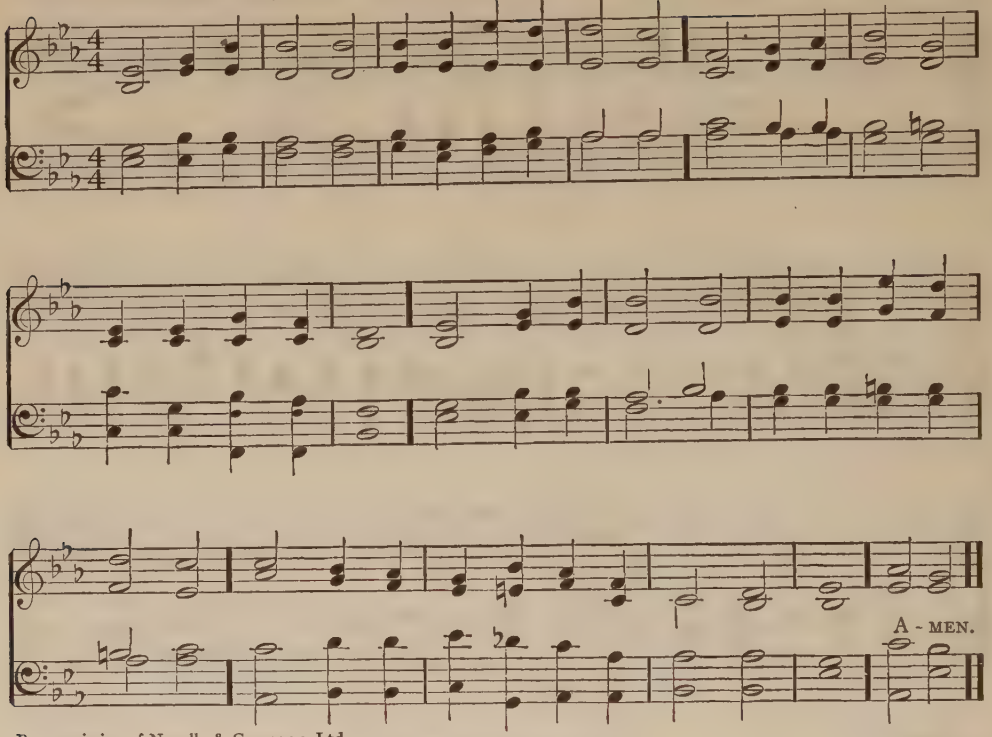
When the Paschal evening fell,
Deep on Kedron's hallowed dell,
When around the festal board
Sat the apostles with their Lord,
Then his parting word he said,
Blessed the cup and brake the bread.
'This whene'er ye do or see,
Evermore remember me!'

Years have past, in every clime,
Changing with the changing time,
Varying through a thousand forms,
Torn by factions, rocked by storms.
Still the sacred table spread,
Flowing cup and broken bread,
With that parting word agree,
'Drink and eat; remember me.'

When, in this thanksgiving feast,
We would give to God our best,
From the treasures of his might,
Seeking life, and love, and light,
Then, O friend of human kind,
Make us true and firm of mind,
Pure of heart, in spirit free,
Thus may we remember thee.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, 1878.

SANDRINGHAM (O Perfect Love). 11.10.11.10. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1889.



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(*Marriage Hymn.*)

486.

O Perfect Love.

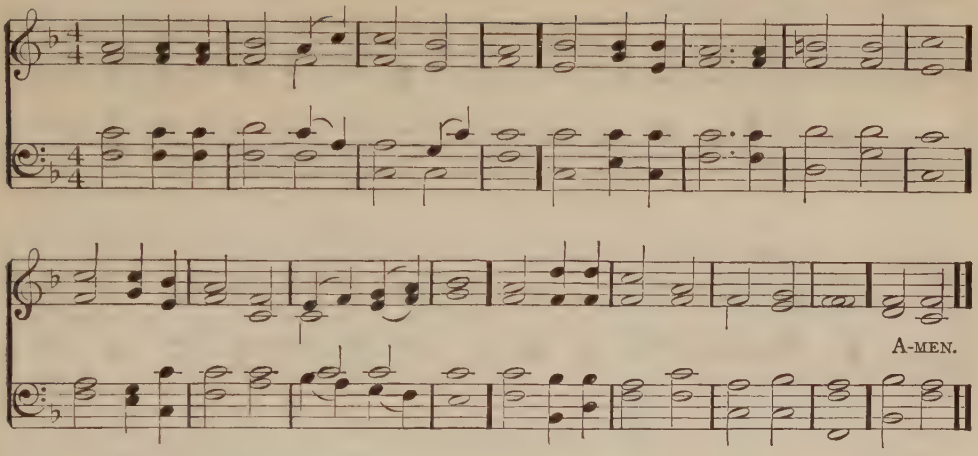
O perfect Love, all human thought transcending,
Lowly we kneel in prayer before thy throne,
That theirs may be the love which knows no ending,
Whom thou forevermore dost join in one.

O perfect Life, be thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife;
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

DOROTHY FRANCES BLOMFIELD, 1883.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. HENRY KEMBLE OLIVER, 1832.



487. *'The Cornerstone.'*

Almighty Builder, bless, we pray,
The cornerstone that here we lay;
And fair above it may we see
A house to serve mankind and thee!

In truth be these foundations laid,
Each ordered course in wisdom made,
That firm these rising walls may stand,
Thy witness in a waiting land.

So shall thy people honor yet
The sure foundation thou hast set,
In prophets and apostles known,
With Jesus Christ the cornerstone.

Eternal One, to thee we raise
This house of service and of praise;
Thy love and glory shall not fade
When all earth's temples low are laid.

EDWARD A. CHURCH, 1904.

488. *Hymn on removing from an ancient house of worship.*

O Thou to whom in prayer and praise
We here have turned with constant heart,
Attend once more the song we raise,
As from this hallowed place we part.

Hallowed, indeed, this temple stands
By faithful witness to thy truth,
By memories dear to hearts and hands
Bound to our own in age and youth.

What names still linger in our love!
What faces our remembrance paints!
One fellowship, below, above, —
The bright procession of thy saints.

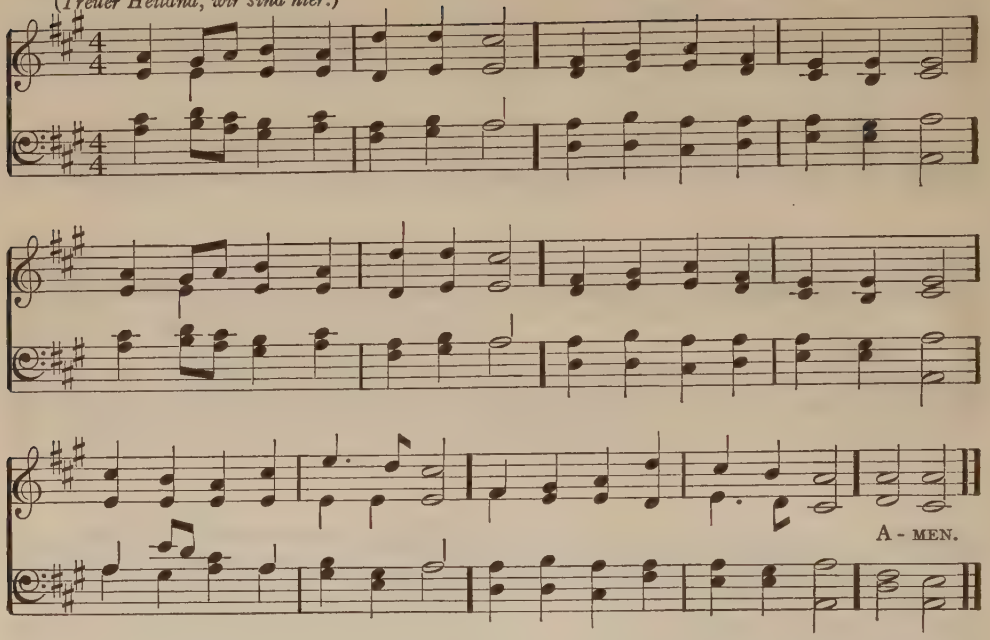
Whatever changes we may know,
Be thou, unchanging, our defence;
And let thy presence with us go,
Or carry not thy people hence.

And bless, we pray, this house once more,
Still pledged unto thy service high,
As here beside its closing door
We linger with a fond good-bye.

EDWARD A. CHURCH, 1905.

DIX. 7·7·7·7·7·7.
(Treuer Heiland, wir sind hier.)

CONRAD KOCHER, 1838.



489.

'The true priest.'

Lord, who dost the voices bless
Crying in the wilderness,
And the lovely gifts increase
Of the messengers of peace,
Thou, whose temple is with men,
Show us thy true priest again.

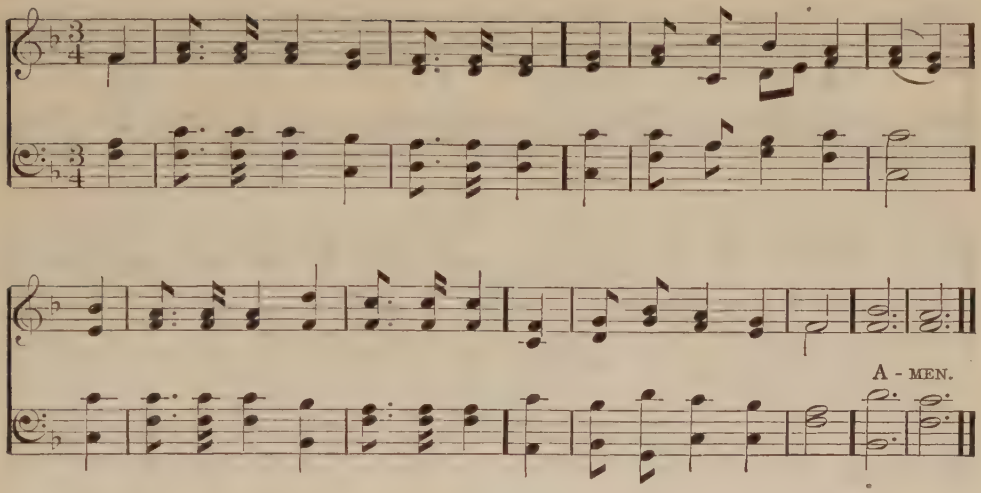
In the holy place may he
Thy immediate presence see;
Or through deserts, Father, led,
Show thy people heavenly bread,
While his lips at thy control,
Warn, instruct, inspire, console.

Give him to his priestly dress
Faith and zeal and righteousness.
Then, lest all thy gifts be lost,
Breathe thy gift of Pentecost, —
Love, whose many-languaged fire
Finds each listening soul's desire.

THEODORE CHICKERING WILLIAMS, 1881.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE, 1762.



490.

'Behold! the fields are white.'

O still in accents sweet and strong
Sounds forth the ancient word, —
'More reapers for white harvest fields,
More laborers for the Lord.'

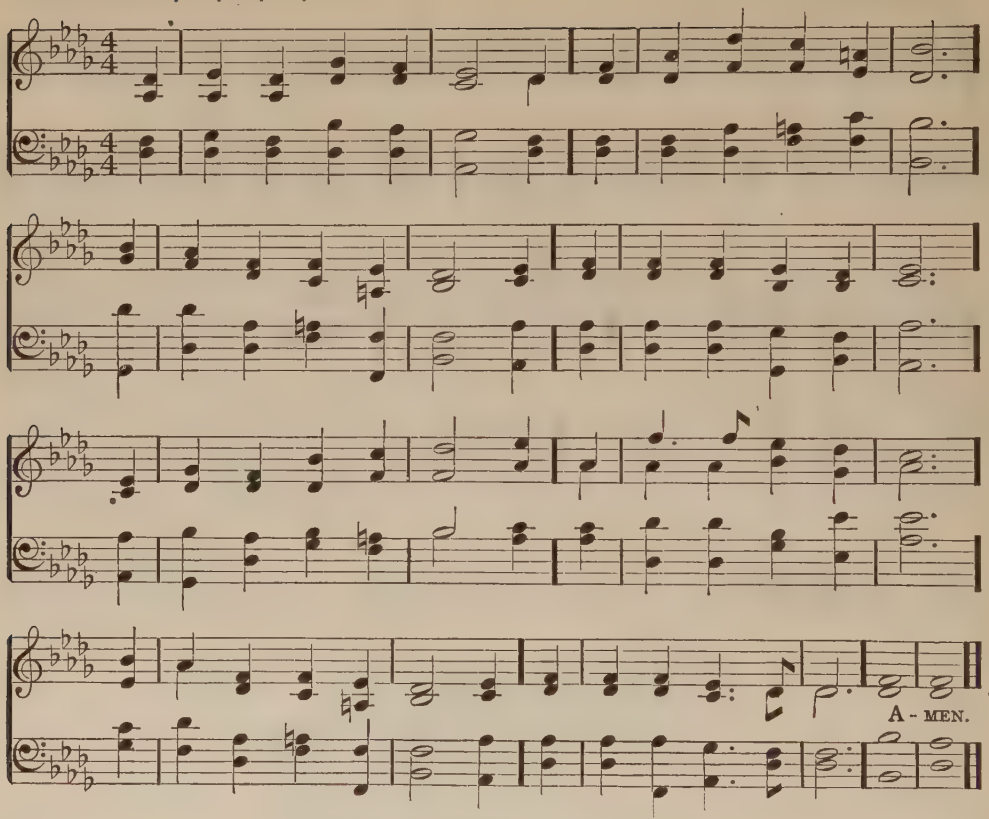
We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath his sky.

Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

O Thou whose call our hearts has stirred,
To do thy will we come;
Thrust in our sickles at thy word,
And bear our harvest home.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864.

EWING. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. ALEXANDER EWING, 1853.



491.

'Cloisters of the spirit.'

God laid his rocks in courses,
His forest crowned the hill,
He yoked his ancient forces,
And lent them to man's will;
The will he woke to duty,
He graced the hand that wrought, —
Till in the temple's beauty
The soul its Maker sought.

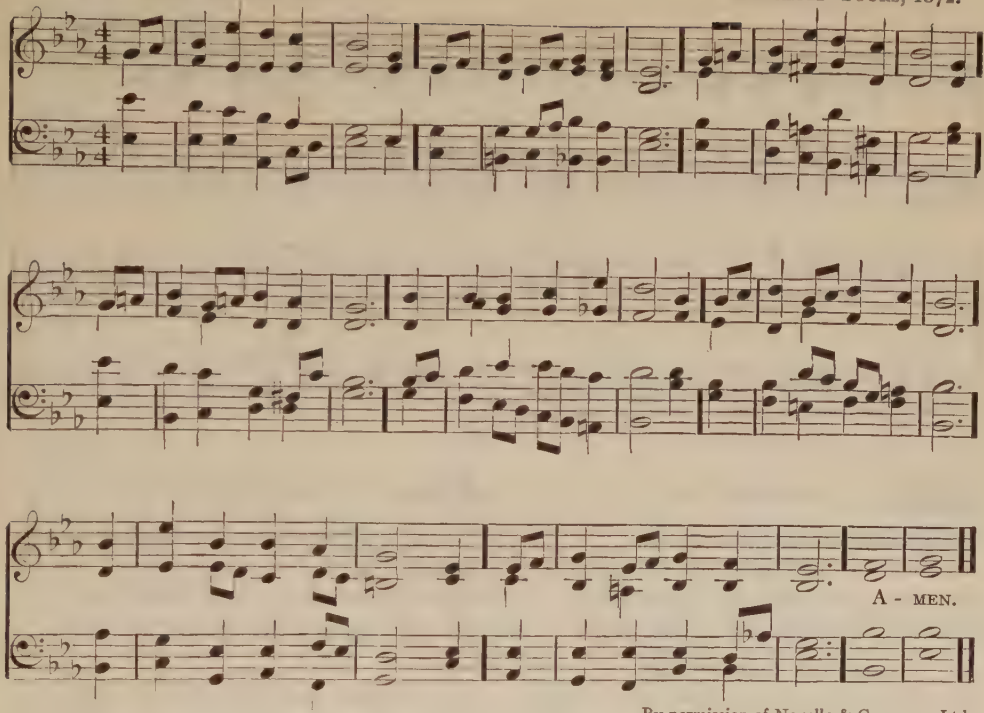
To cloisters of the spirit
These aisles of quiet lead:
Here shall the vision gladden,
The voice within us plead;
And may the dear All-Father,
Who maketh trouble cease,
Here send his three strong angels,
Contrition, hope and peace!

The song these walls shall echo
Be song the heart within,
The prayer in consecration's
Sweet privacies begin!
Work on, O silent Builder,
Perfect thy inner shrine,
Till song pass into service,
Prayer into life divine!

Here be no man a stranger;
No holy cause be banned;
No good for one be counted,
Not good for all the land;
And here for prophet-voices
The message never fail, —
'God reigns! his truth shall conquer,
And right and love prevail!'

WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT, 1888.

TOURS. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. BERTHOLD TOURS, 1872.



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492.

The House of God.

O Thou whose hand has brought us
Unto this joyful day,
Accept our glad thanksgiving,
And listen as we pray;
And may our preparation
For this day's service be
With one accord to offer
Ourselves, O Lord, to thee.

And oft as here we gather,
And hearts in worship blend,
May truth reveal its power,
And fervent prayer ascend;
Here may the busy toiler
Rise to the things above,
The young, the old, be strengthened,
And all men learn thy love.

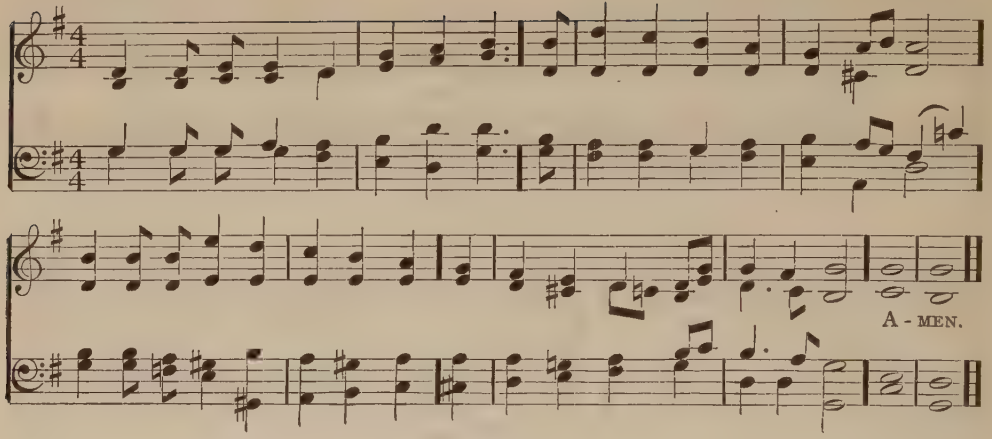
And, as the years roll over,
And strong affections twine,
And tender memories gather
About this sacred shrine,
May this its chief distinction,
Its glory, ever be,
That multitudes within it
Have found their way to thee.

Lord God, our fathers' helper,
Our joy and hope and stay,
Grant now a gracious earnest
Of many a coming day.
Our yearning hearts thou knowest;
We wait before thy throne;
O come, and by thy presence
Make this new house thine own.

FREDERIC WILLIAM GOADBY, 1879.

KEBLE. L. M.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1875.



493.

'The House of God.'

To hold thy glory, Lord of all,
The whole round world and starry skies
Were but a dwelling-place too small,
Though measureless to mortal eyes.

Yet in creation's endless round,
No shining star where thou art not,
No place in which thou art not found,
Nor where thy wisdom has not wrought.

Though to thy name thy children raise
This house of prayer and call it thine,
Not here alone thy name we praise,
Nor to these walls our prayer confine.

For gift and offering we bring
Our nobler thought and best desires,
And in fraternal anthem sing
The faith by which each soul aspires.

The longings every heart has known,
The truth and good that keep us free,
The joy or anguish most our own,
Are lifted up to heaven and thee.

Lord of all life in earth and skies,
Here make our erring souls thy care,
Here bless our common sacrifice,
Till each shall find thee everywhere.

THEODORE CHICKERING WILLIAMS, 1911.

494.

Dedication of a parish house.

Through willing heart and helping hand,
Behold achieved our long desire!
And gathered here, a household band,
We light to-night the household fire.

Be welcomed here the old, the young,
The rich, the poor, the prince and thrall:
Be Jesus' motto high uphung, —
Who serveth most is chief of all.

Here mirth and pastime speed the hour,
The lighter moods that ease our care:
Here graver themes, through lips of power,
Give guidance to the ways we fare!

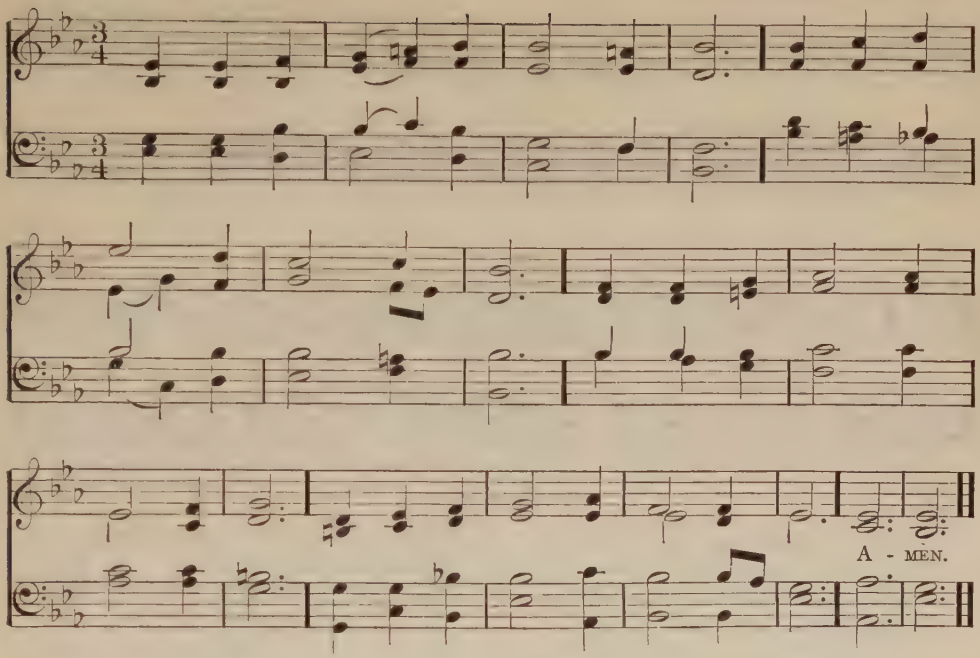
May human fellowship here take
A radiance from the altar's glow,
And kindlier hearts, here quickened, make
From purer founts its worship flow!

O Thou whose service, wide and free,
Is inward strength and light and cheer, —
Be that our bond of unity
And fire the souls that gather here!

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1909.

ANGELUS. L. M.

GEORG JOSEPHI, *circa* 1657.



495.

Dedication of a church.

All things are thine; no gift have we
Lord of all gifts, to offer thee:
And hence with grateful hearts to-day
Thine own before thy feet we lay.

Thy will was in the builders' thought;
Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought;
Through mortal motive, scheme and plan,
Thy wise, eternal purpose ran.

In weakness and in want we call
On thee for whom the heavens are small;
Thy glory is thy children's good,
Thy joy, thy tender Fatherhood.

O Father, deign these walls to bless;
Fill with thy love their emptiness;
And let their door a gateway be
To lead us from ourselves to thee.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1872.

496.

Reunion.

Thou gracious Power, whose mercy lends
The light of home, the smile of friends,
Our gathered flock thine arms enfold
As thou didst keep thy folk of old.

For all the blessings life has brought,
For all its sorrowing hours have taught,
For all we mourn, for all we keep,
The hands we clasp, the loved that sleep,

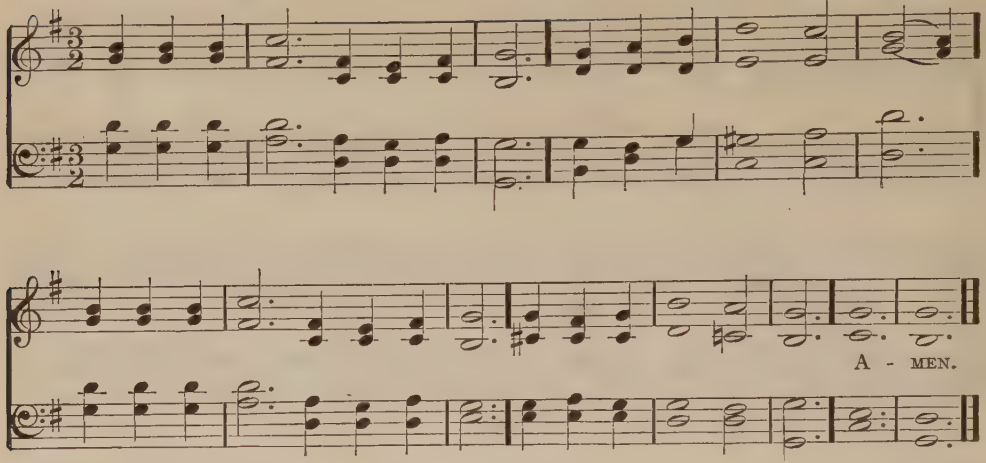
The noontide sunshine of the past,
These brief, bright moments fading fast,
The stars that gild our darkening years,
The twilight ray from holier spheres,

We thank thee, Father; let thy grace
Our loving circles still embrace,
Thy mercy shed its heavenly store,
Thy peace be with us evermore.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1869.

LAMBETH. C. M.

WILHELM SCHULTHES, 1871.



497.

Dedication hymn.

With loving hearts and hands we rear
This house of praise and prayer,
Assured that he will meet us here
Who meets us everywhere.

O God! the heavens contain thee not
In all their starry halls;
And wilt thou condescend to dwell
Within these earthen walls?

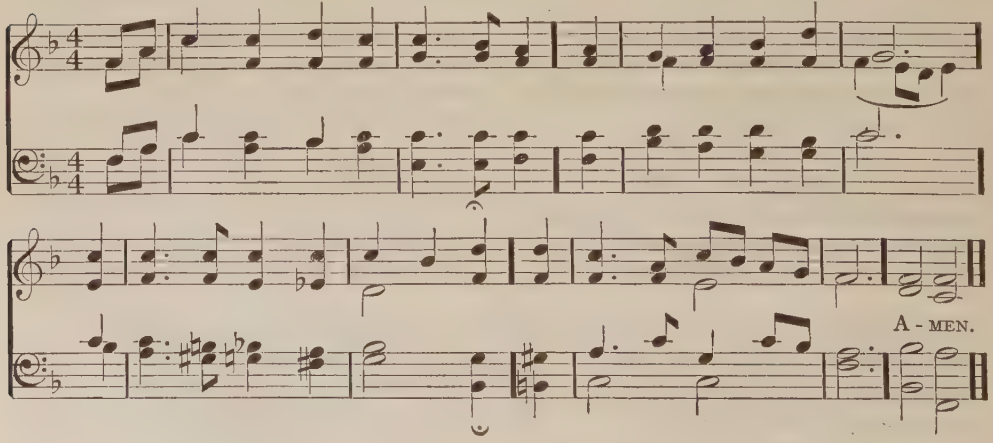
Thy home is in the highest place,
And in the lowliest mind;
Where'er thy children seek thy grace,
They there thy grace shall find.

Within this sanctuary, Lord,
Fulfil our hearts' desire;
And on our lowly altar now
Let fall the heavenly fire.

CHARLES GORDON AMES, 1905.

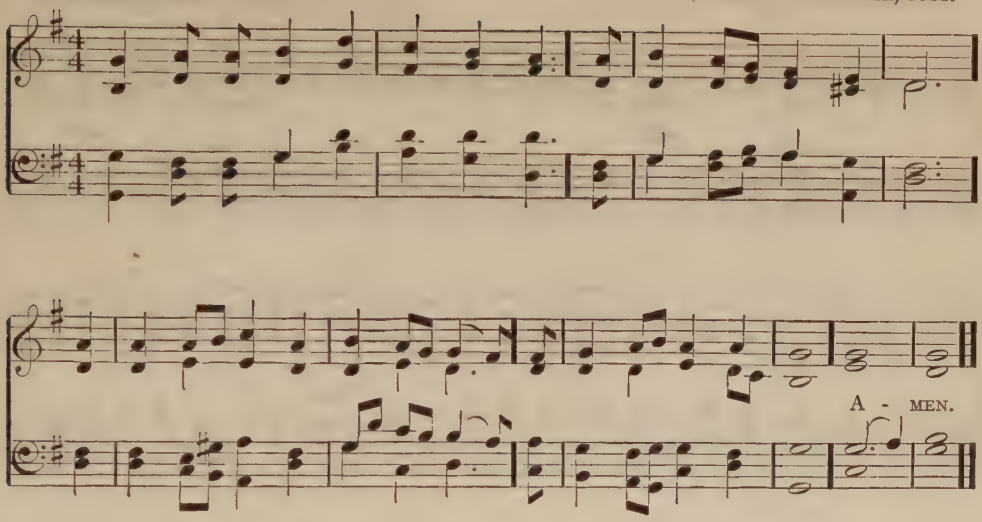
DISCIPLES. C. M.

FRANK LYNES.



DEDHAM. C. M.

WILLIAM GARDINER, 1812.



498. *'How amiable are thy tabernacles.'*

Thou, whose unmeasured temple stands
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised, O God, to thee.

And let the Comforter and Friend,
Thy Holy Spirit, meet
With those who here in worship bend
Before thy mercy-seat.

May they who err be guided here
To find the better way,
And they who mourn and they who fear
Be strengthened as they pray.

May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And hallowed wishes rise,
While round these peaceful walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, 1820.

499. *In spirit and in truth.*

The offerings to thy throne which rise,
Of mingled praise and prayer,
Are but a worthless sacrifice,
Unless the heart is there.

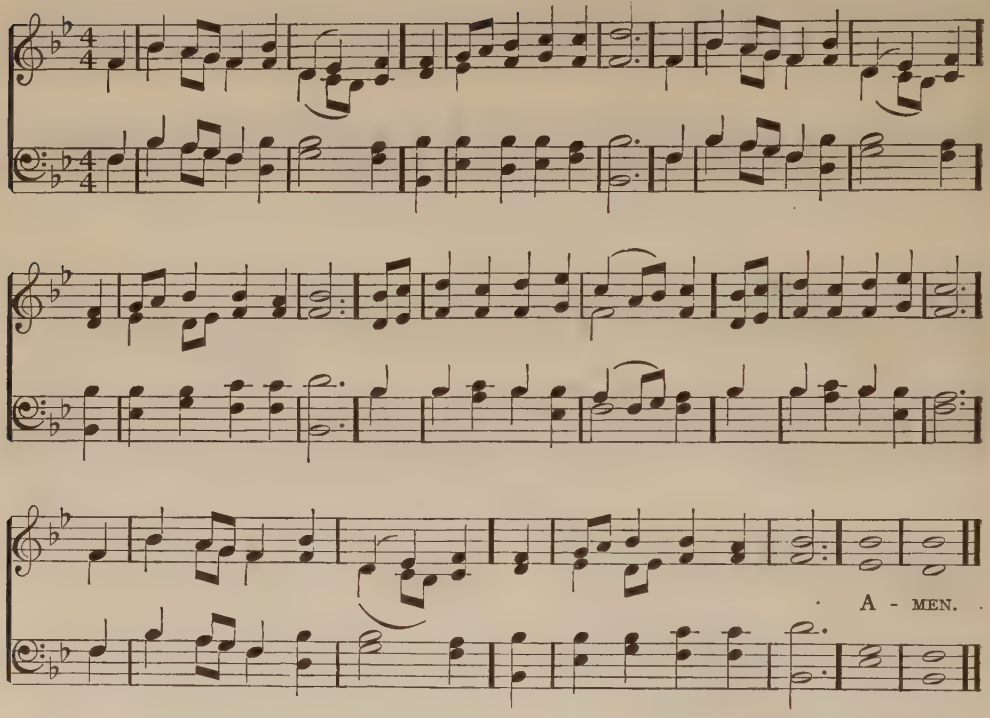
Upon thine all-discerning ear
Let no vain words intrude;
No tribute but the vow sincere,—
The tribute of the good.

My offerings will indeed be blest,
If sanctified by thee;
If thy pure spirit touch my breast
With its own purity.

Oh, may that spirit warm my heart
To piety and love,
And to life's lowly vale impart
Some rays from heaven above!

JOHN BOWRING, 1824.

ELLACOMBE. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. ANON. in "Gesang Buch der Herzogl. Wirtembergischen Katholischen Hofkapelle," 1784.



500.

'On opening an organ.'

All nature's works his praise declare,
To whom they all belong;
There is a voice in every star,
In every breeze a song.
Sweet music fills the world abroad
With strains of love and power;
The stormy sea sings praise to God,
The thunder and the shower.

To God the tribes of ocean cry,
And birds upon the wing;
To God the powers that dwell on high
Their tuneful tribute bring.
Like them, let man the throne surround,
With them loud chorus raise,
While instruments of loftier sound
Assist his feeble praise.

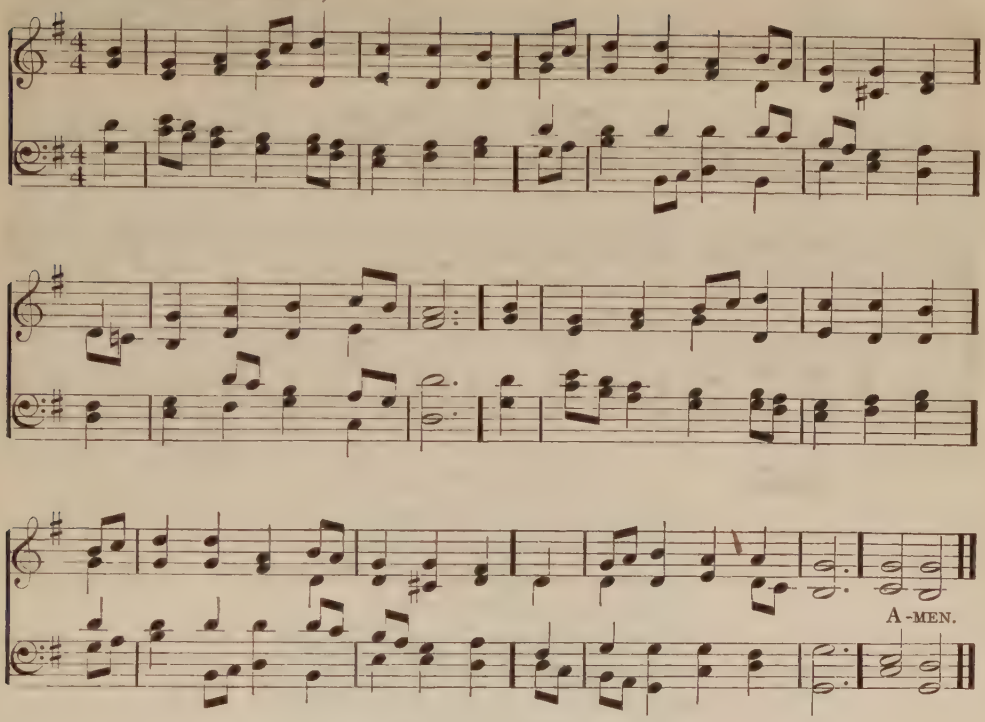
Great God, to thee we consecrate
Our voices and our skill;
We bid the pealing organ wait
To speak alone thy will.
O teach its rich and swelling notes
To lift our souls on high,
And while the music round us floats,
Let earth-born passion die.

HENRY WARE, JR., 1822.

INNSBRÜCK. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

(O Welt, ich muss dich lassen.)

HEINRICH ISAAC, *circa* 1500.



501.

'Hymn of departure.'
(On leaving a house of worship.)

The works, O Lord, our hands have wrought,
The symbols of our deepest thought,
The labors of our day;
How dear soe'er those works may be
Within thy vast eternity
They rise and pass away.

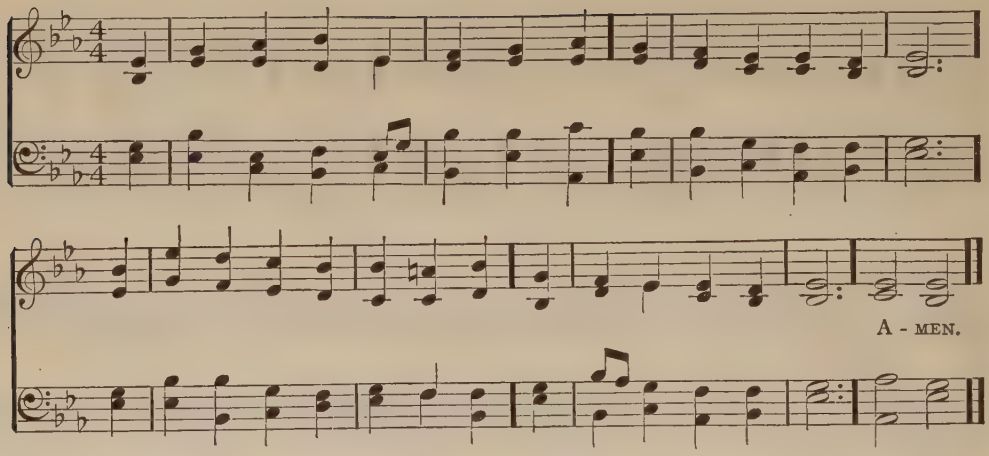
We thank thee, Lord of light and love, —
Whose dwelling-place is not above
Mòre truly than below, —
That when we leave this house of prayer
Thy Spirit meets us everywhere
And guides us as we go.

In moments when the heavenly flame
Of Pentecostal quickening came,
And touched our spirits here;
Through friends and scenes and hallowed days
Our hearts in gratitude and praise
Have felt thy presence near.

O blesséd Soul, where'er we fare
Still keep us in thy sheltering care,
Still bless by thy commands;
Through faith we here have sought to win
Prepare us for thy peace within
The house not made with hands.

LEWIS GILBERT WILSON, 1912.

DUNDEE. C. M. SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1615.



502.

The house our fathers built to God.

We love the venerable house
Our fathers built to God;
In heaven are kept their grateful vows,
Their dust endears the sod.

Here holy thoughts a light have shed
From many a radiant face,
And prayers of humble virtue spread
The perfume of the place.

And anxious hearts have pondered here
The mystery of life,
And prayed the Eternal Light to clear
Their doubts and aid their strife.

From humble tenements around
Came up the pensive train,
And in the church a blessing found,
That filled their homes again;

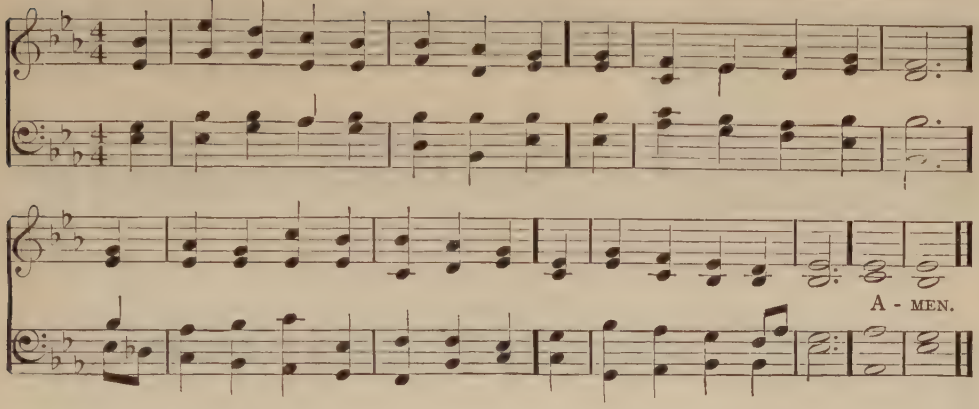
For faith, and peace, and mighty love,
That from the Godhead flow,
Showed them the life of heaven above
Springs from the life below.

They live with God, their homes are dust;
Yet here their children pray,
And in this fleeting lifetime trust
To find the narrow way.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, 1833.

ST. PETER. C. M.

ALEXANDER ROBERT REINAGLE, 1826.



503.

'Church anniversary.'

O Light, from age to age the same,
  Forever living Word,
Here have we felt thy kindling flame,
  Thy voice within have heard.

Here holy thought and hymn and prayer
  Have winged the spirit's powers,
And made these walls divinely fair, —
  Thy temple, Lord, and ours.

What visions rise above the years,
  What tender memories throng,
Till the eye fills with happy tears,
  The heart with grateful song!

Vanish the mists of time and sense;
  They come, the loved of yore,
And one encircling Providence
  Holds all forevermore.

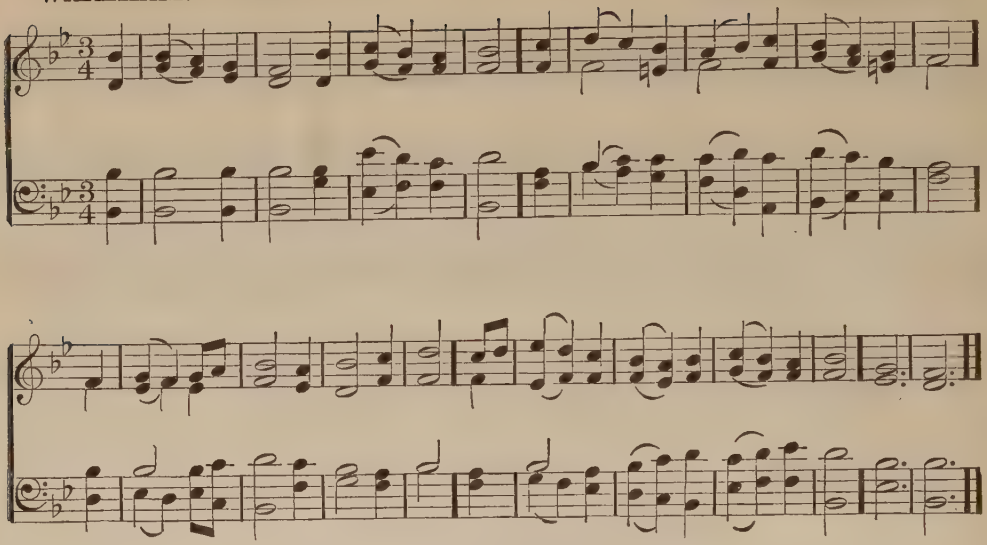
O not in vain their toil who wrought
  To build faith's freer shrine,
Nor theirs whose steadfast love and thought
  Have watched the fire divine.

Burn, holy fire, and shine more wide!
  While systems rise and fall,
Faith, hope, and charity abide,
  The heart and soul of all.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER, 1890.

WAREHAM. L. M.

WILLIAM KNAPP, 1738.



504.

Anniversary hymn.

We honor those whose work began
With praise to God and prayer for man;
The altar fire they kindled here
Shines brightly forth from year to year.

Here groping sorrow found the light;
Here wills of weakness turned to might;
Here brotherhood rejoiced to be;
Here rose the sons of God set free.

O Source divine, give all this hour
Fresh faith in truth's triumphal power;
New hope for never-ending life,
More love subduing hate and strife.

These earthly temples, Lord, decay,
For mortal glories have their day;
But praise and prayer live on sublime
Above the wreck and wrath of time.

EDWARD AUGUSTUS HORTON, 1912.

505.

Dedication of a church.

God of our fathers, hear our prayer:
Thy holy throne is everywhere;
Thine arm upheld thy saints of old,
And still is strong to guard thy fold.

Our fathers loved to hear thy word,
Ere freedom's sacred voice was heard;
And faithful kept, from age to age,
The truth, our noblest heritage.

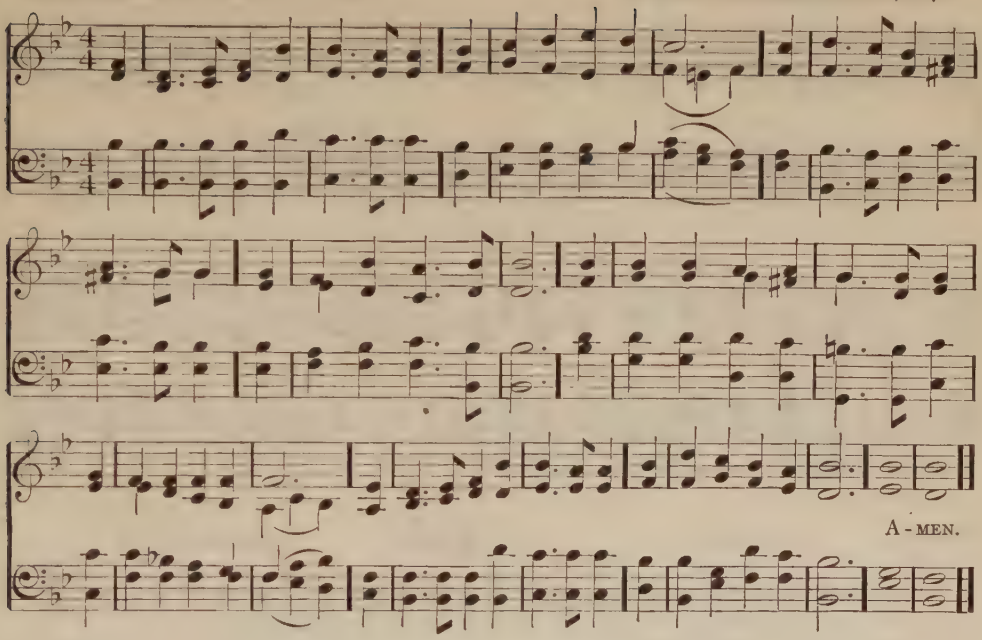
Not as of old, with silent fear,
We raise our home and altar here;
Ours is the brighter, fairer day
Of reason's light and freedom's way.

Father, give thou thy blessing here,
Since to thy name this house we rear,
That ages yet unborn may share
The trust committed to our care.

Here let thy church, devout and free,
Arise devoted, Lord, to thee; —
Our faith divine, our worship pure,
Our work abiding, firm and sure.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

ALL SAINTS NEW C. M. D. HENRY STEPHEN CUTLER, 1872.



506.

The memorial of virtue is immortal.

Within this temple, reared of old
By faithful men and true,
We keep the faith our fathers kept,
Their vows to God renew.
They fought the fight, they sank from sight
Beneath the sacred sod;
Though dead, they yet speak on, — they live:
Their souls do rest in God!

They nobly battled for the right, —
Come many or come few, —
The stainless banner of God's truth
Above them proudly flew.
Undauntedly they testified,
Again, and yet again.
They slumbered not on ward or watch:
They quitted them like men!

And manfully they took their post
When conscience gave the word;
No earthly lure availed to tempt
Those servants of the Lord.

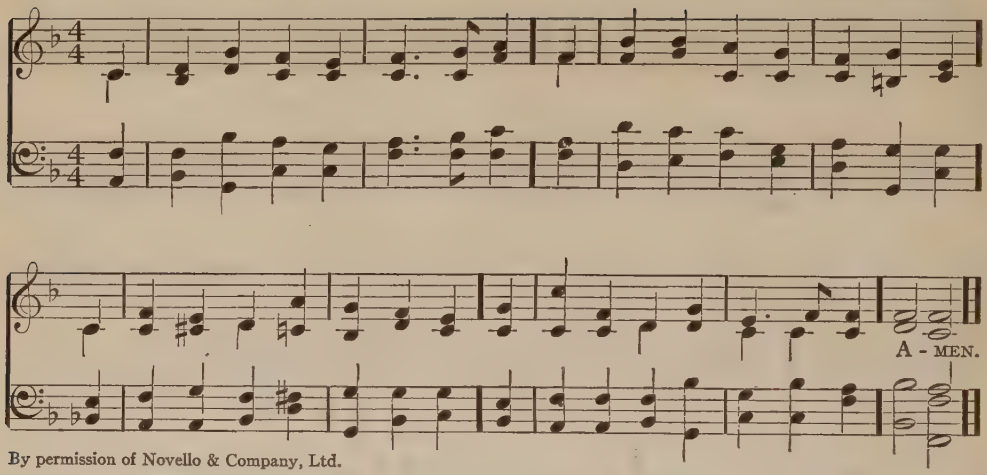
They faced the persecutor's power,
Nor feared the world's dark frown,
The wrath of man was turned aside:
The Lord was with his own!

Within these hallowed walls were found
Pure witnesses for truth,
Of sweet and sainted womanhood,
And bright and buoyant youth;
Like angels fair, in memory's realm,
They float in holy light,
And softly waft their message down:
Be steadfast in the right!

Eternal One! before whose face
Men rise and pass away
Whose holy will our fathers sought,
As we would seek to-day.
Be with us thou, who wert with them,
Lead on by staff or rod,
We ask thy blessing, Lord, this day:
We trust our fathers' God.

AMBROSE NICHOLS BLATCHFORD.

LONG MILFORD. L. M. JOSEPH BARNBY.



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507.

Anniversary hymn.

O Thou whose perfect goodness crowns
With peace and joy this sacred day,
Our hearts are glad for all the years
Thy love has kept us in thy way.

For common tasks of help and cheer,
For quiet hours of thought and prayer,
For moments when we seemed to feel
The breath of a diviner air;

For mutual love and trust that keep
Unchanged through all the changing time;
For friends within the veil who thrill
Our spirits with a hope sublime, —

For truth that evermore makes free
From bounds of sect and bonds of creed;
For light that shines that we may see
Our own in every brother's need;

For this and more than words can say,
We praise and bless thy holy name.
Come life or death; enough to know
That thou art evermore the same!

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK,* 1889.

508.

The present God.

Far off, O God, and yet most near,
Unseen, yet shining clear in all.
Thy presence moves, thy ways appear
In system's rise and sparrow's fall.

Thy purpose through the ages ran,
Thy word thy prophets bore abroad,
Thy love became a son of man
To make men with him sons of God.

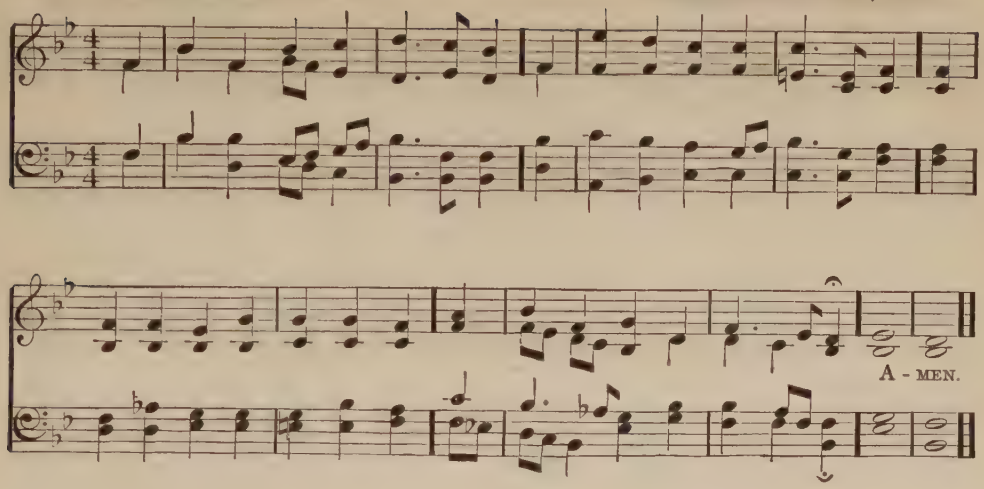
Our eyes thy loveliness discern,
Where nature weaves thy wondrous dress,
And in sweet human lives we learn
The beauty of thy holiness.

Our lives within thy being stand;
Our sciences omniscience prove;
Thy law is but thy clasping hand,
Thine order is thy perfect love.

HENRY HERVEY BARBER, 1891.

ST. DROSTANE. L. M.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1862.



509.

Parting hymn.

Our hymns are sung, our prayers are said;
  Once more we homeward wend our ways,
And some have eaten heavenly bread,
  And some have soared on wings of praise.

Yet, Lord, we leave thee not behind,
  As from our house of prayer we go;
Thy presence in the world we find,
  When here thy love we learn to know.

Here we have heavenward raised our eyes;
  Again to earth our thoughts descend:
O let the glory of thy skies
  With earthly joys and sorrows blend.

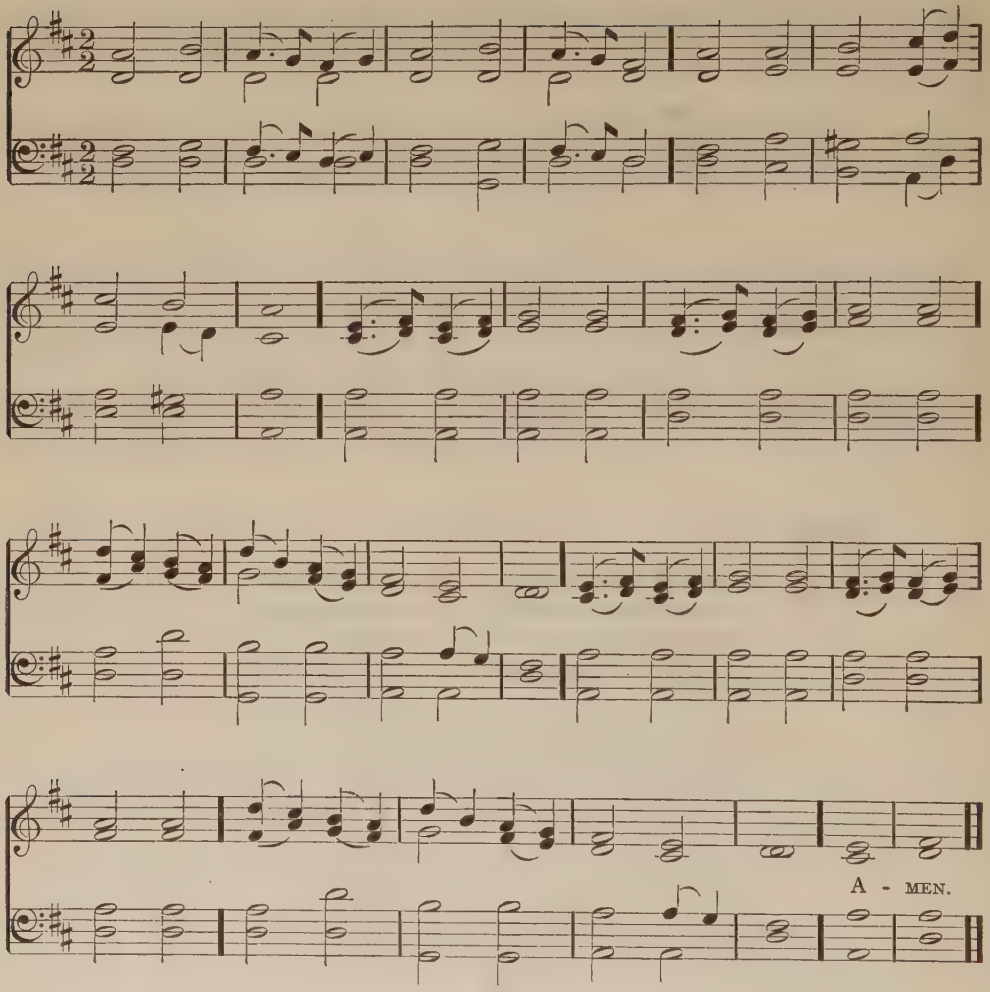
Our homes be brightened by thy smile;
  Our work be done as unto thee:
Let no dark thought our mirth defile;
  No sin enslave our liberty.

So grant us, Father, that each spot
  May catch the sunlight of thy face;
And whatsoe'er may be our lot
  Let it be hallowed by thy grace.

HENRY WARBURTON HAWKES.

SICILIAN MARINERS. 8.7.8.7.4.4.7.

TRADITIONAL.
MERRICK'S PSALMS, 1794.



510.

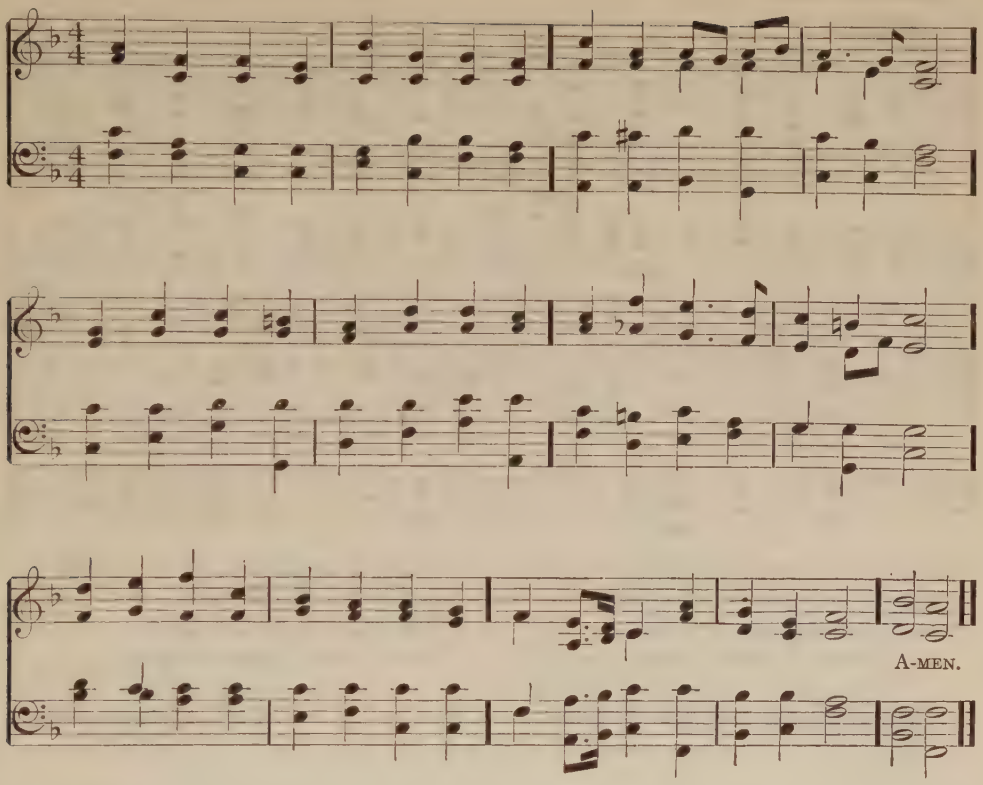
Dismission.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above;
Let us each, thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love;
Still support us,
Still support us,
While in duty's path we move.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence,
May thy presence,
With us evermore be found.

Ascribed to JOHN FAWCETT,* 1773.

JESU PASTOR. 8.7.8.7.8.7. JOHN H. WILCOX.



511.

'Benediction.'

God be with thee! Gently o'er thee
May his wings of mercy spread;
Be his way made plain before thee,
And his glory round thee shed.
:Safely onward,:
May thy pilgrim-feet be led.

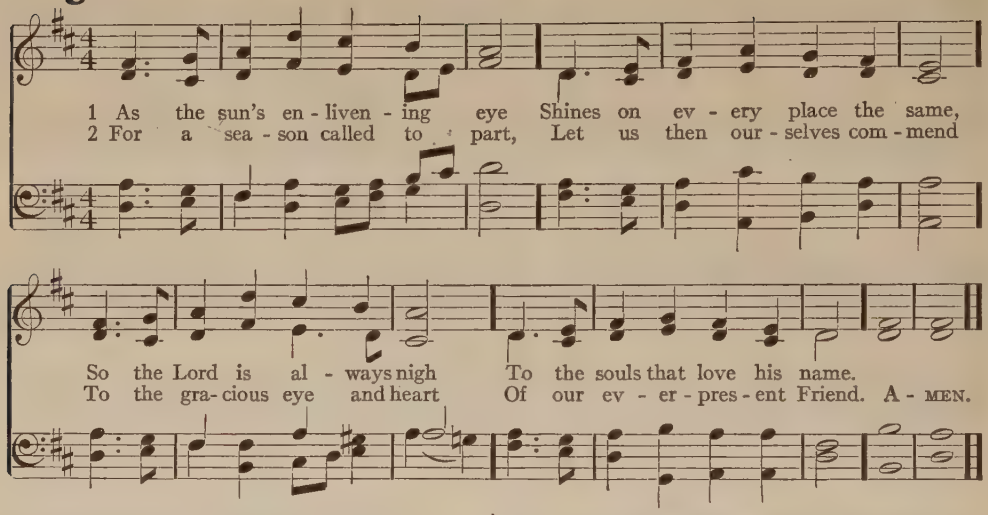
God be with thee! With thy spirit
His abiding presence be;
Till thy heart that peace inherit,
God alone can give to thee.
:His indwelling,:
Help and heal and set thee free.

THEODORE CHICKERING WILLIAMS, 1889.

INNOCENTS. 7.7.7.7. ANON., 'THE PARISH CHOIR,' 1851.

512.

'Parting.'


1 As the sun's en - liven - ing eye Shines on ev - ery place the same,
2 For a sea - son called to part, Let us then our - selves com - mend
So the Lord is al - ways nigh To the souls that love his name.
To the gra - cious eye and heart Of our ev - er - pres - ent Friend. A - MEN.

3 Father, hear our humble prayer!
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

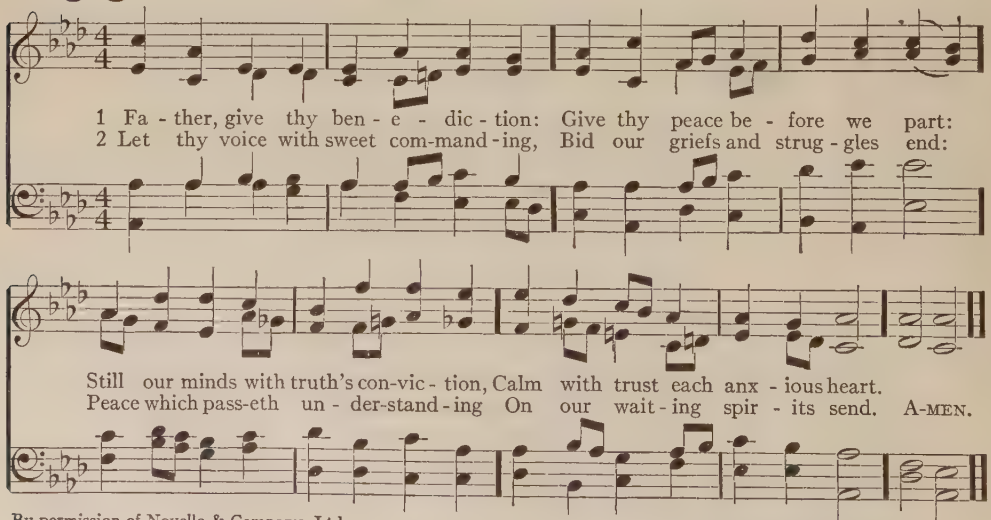
4 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain:
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

CRUCIFIXION. 8.7.8.7. JOHN STAINER, 1887.

513.

Benediction.


1 Fa - ther, give thy ben - e - dic - tion: Give thy peace be - fore we part:
2 Let thy voice with sweet com-mand - ing, Bid our griefs and strug - gles end:
Still our minds with truth's con-vic - tion, Calm with trust each anx - ious heart.
Peace which pass-eth un - der-stand - ing On our wait - ing spir - its send. A-MEN.

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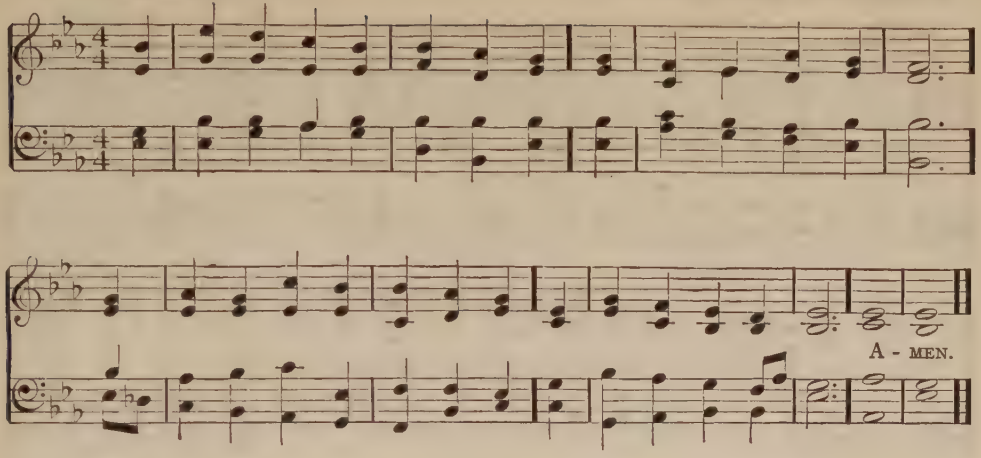
SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864.

ST. PETER. C. M.

ALEXANDER ROBERT REINAGLE, 1826.



514.

Not by words alone.

O Thou who hast thy servants taught,
That not by words alone,
But by the fruits of holiness,
The life of God is shown, —

While in the house of prayer we meet,
And call thee God and Lord,
Give us a heart to follow thee,
Obedient to thy word.

When we our voices lift in praise,
Give thou us grace to bring
An offering of unfeignéd thanks,
And with the spirit sing.

And, in the dangerous path of life,
Uphold us as we go;
That with our lips and in our lives
Thy glory we may show.

HENRY ALFORD, 1844.

515.

The Lord be with us.

The Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive;
His gift of peace on us descend,
Before his courts we leave.

The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
In silent thought or friendly talk,
Our hearts be near to God.

The Lord be with us till the night
Enfold our day of rest;
Be he of every heart the light,
Of every home the guest.

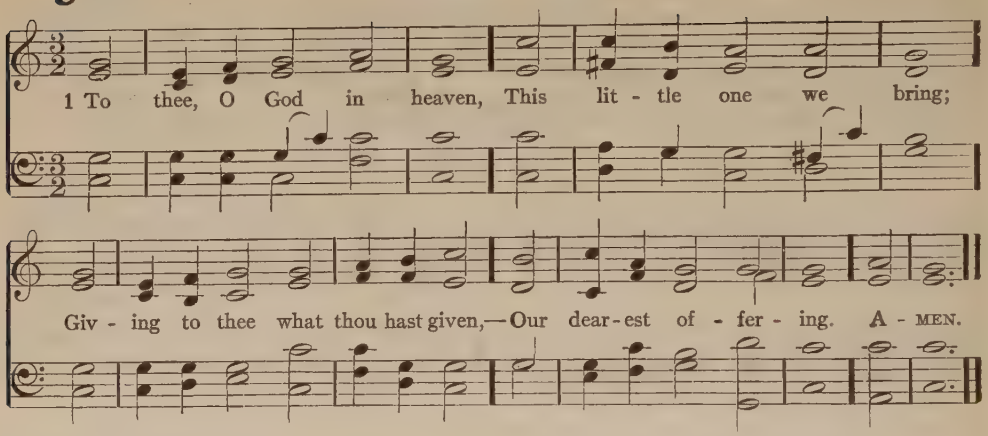
The Lord be with us through the hours
Of slumber calm and deep,
Protect our homes, renew our powers,
And guard his people's sleep.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1870.

BOYLSTON. S. M. LOWELL MASON.

516.

'The baptism of a child.'



2 Into a world of toil
These little feet will roam,
Where sin its purity may soil,
Where care and grief may come.

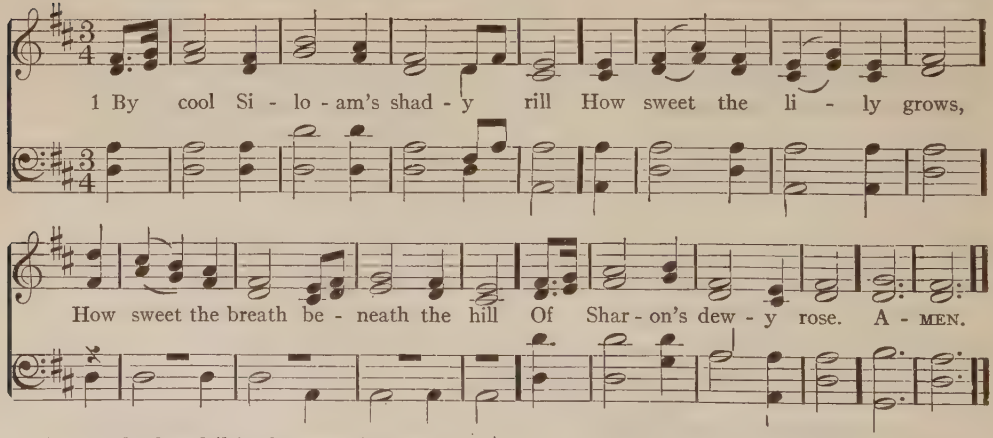
3 O then, let thy pure love,
With influence serene,
Come down, like water, from above,
To comfort and make clean.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

SILOAM. C. M. ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY, 1842.

517.

Christening.



2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

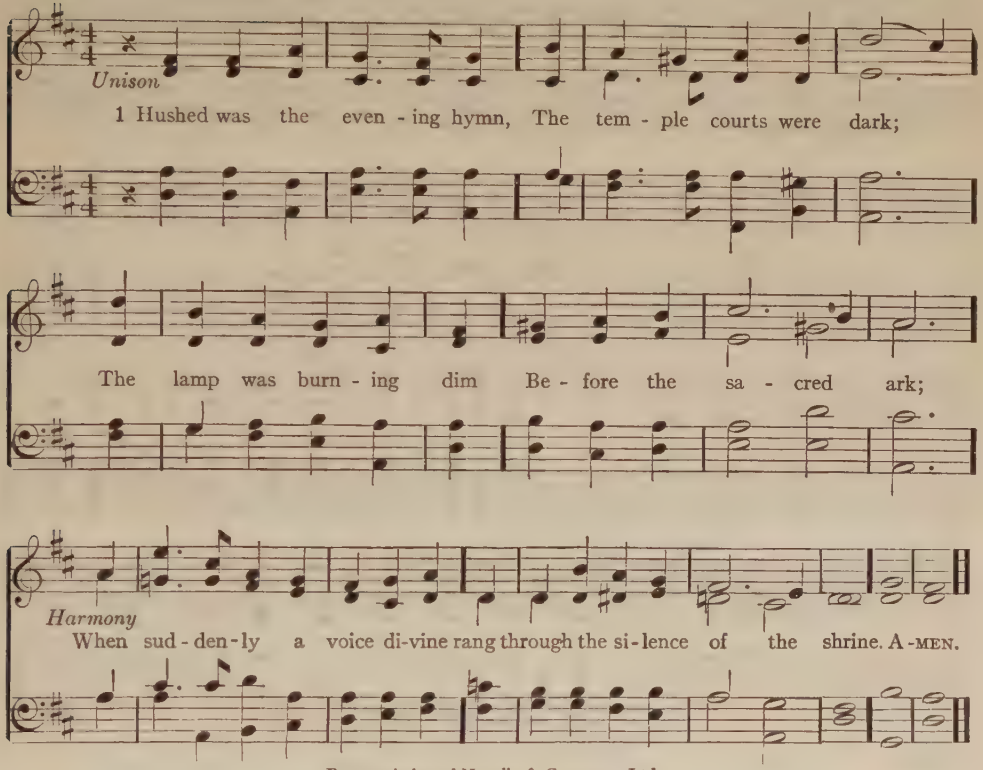
3 O thou who giv'st us life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

REGINALD HEBER, 1812.

SAMUEL. 6.6.6.6.8.8. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1874.

518.

The child Samuel in the temple.


Unison
1 Hushed was the even - ing hymn, The tem - ple courts were dark;
The lamp was burn - ing dim Be - fore the sa - cred ark;
Harmony
When sud - den - ly a voice di-vine rang through the si - lence of the shrine. A - MEN.

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Unison.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple child,
The little levite kept,
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

Harmony.

3 O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of thy word:
Like him to answer at thy call,
And to obey thee first of all.

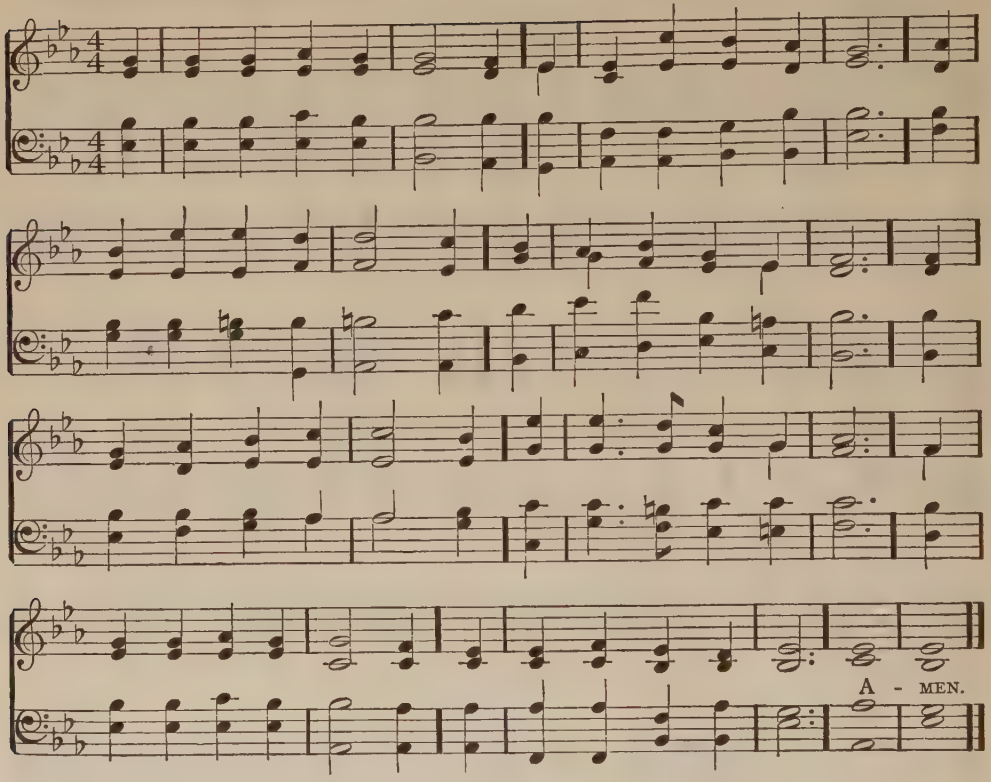
Harmony.

4 O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart that waits,
When in thy house thou art,
Or watches at thy gates.
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of thy will.

5 O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet, unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To thee in life and death;
That I may read with child-like eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS, 1857.

AURELIA. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, 1864.



519.

With happy voices ringing.

With happy voices ringing,
Thy children, Lord, appear,
Their joyous praises bringing
In anthems sweet and clear.
For skies of golden splendor,
For azure rolling sea,
For blossoms sweet and tender,
O Lord, we worship thee.

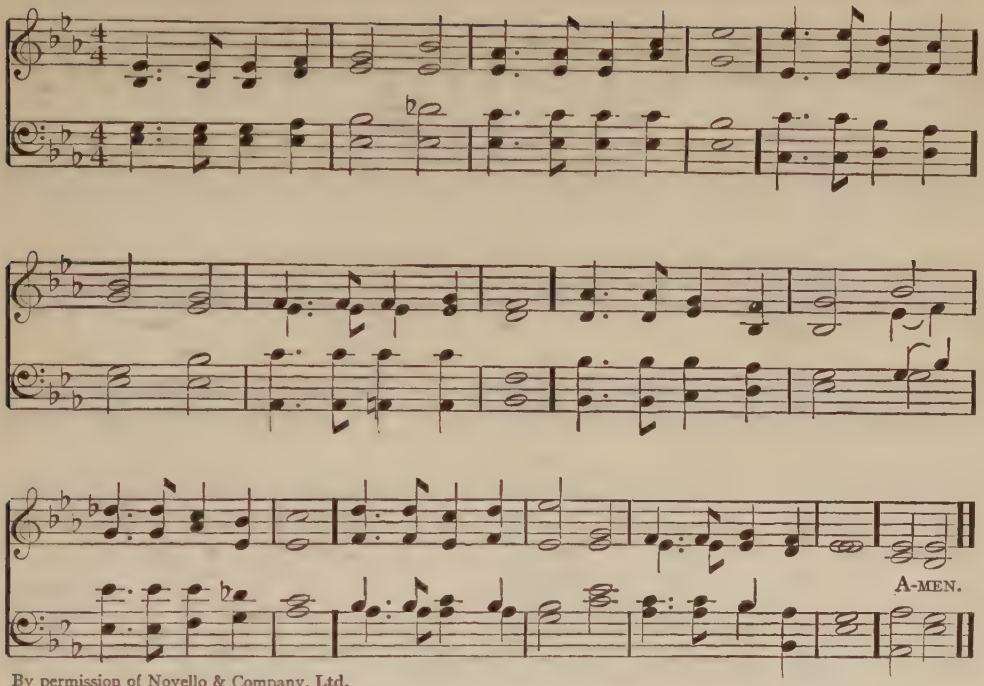
What though no eye beholds thee,
No hand thy hand may feel —
Thy universe unfolds thee,
Thy starry heavens reveal;
The earth and all its glory,
Our homes and all we love,
Tell forth the wondrous story
Of One who reigns above.

And shall we not adore thee
With more than joyous song,
And live in truth before thee
All beautiful and strong?
Lord, bless our souls' endeavor
Thy servants true to be,
And through all life, forever,
To live our praise to thee.

WILLIAM GEORGE TARRANT, 1888.

RUTH. 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.

SAMUEL SMITH, 1865.



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520.

Summer suns are glowing.

Summer suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing,
Bountiful and free.
Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

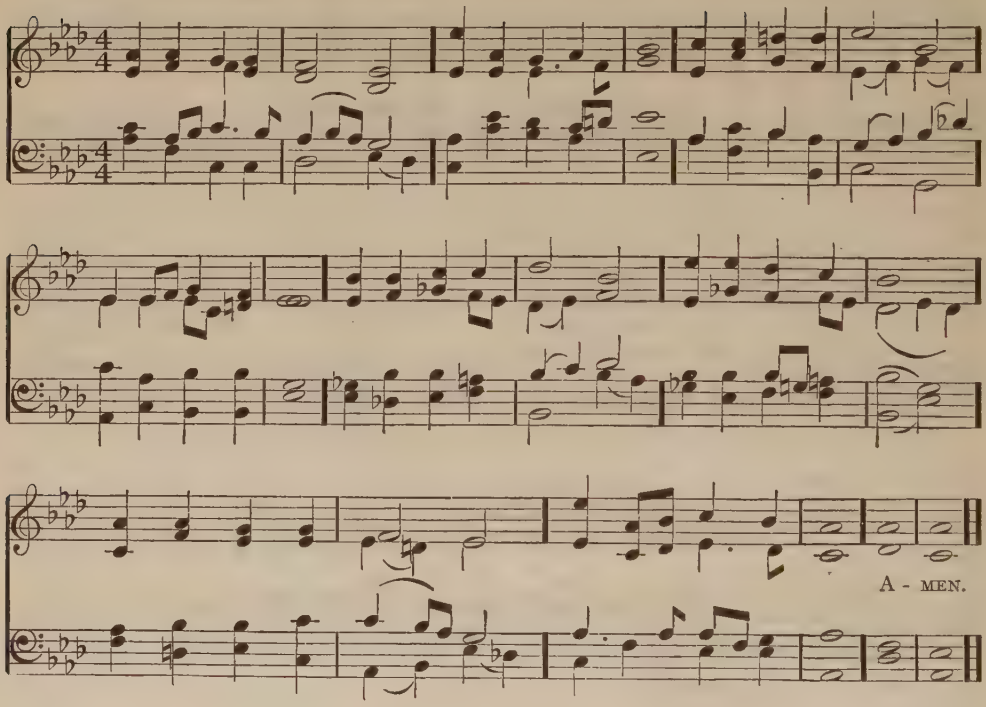
God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And his banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For thy loving-kindness
Make us love thee more.
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across the sky,
Then, the mist uplifting,
Father, be thou nigh.

We will never doubt thee,
Though thou veil thy light;
Life is dark without thee,
Death with thee is bright.
Light of light, shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go thou still before us
To the endless day.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1871.

WARUM SIND DIE THRÄNEN. 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5. J. A. P. Schulz, 1785.



521.

Lead us, heavenly Father.

Lead us, heavenly Father,
Lead us, Shepherd kind;
We are only children,
Weak, and young, and blind.
All the way before us
Thou alone dost know;
Lead us, heavenly Father,
Singing as we go.

Lead us, heavenly Father,
In our opening way;
Lead us in the morning
Of our little day;
While our hearts are happy,
While our souls are free,
May we give our childhood
As a song to thee.

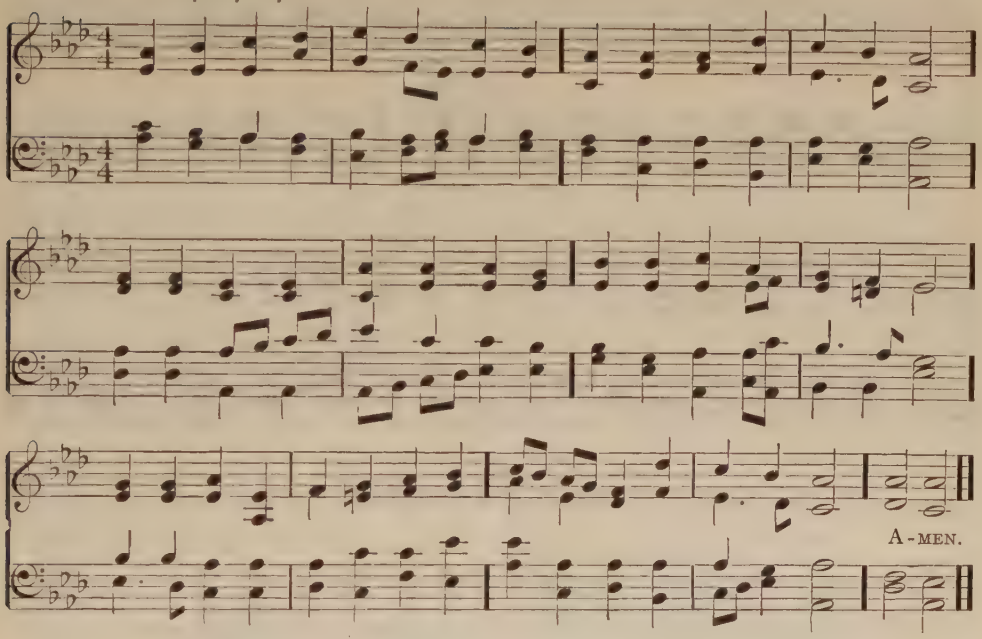
Lead us, heavenly Father,
As the way grows long;
Be our strong salvation,
Be our joyous song;
Gladdened by thy mercies,
Chastened by thy rod,
May we walk through all things
Humbly with our God.

Brooke Herford.

ALLELUIA DULCE CARMEN.

ANON. ESSAY ON THE CHURCH PLAIN CHANT, 1782.

8.7.8.7.8.7.



522.

Father of all.

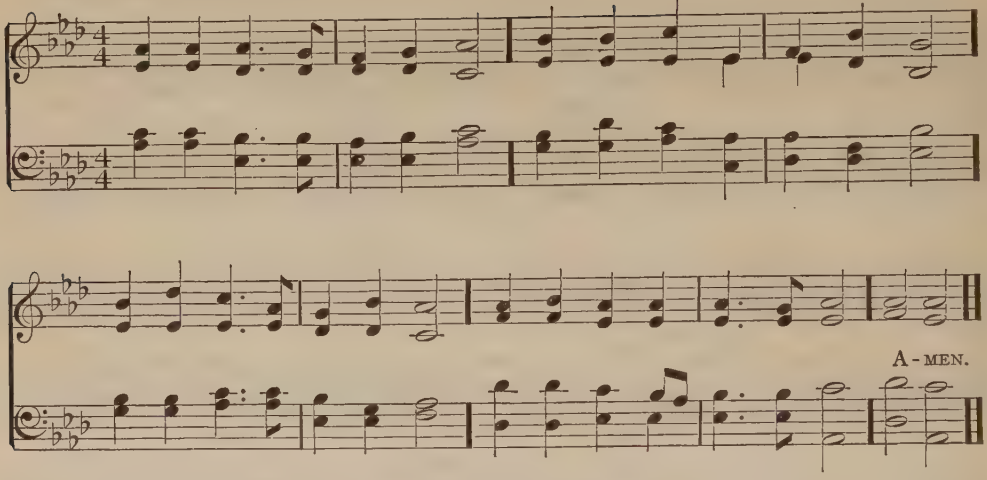
We are children of one Father,
All alike his children dear;
When around his feet we gather,
Every voice he bends to hear:
Every whisper, every whisper
We send upward, brings him near.

All our blessings he has given;
All we have to him belongs:
We are here to build up heaven
In the place of sins and wrongs:
To our Father, to our Father,
Loving deeds are sweetest songs.

Children, every hour is bringing
Something good from him to you:
Would you join his angels' singing?
Share his angels' mission, too.
Teach us Father, teach us, Father,
Heavenly work on earth to do.

LUCY LARCOM.

ST. BEES. 7·7·7·7. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1862.



Alternative Tune: Innocents.

523.

Lead me, Father.

Father, lead me day by day,
Ever in thine own sweet way;
Teach me to be pure and true,
Show me what I ought to do.

When in danger, make me brave;
Make me know that thou canst save:
Keep me safe by thy dear side;
Let me in thy love abide.

When I'm tempted to do wrong,
Make me steadfast, wise, and strong;
And when all alone I stand,
Shield me with thy mighty hand.

When my heart is full of glee,
Help me to remember thee,
Happy most of all to know
That my Father loves me so.

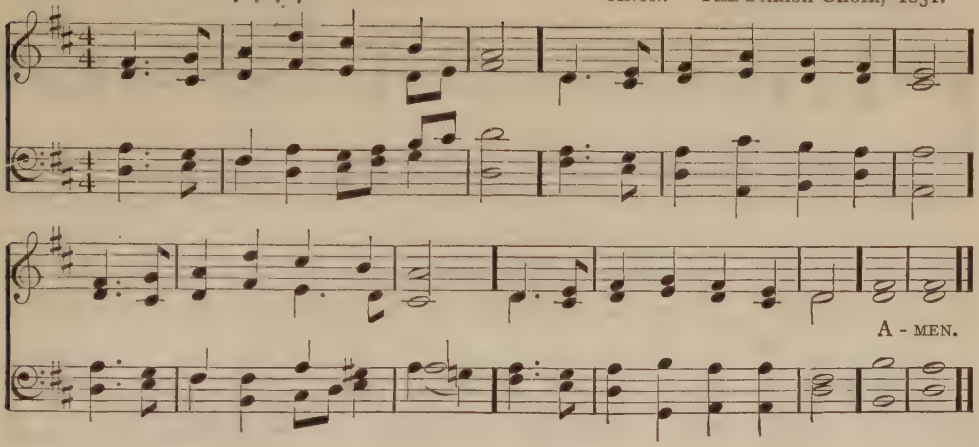
When my work seems hard and dry,
May I press on cheerily;
Help me patiently to bear
Pain and hardship, toil and care.

May I see the good and bright,
When they pass before my sight;
May I hear the heavenly voice
When the pure and wise rejoice.

May I do the good I know,
Be thy loving child below,
Then at last go home to thee,
Evermore thy child to be.

JOHN PAGE HOPPS.

INNOCENTS. 7·7·7·7. ANON. 'THE PARISH CHOIR,' 1851.



Alternative Tune: St. Bees.

524. *All that's good and great and true.*

All that's good and great and true,
All that is and is to be,
Be it old or be it new,
Comes, O Father, comes from thee.

Mercies dawn with every day,
Newer, brighter, than before,
And the sun's declining ray
Layeth others up in store.

Not a bird that doth not sing
Sweetest praises to thy name,
Not an insect on the wing
But thy wonders doth proclaim.

Far and near, o'er land and sea,
Mountain top and wooded dell,
All in singing, sing of thee,
Songs of love ineffable.

May we all, with songs of praise,
Whilst on earth, thy name adore,
Till with angel choirs we raise
Songs of praise forevermore.

GODFREY THRING.

525. *The children's hymn.*

Lord, this day thy children meet,
In thy courts with willing feet;
Unto thee this day they raise
Grateful hearts in hymns of praise.

Not alone the day of rest
With thy worship shall be blest;
In our pleasure and our glee,
Lord, we would remember thee.

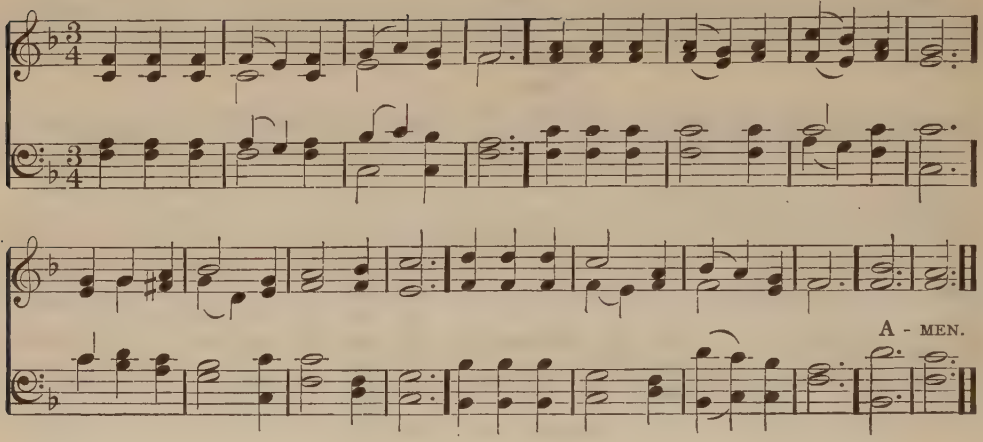
Help us unto thee to pray,
Hallowing our happy day;
From thy presence thus to win
Hearts all pure and free from sin.

All our pleasures here below,
Father, from thy mercy flow:
Little children thou dost love,
Draw our hearts to thee above.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW.

HURSLEY. L. M.

Adapted from KATHOLISCHES GESANGBUCH, VIENNA, c. 1774.



526.

'A Morning Hymn for a Child.'

O God, I thank thee that the night
In peace and rest hath passed away,
And that I see in this fair light
My Father's smile that makes it day.

Be thou my Guide, and let me live
As under thine all-seeing eye;
For thou each day my bread dost give,
And thou wilt all my wants supply.

JOHN PIERPONT.*

527.

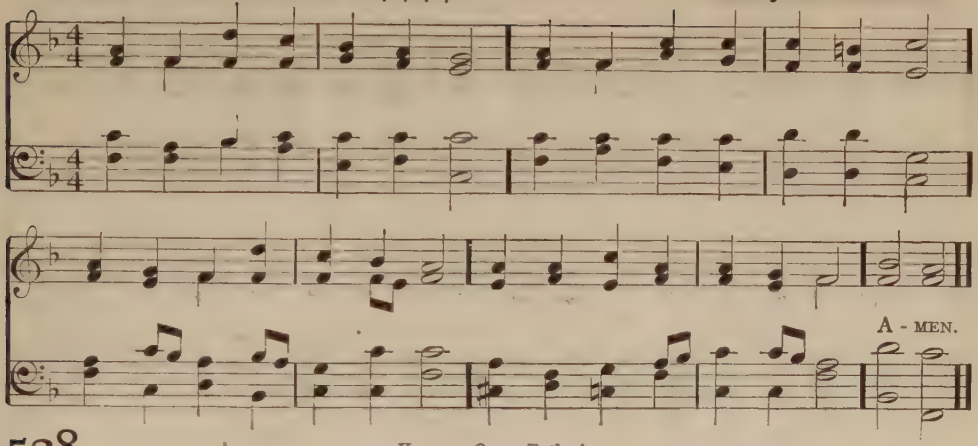
'An Evening Hymn for a Child.'

Another day its course hath run,
And still, O God, thy child is blest;
For thou hast been by day my sun,
And thou wilt be by night my rest.

Sweet sleep descends, my eyes to close;
And now, when all the world is still,
I give my body to repose,
My spirit to my Father's will.

JOHN PIERPONT.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. 7.7.7.7. HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT.



528.

Hear us, O our Father!

Father from thy throne on high,
Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving eye, —
Hear us, O our Father!

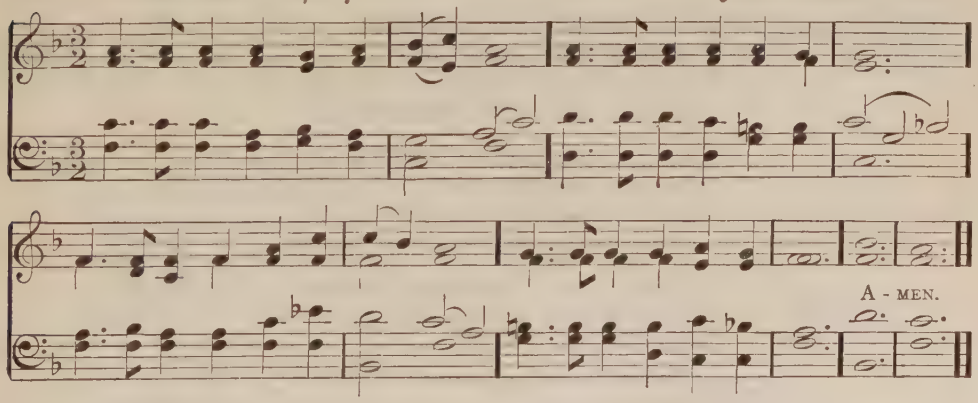
Children's lives may be divine,
Little deeds of love may shine,
Youthful hearts be wholly thine, —
Hear us, O our Father!

Be thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray, —
Hear us, O our Father!

Make us brave, without a fear;
Make us happy, full of cheer,
Sure that thou art always near, —
Hear us, O our Father!

THOMAS BENSON POLLOCK.

ST. SYLVESTER. 8.7.8.7. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.



529.

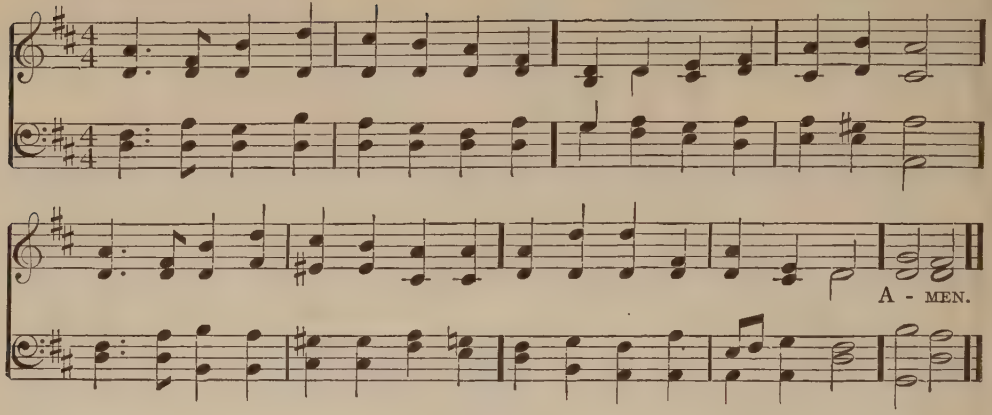
Heavenly Shepherd.

Heavenly Shepherd, true and holy,
Hear, O hear us while we pray!
Let thy children, weak and lowly
Be thy care in life's young day.

We are thine; do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us;
Seek us when we go astray.

ANON.

ST. OSWALD. 8.7.8.7. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1857.



530.

Little children, wake and listen!

Little children, wake and listen!
Songs are breaking o'er the earth;
While the stars in heaven glisten
Hear the news of Jesus' birth.

Long ago, to lonely meadows
Angels brought the message down;
Still each year through midnight shadows,
It is heard in every town.

What is this that they are telling,
Singing in the quiet street?
While their voices high are swelling,
What sweet words do they repeat?

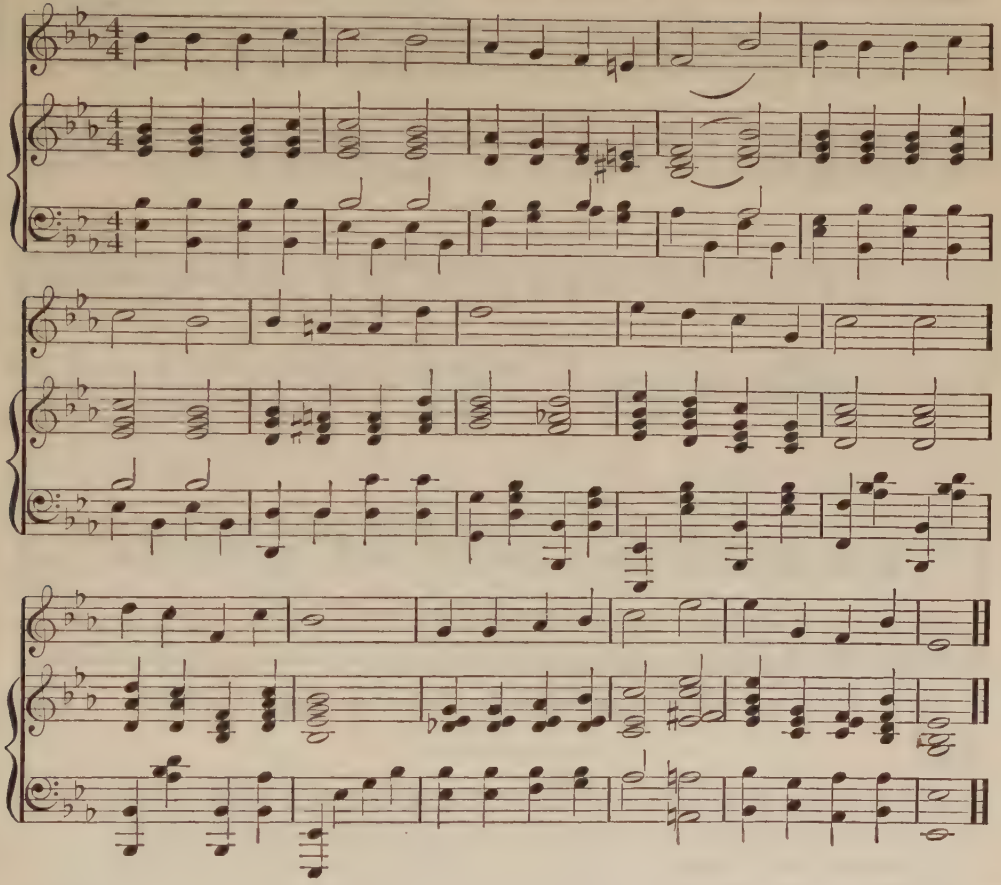
Words to bring us greater gladness,
Though our hearts from care are free;
Words to chase away our sadness,
Cheerless though our hearts may be.

'Praise to God!' The angels' chorus
Rings through all the earth again.
Sweetly sounds the echo o'er us,
'Peace on earth, good-will to men.'

Little children, wake and listen!
Songs are ringing through the earth;
While the stars in heaven glisten,
Hear the news of Jesus' birth.

WILLIAMSON'S 'Children's Manual,'* 1876.

IN THE LONELY MIDNIGHT. 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5. ALONZO POTTER HOWARD.



531.

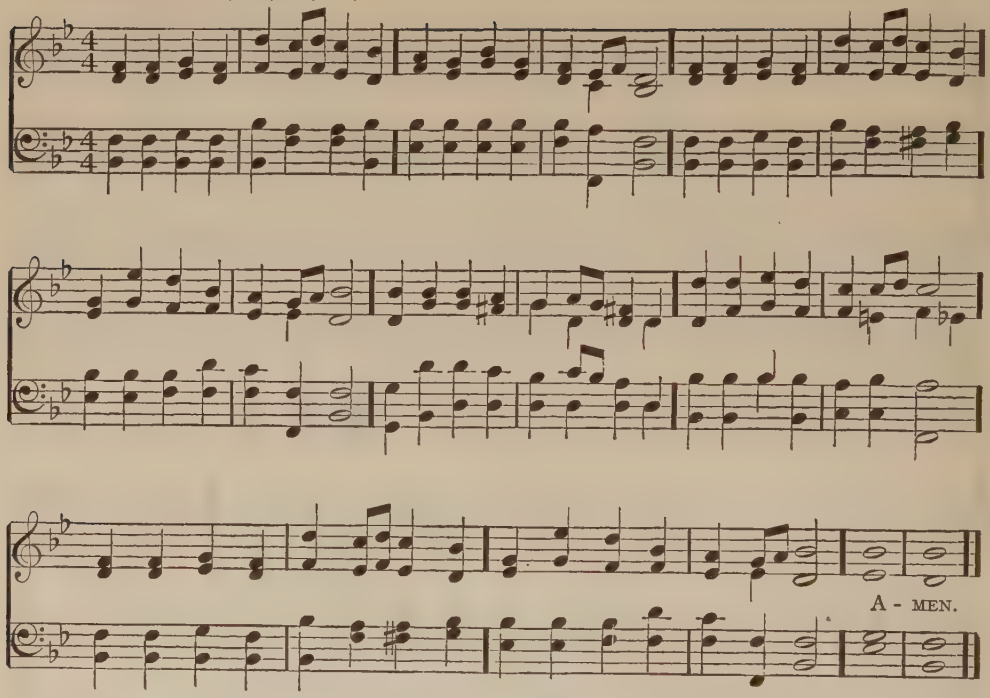
In the lonely midnight,
On the wintry hill,
Shepherds heard the angels
Singing, 'Peace, good-will.'
Listen, O ye weary,
To the angels' song,
Unto you the tidings
Of great joy belong.

Though in David's city
Angels sing no more,
Love makes angel music
On earth's darkest shore;
Though no heavenly glory
Meet your wondering eyes,
Love can make your dwelling
Bright as paradise.

Though the child of Mary,
Sent from heaven on high,
In his manger cradle
May no longer lie,
Love is King forever,
Though the proud world scorn;
If ye truly seek him,
Christ your King is born.

THEODORE CHICKERING WILLIAMS.

BEECHER. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7. JOHN ZUNDEL, 1870.



532.

The beautiful old story.

O the beautiful old story!
Of the little child that lay
In a manger on that morning,
When the stars sang in the day;
When the happy shepherds kneeling,
As before a holy shrine,
Blessed God and the tender mother
For a life that was divine.

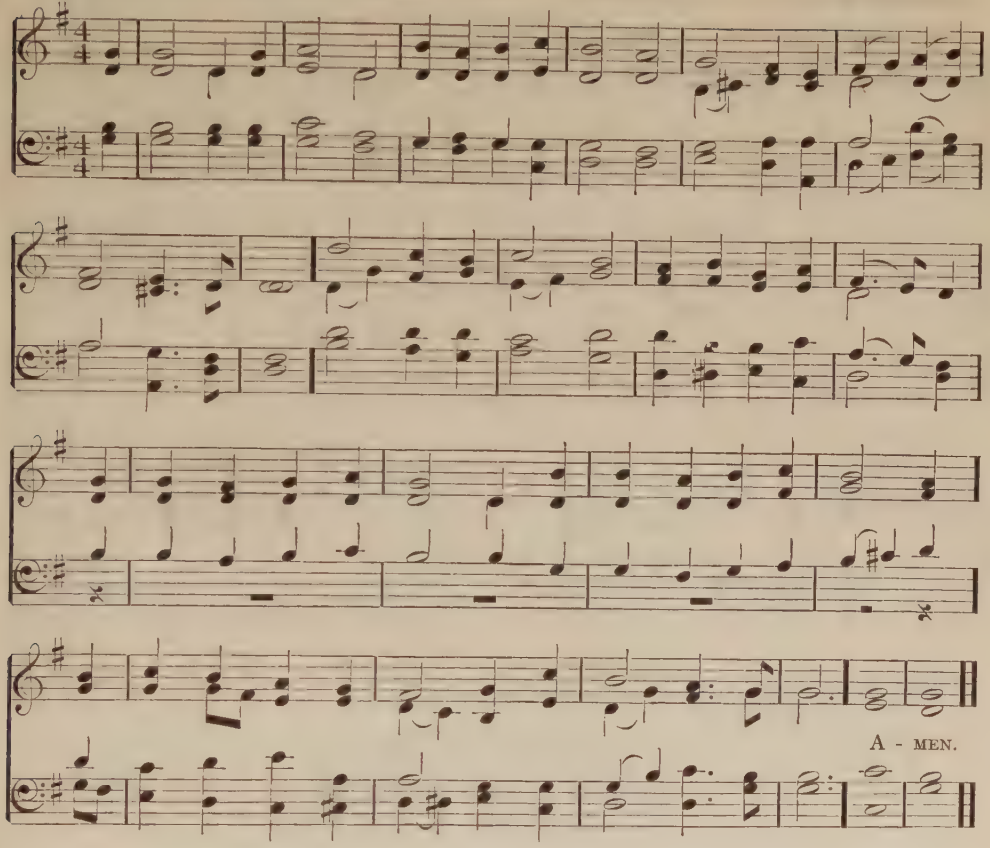
O the pleasant, peaceful story!
Of the youth who grew so fair,
In his father's humble dwelling,
Poverty and toil to share,
Till around him, in the temple,
Marvelling, the old men stood,
As through his wise innocency
Shone the meek boy's angelhood.

O the wonderful, true story!
Of the messenger from God,
Who among the poor and lowly,
Bravely and devoutly trod,
Working miracles of mercy,
Preaching peace, rebuking strife,
Blessing all the little children,
Lifting up the dead to life.

O the sad and solemn story!
Of the cross, the crown, the spear,
Of the pardon, pain, and glory
That have made this name so dear.
This example let us follow,
Fearless, faithful to the end,
Walking in the sacred footsteps
Of our brother, master, friend.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

ADESTE FIDELES (Portuguese Hymn). Irregular. TRADITIONAL.



533.

'Adeste, fideles, laeti triumphantes.'

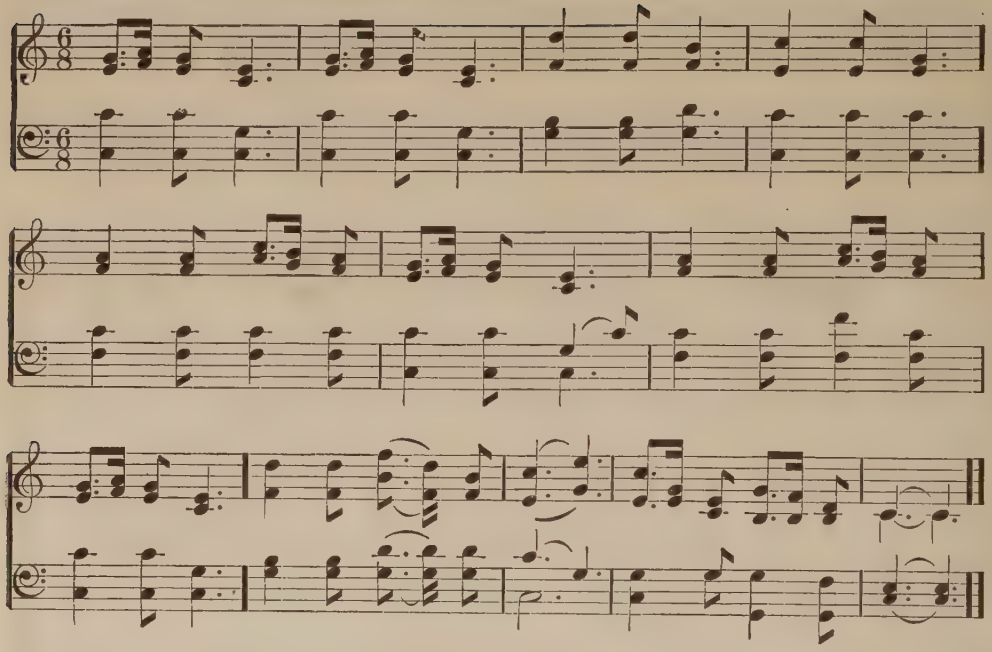
O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
Come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem.
There shall we see him
Lying in a manger,
:O come, let us behold him:
Mary's child!

Lo, humble shepherds,
Hasting to his cradle,
Leaving their flocks in the fields, draw near.
We, too, with gladness,
Thither bend our footsteps.
:O come, let us behold him:
Wondrous child!

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing with exultation!
Sing, O ye citizens of earth and heaven!
Praise to the Father,
Worship and thanksgiving!
:O come, let us adore him:
God the Lord!

Latin Hymn, c. 1700.
Based on Translation by FREDERICK OAKELEY, 1841.
Adapted by ROBERT STANLEY WEIR, 1913.

STILLE NACHT. Irregular. Attributed to FRANZ GRÜBER.



534.

'Stille Nacht! Heilige Nacht!'

Silent night! peaceful night!
All things sleep, shepherds keep
Watch on Bethlehem's silent hill,
And unseen, while all is still,
Angels watch above,
Angels watch above.

Bright the star shines atar,
Guiding travelers on their way,
Who their gold and incense bring,
Offerings to the promised king,
Child of David's line,
Child of David's line.

Light around! joyous sound!
Angel voices wake the air;
'Glory be to God in heaven;
Peace on earth to you is given;
Christ, the Savior, is come,
Christ, the Savior, is come!'

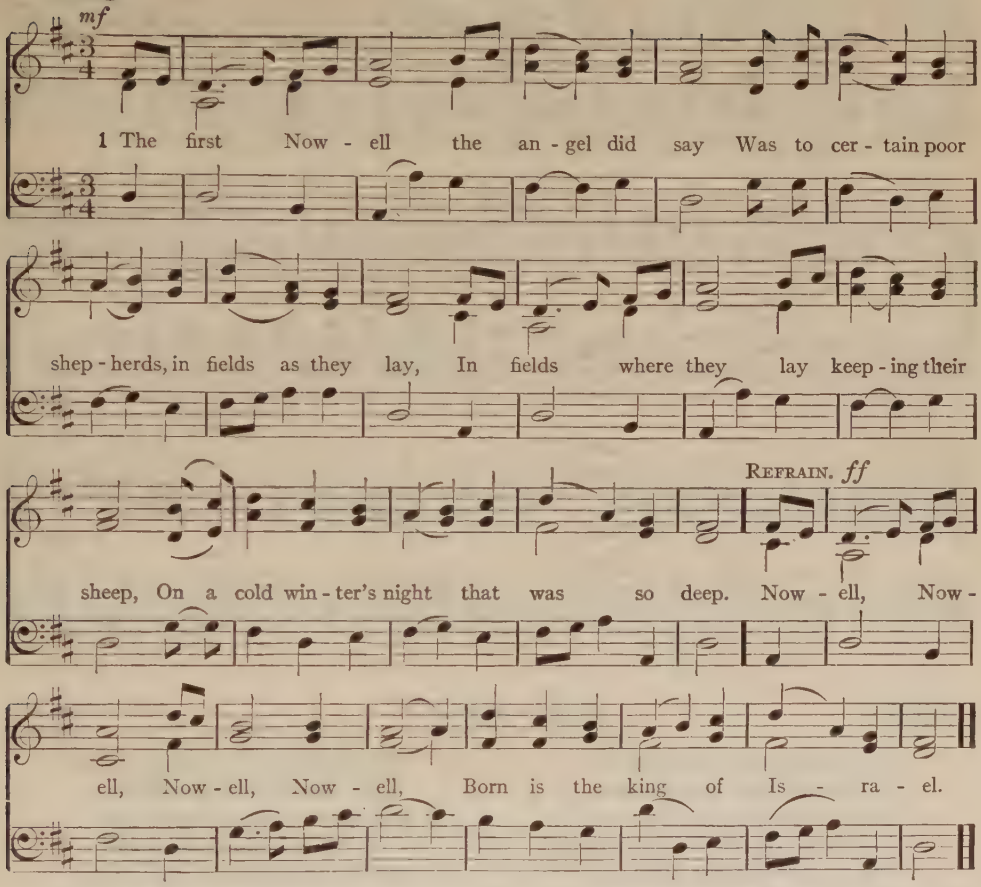
JOSEPH MOHR, 1818.
Trans. ANON.

THE FIRST NOWELL. Irregular.

TRADITIONAL.

535.

The First Nowell.


mf
1 The first Now - ell the an - gel did say Was to cer - tain poor
shep - herds, in fields as they lay, In fields where they lay keep - ing their
REFRAIN. ff
sheep, On a cold win - ter's night that was so deep. Now - ell, Now -
ell, Now - ell, Now - ell, Born is the king of Is - ra - el.

2 They looked up and saw a star,
Shining in the east beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.
REFRAIN. Nowell, etc.

3 And by the light of that same star,
Three wise men came from country far;
To seek for a king was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.
REFRAIN. Nowell, etc.

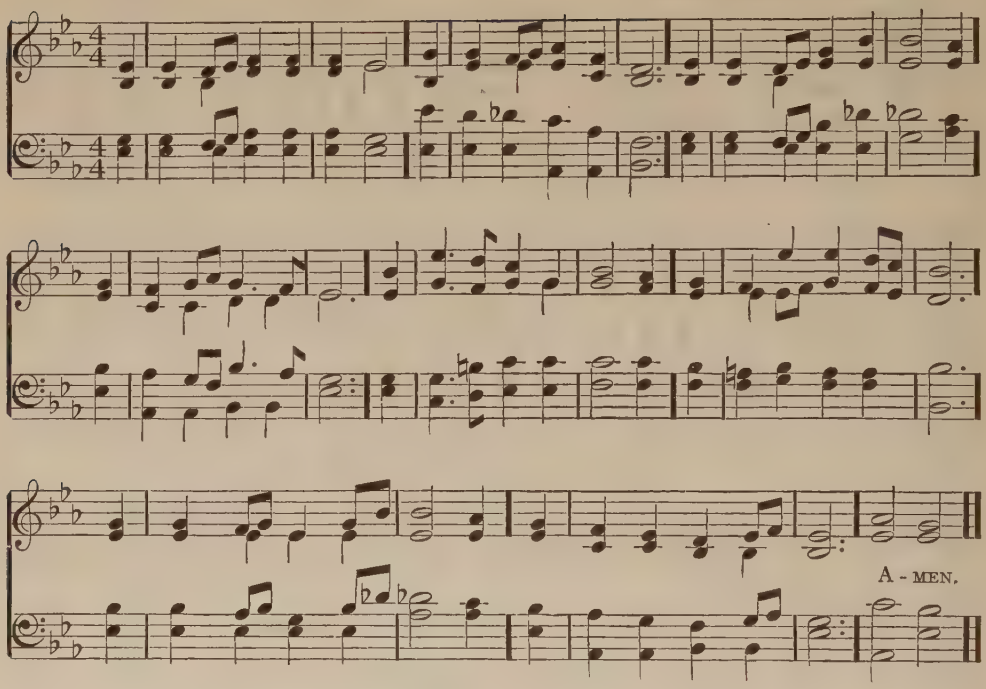
4 This star drew nigh to the north-west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right o'er the place where Jesus lay.
REFRAIN. Nowell, etc.

5 Then did they know assuredly,
Within that house the king did lie,
One entered in then for to see,
And found the babe in poverty.
REFRAIN. Nowell, etc.

6 Then entered in those wise men three,
Most reverently upon their knee,
And offered there, in his presence,
Both gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.
REFRAIN. Nowell, etc.

Traditional.

ST. EDITH. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. JUSTIN HEINRICH KNECHT, 1799.



536.

Lend-a-Hand Song.

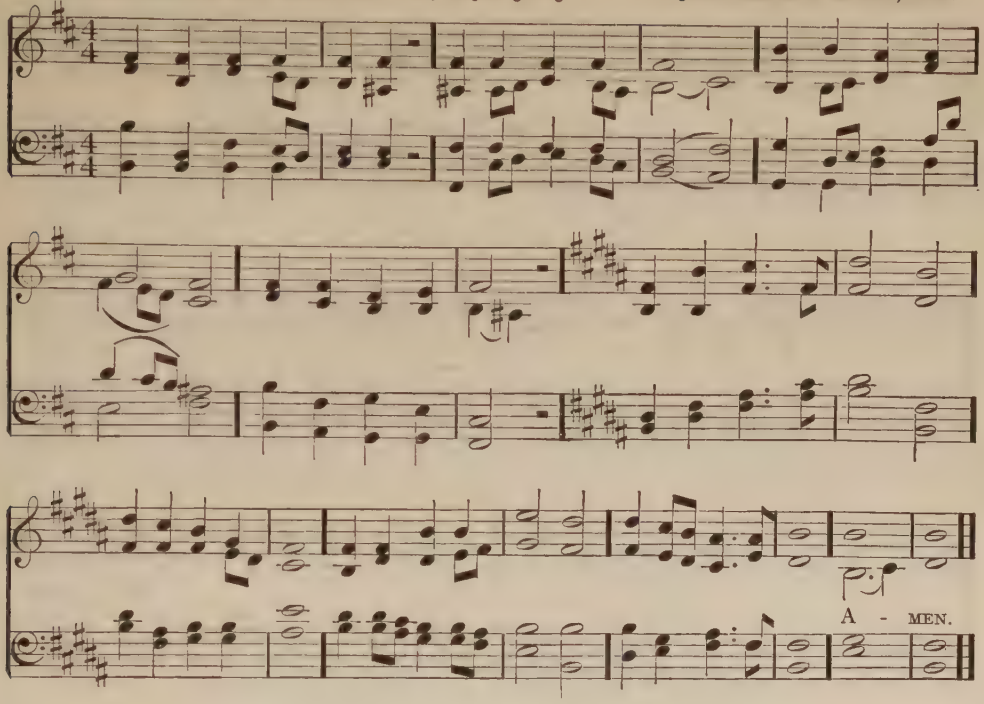
From city and from prairie
From every happy home,
To help the faint and weary,
Our Father's children come.
As far as sunlight reaches,
As high as mountains stand
Our gladsome gospel teaches
How all shall lend a hand.

The boys shall tell their mothers,
The fathers tell the boys,
The sisters tell their brothers,
Till all the lands rejoice.
As far as sunlight reaches,
Glad news to eager men,
And every learner teaches
That 'Ten times one is ten.'

In every home of sorrow,
Some loving comfort bring,
And something more to-morrow,
While all unite and sing,
Look upward to his heaven,
Look forward at his call,
And use the strength he's given,
To lend a hand to all.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE. 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1868.



537.

The students' hymn.

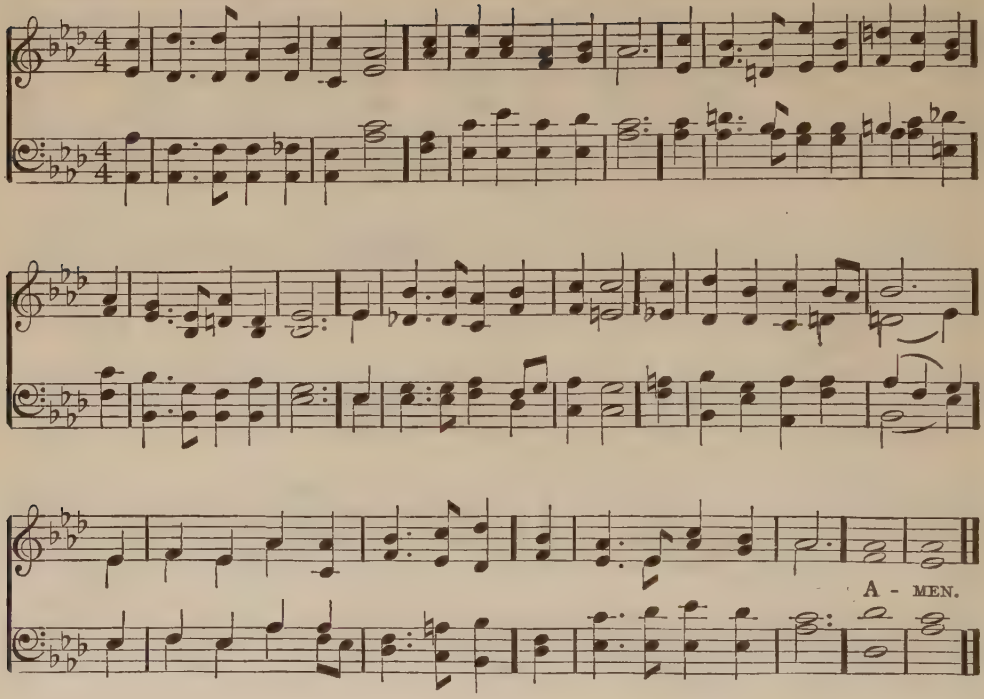
In life's earnest morning,
When our hope was high,
Came thy voice in summons,
Not to be put by:
Nor in toil nor sorrow,
Weakness nor dismay,
Need we ever falter, —
Art not thou our stay?

Teach us, Lord, thy wisdom,
While we seek men's lore:
May the mind be humbled
As we know thee more:
Let the larger vision
Bring the childlike heart,
And our deeper knowledge
Holier zeal impart.

Should thy face be clouded
To our spirits' sight,
Speak through human kindness,
Shine through nature's light,
In the face of loved ones,
Or the ties of home —
Only, gracious Father,
To thy children come.

EBENEZER SHERMAN OAKLEY, 1885.

ALFORD. 7.6.8.6.7.6.8.6. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1875.



538.

The city of the Lord.

The fathers built this city
In ages long ago,
And, busy in its busy streets,
They hurried to and fro;
The children played around them
And sang the songs of yore,
Till, one by one, they fell asleep,
To work and play no more.

Yet still the city standeth,
A hive of toiling men,
And mother's love makes happy home
For children now as then;
O God of ages, help us
Such citizens to be
That children's children here may sing
The songs of liberty.

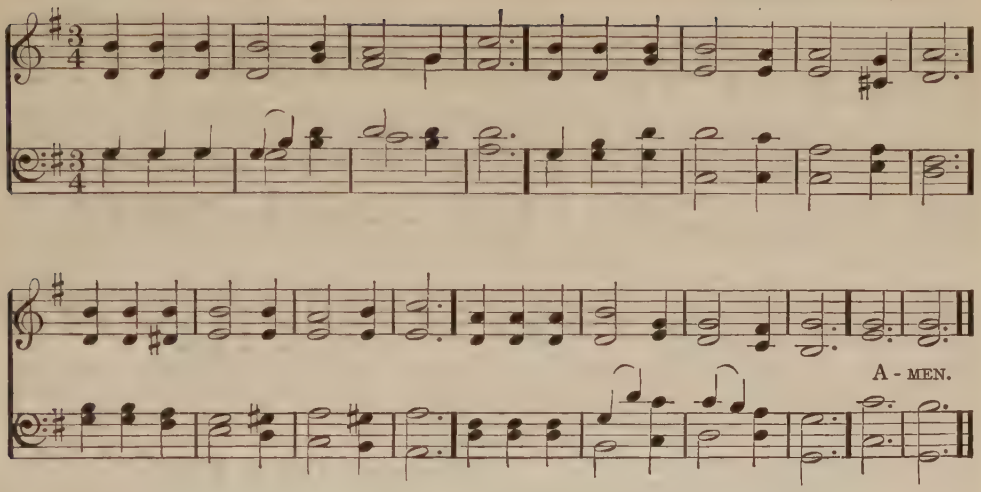
Let all the people praise thee,
Give all thy saving health,
Or vain the laborer's strong right arm
And vain the merchant's wealth.
Send forth thy light to banish
The shadows and the shame,
Till all the civic virtues shine
Around our city's name.

A commonweal of brothers,
United, great and small;
Upon our banner blazoned be
The charter, 'Each for all!'
Nor let us cease from battle,
Nor weary sheathe the sword,
Until this city is become
The city of the Lord.

WILLIAM GEORGE TARRANT.

PENTECOST. L. M.

WILLIAM BOYD, 1868.



539.

(Land of our birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be,
When we are grown and take our place
As men and women with our race.)

Father in heaven, who lovest all,
O help thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age
An undefiléd heritage.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends
On thee for Judge and not our friends;
That we, with thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favor of the crowd.

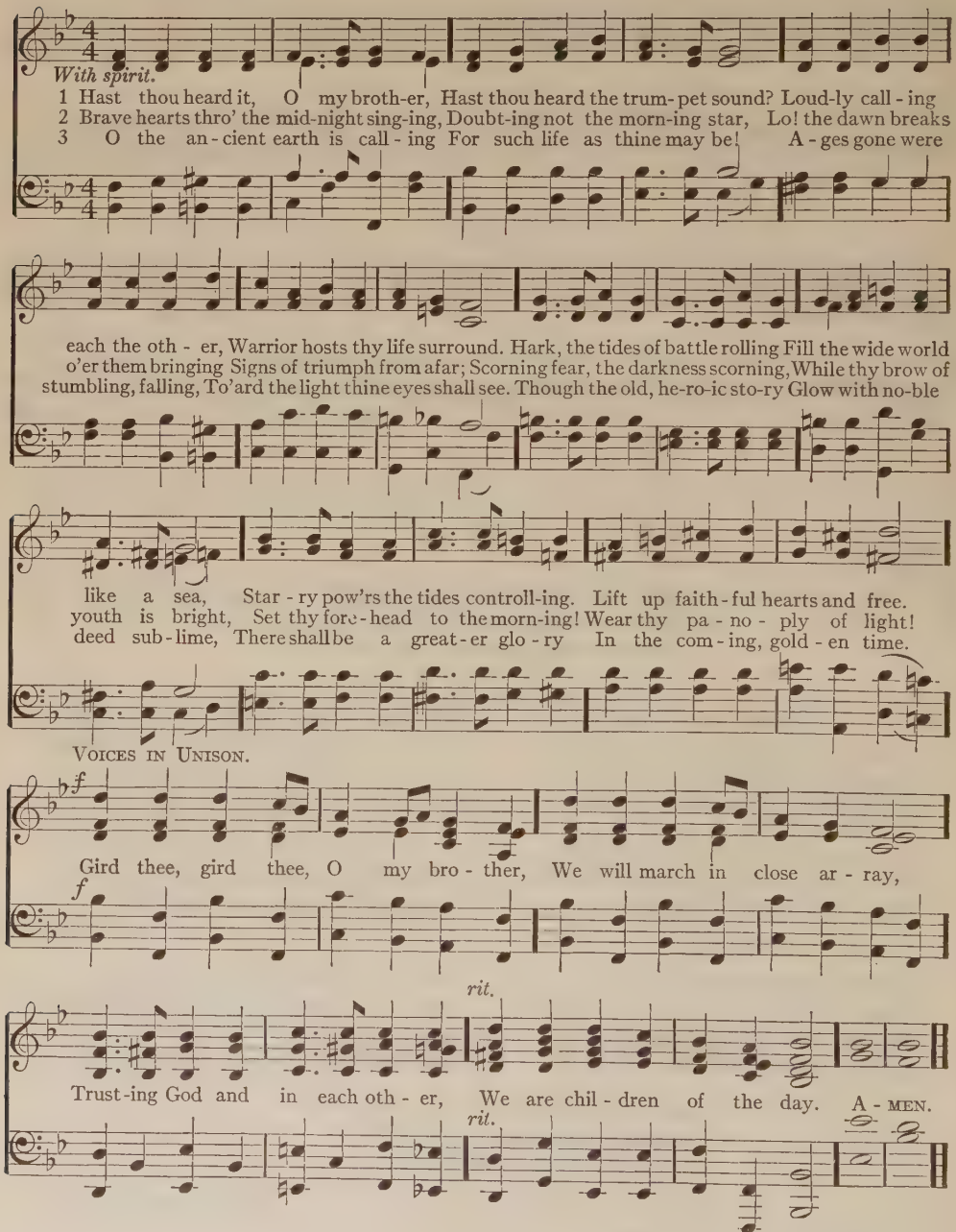
Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs,
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun.

(Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died;
O Motherland, we pledge to thee
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be.)

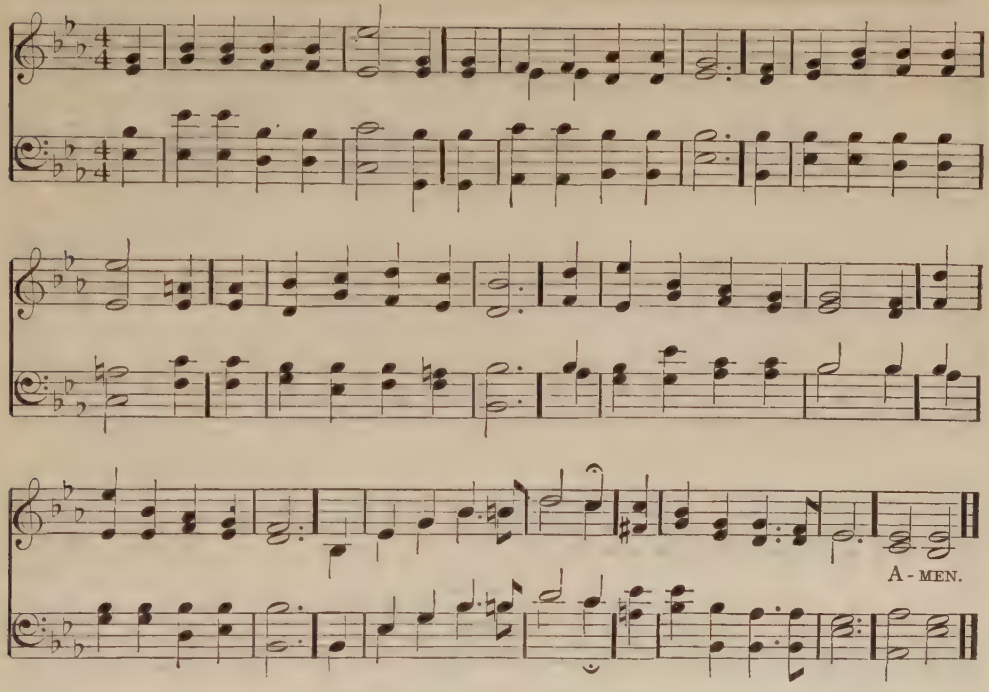
RUDYARD KIPLING, 1906.

540. THE ARMOR OF LIGHT. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7. FRANK LYNES.


With spirit.
1 Hast thou heard it, O my broth-er, Hast thou heard the trum-pet sound? Loud-ly call-ing
2 Brave hearts thro' the mid-night sing-ing, Doubt-ing not the morn-ing star, Lo! the dawn breaks
3 O the an-cient earth is call-ing For such life as thine may be! A-ges gone were
each the oth-er, Warrior hosts thy life surround. Hark, the tides of battle rolling Fill the wide world
o'er them bringing Signs of triumph from afar; Scorning fear, the darkness scorning, While thy brow of
stumbling, falling, To'ard the light thine eyes shall see. Though the old, he-ro-ic sto-ry Glow with no-ble
like a sea, Star-ry pow'rs the tides controll-ing. Lift up faith-ful hearts and free.
youth is bright, Set thy fore-head to the morn-ing! Wear thy pa-no-ply of light!
deed sub-lime, There shall be a great-er glo-ry In the com-ing, gold-en time.
VOICES IN UNISON.
f
Gird thee, gird thee, O my bro-ther, We will march in close ar-ray,
f
rit.
Trust-ing God and in each oth-er, We are chil-dren of the day. A-MEN.
rit.

THEODORE CHICKERING WILLIAMS, 1902.

GREENLAND. 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. Attributed to JOHANN MICHAEL HAYDN.



Alternative Tune: Lancashire or Webb.

541.

Isaiah VI, 8.

The voice of God is calling
Its summons unto men;
As once he spake in Zion,
So now he speaks again.
Whom shall I send to succor
My people in their need?
Whom shall I send to loosen
The bonds of shame and greed?

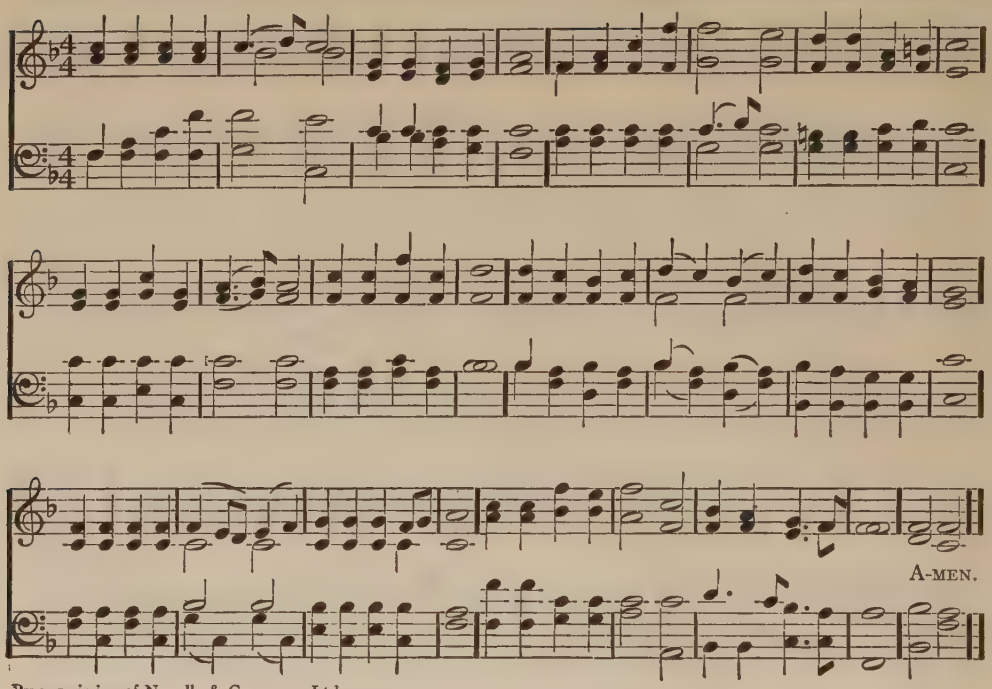
I hear my people crying
In cot and mine and slum;
No field or mart is silent,
No city street is dumb.
I see my people falling
In darkness and despair.
Whom shall I send to shatter
The fetters which they bear?

We heed, O Lord, thy summons,
And answer: Here are we!
Send us upon thine errand!
Let us thy servants be!
Our strength is dust and ashes,
Our years a passing hour;
But thou canst use our weakness,
To magnify thy power.

From ease and plenty save us,
From pride of place absolve;
Purge us of low desire,
Lift us to high resolve.
Take us, and make us holy,
Teach us thy will and way.
Speak, and, behold! we answer,
Command, and we obey!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, 1913.

ST. GERTRUDE. 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1871.



By permission of Novello & Company, Ltd.

542.

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe:
Forward into battle
See his banners go. Onward, etc.

Like a mighty army
Moves the church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
May we not divided,
But one body be,
One in hope and duty,
One in charity. Onward, etc.

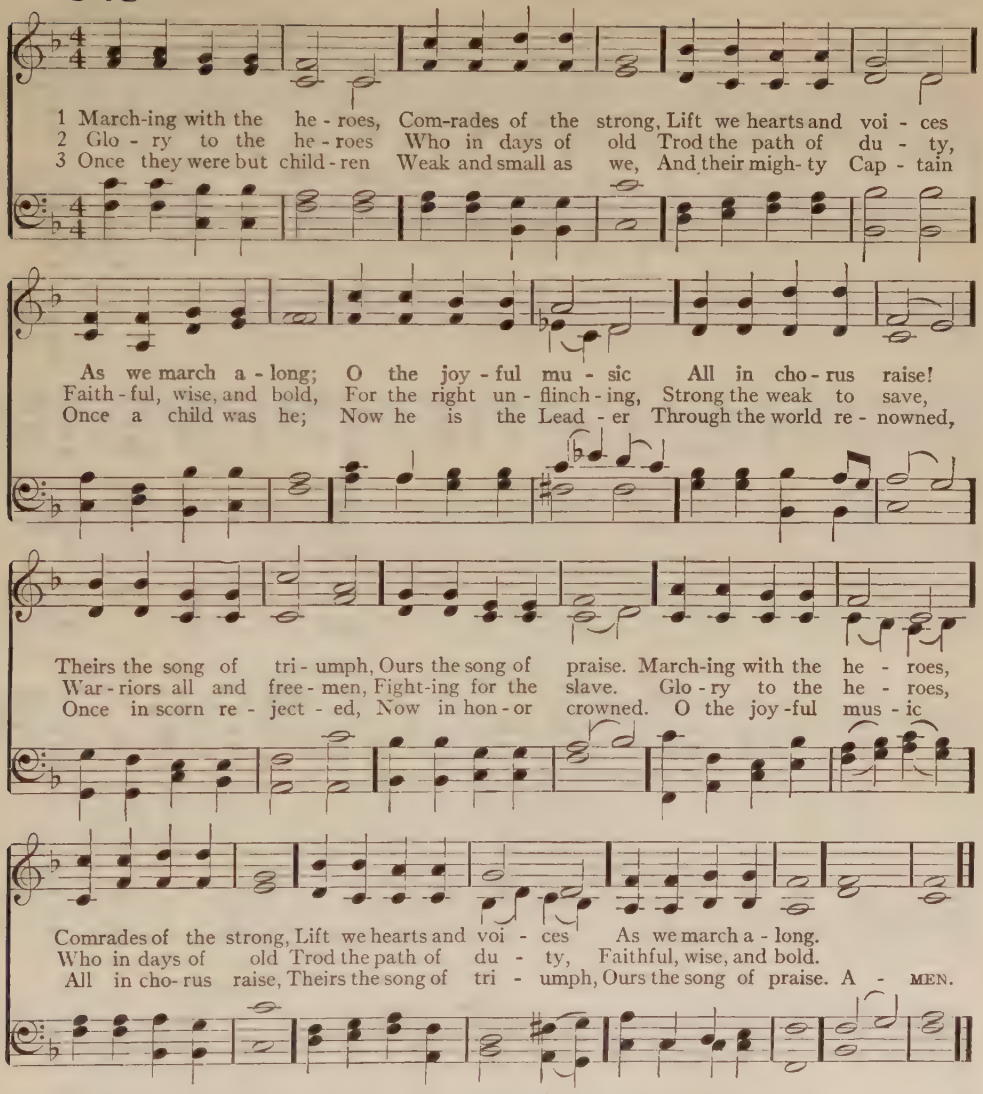
Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto God our King;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing. Onward, etc.

SABINE BARING-GOULD,* 1865.

ST. ALBANS. 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5. FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN, 1774.

543.

'Heroes.'


1 March-ing with the he - roes, Com-rades of the strong, Lift we hearts and voi - ces
2 Glo - ry to the he - roes Who in days of old Trod the path of du - ty,
3 Once they were but child - ren Weak and small as we, And their migh- ty Cap - tain
As we march a - long; O the joy - ful mu - sic All in cho - rus raise!
Faith - ful, wise, and bold, For the right un - flinch - ing, Strong the weak to save,
Once a child was he; Now he is the Lead - er Through the world re - nowned,
Theirs the song of tri - umph, Ours the song of praise. March-ing with the he - roes,
War - riors all and free - men, Fight-ing for the slave. Glo - ry to the he - roes,
Once in scorn re - ject - ed, Now in hon - or crowned. O the joy-ful mus - ic
Comrades of the strong, Lift we hearts and voi - ces As we march a - long.
Who in days of old Trod the path of du - ty, Faithful, wise, and bold.
All in cho- rus raise, Theirs the song of tri - umph, Ours the song of praise. A - MEN.

4 So we sing the story
Of the brave and true,
Till among the heroes
We are heroes too;
Loyal to our Captain
Like the men of yore,
Marching with the heroes
Onward, evermore.
Marching with the heroes,
Comrades of the strong,
Lift we hearts and voices
As we march along.

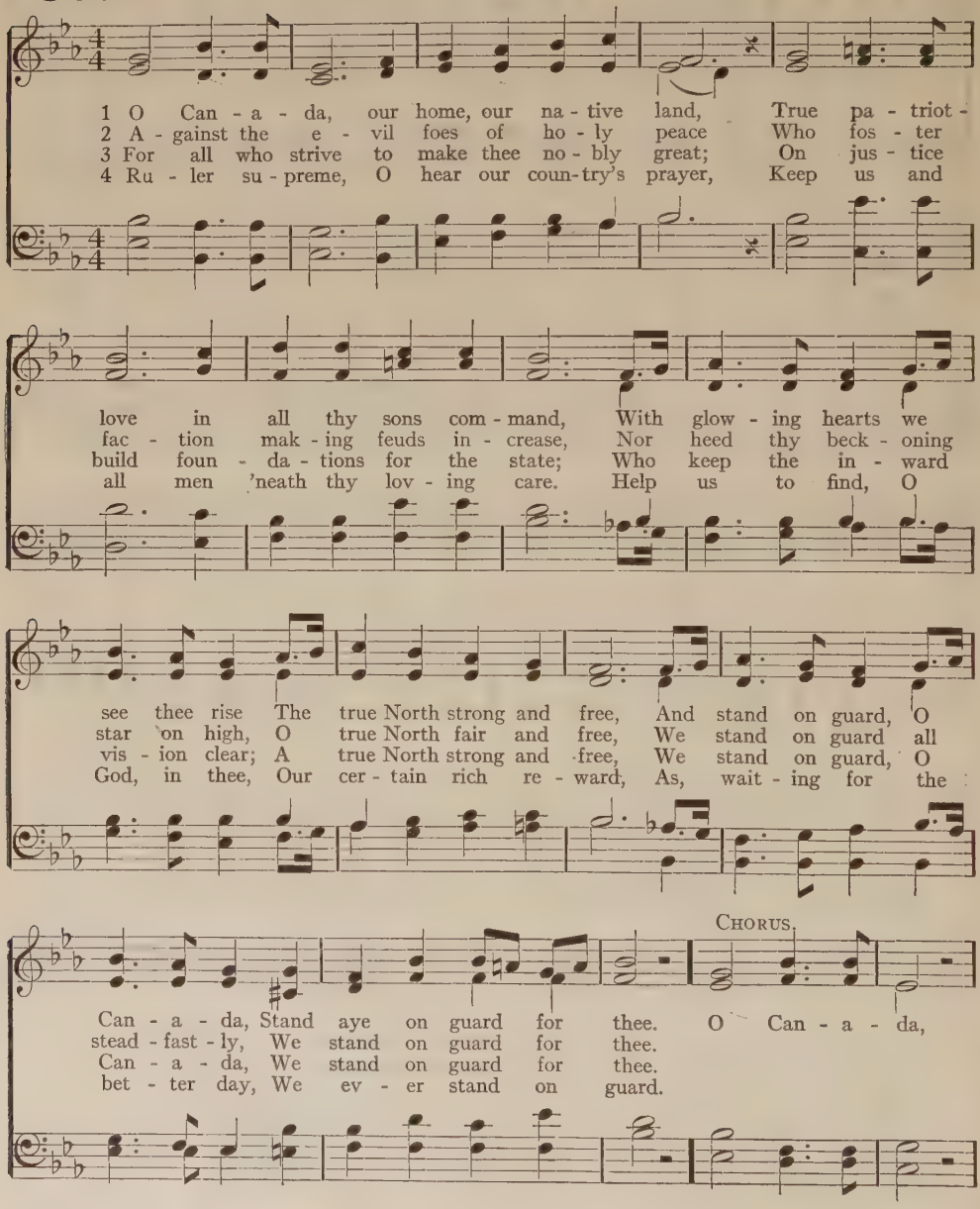
WILLIAM GEORGE TARRANT.

O CANADA. 10.10.8.6.8.6.8.10.10.

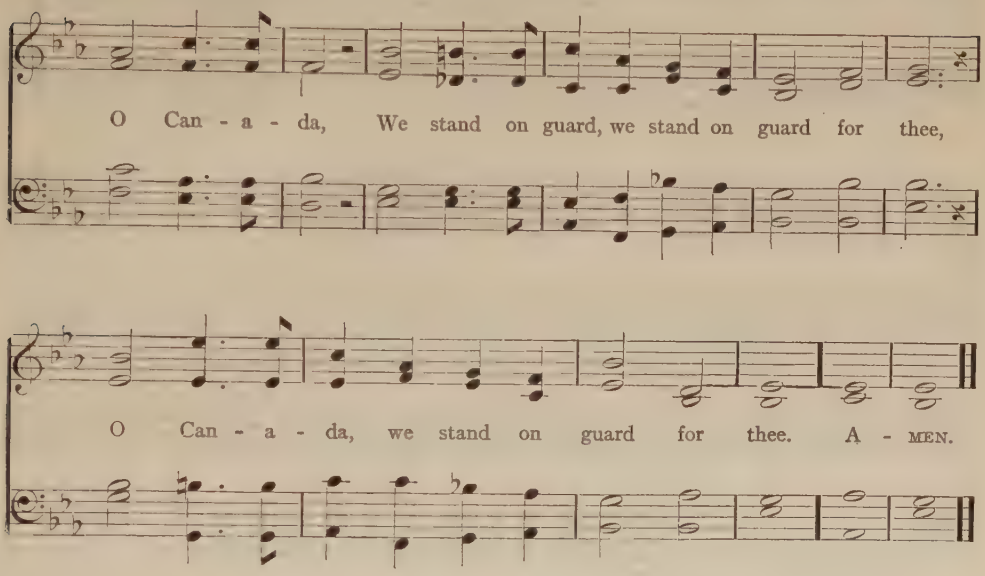
CALIXA LAVALLÉE.
Adapted by
ROBERT STANLEY WEIR, 1908.

544.

O Canada!


1 O Can - a - da, our home, our na - tive land, True pa - triot -
2 A - gainst the e - vil foes of ho - ly peace Who fos - ter
3 For all who strive to make thee no - bly great; On jus - tice
4 Ru - ler su - preme, O hear our coun-try's prayer, Keep us and
love in all thy sons com - mand, With glow - ing hearts we
fac - tion mak - ing feuds in - crease, Nor heed thy beck - oning
build foun - da - tions for the state; Who keep the in - ward
all men 'neath thy lov - ing care. Help us to find, O
see thee rise The true North strong and free, And stand on guard, O
star on high, O true North fair and free, We stand on guard all
vis - ion clear; A true North strong and free, We stand on guard, O
God, in thee, Our cer - tain rich re - ward, As, wait - ing for the
CHORUS.
Can - a - da, Stand aye on guard for thee. O Can - a - da,
stead - fast - ly, We stand on guard for thee.
Can - a - da, We stand on guard for thee.
bet - ter day, We ev - er stand on guard.

544. (*Continued.*)



ROBERT STANLEY WEIR, 1908.

545.

God save the king!

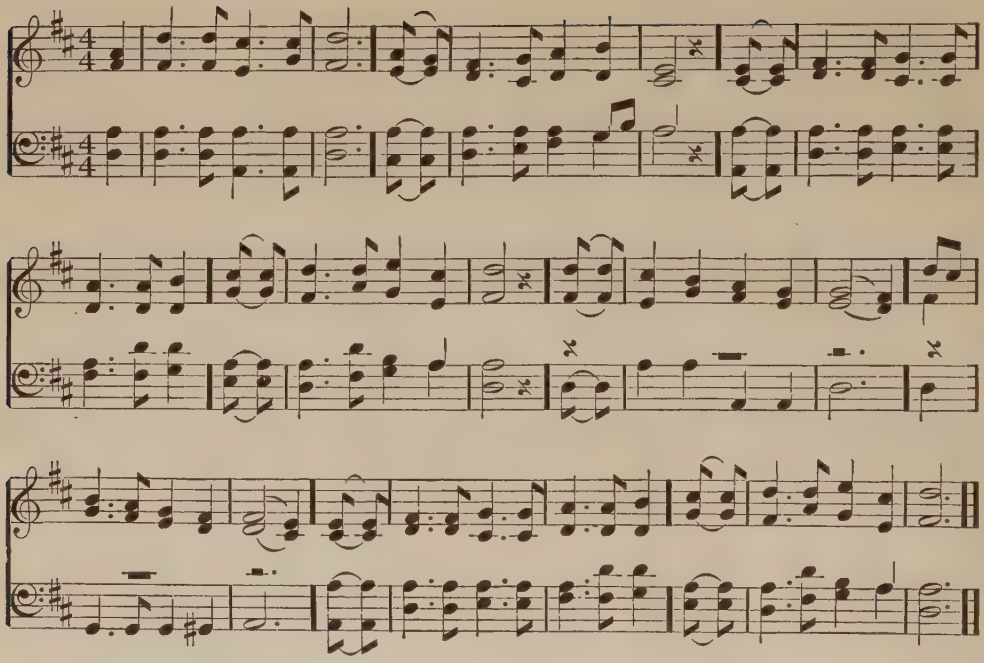
(*For Tune see No.* 420.)

God save our gracious king,
Long live our noble king,
  God save the king!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
  God save the king!

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour,
  Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To say with heart and voice,
  God save the king!

TRADITIONAL.
18th century.

BROWNE. Irregular. MARY A. BROWNE.



546.

'The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.'

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;
And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame:
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang;
And the stars heard, and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared;
This was their welcome home!

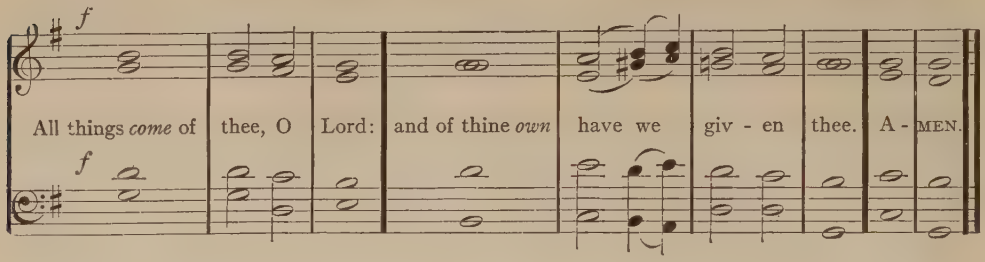
What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained, what here they found:
Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS, 1828.

ASCRIPTIONS, CHANTS, CHORAL RESPONSES AND AMENS

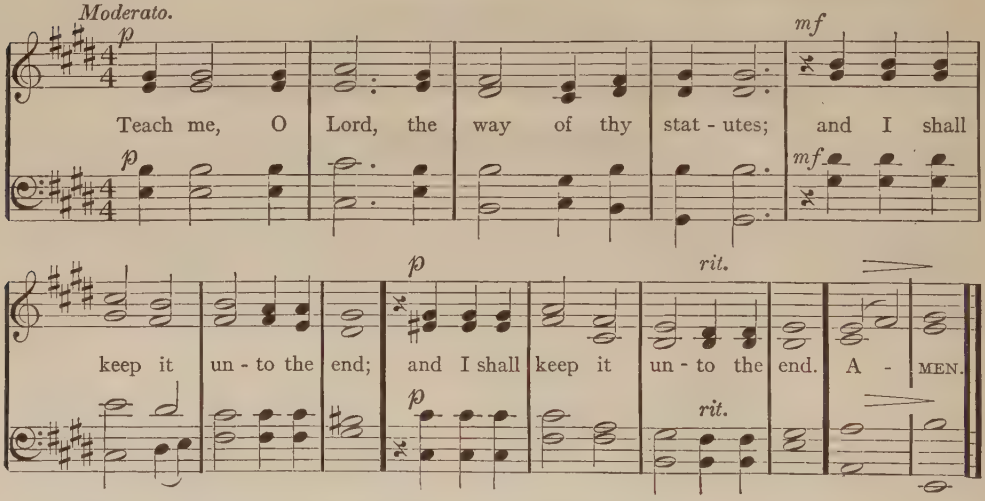
547. ALL THINGS COME OF THEE, O LORD.

Chant No. I. *(At the presentation of the offering.)* Arr. from LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.



548. TEACH ME, O LORD.

Chant No. II. BENJAMIN LINCOLN WHELPLEY.



549. O LORD, OPEN THOU OUR LIPS.

Choral Response No. I. *(To be followed by an anthem or hymn.)* TRADITIONAL.

MINISTER. CHOIR.

O Lord, open thou our lips.

And our mouth shall show forth thy praise.

Praise ye the Lord.

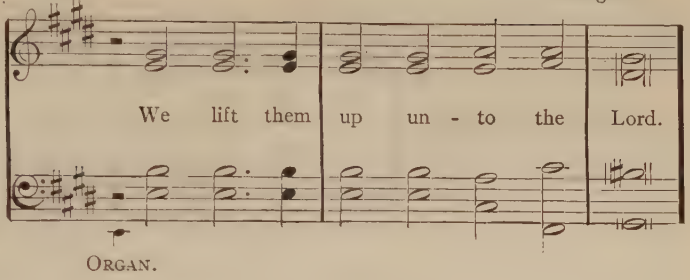
The Lord's name be prais - ed. A - MEN.

550. LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS. *(First arrangement.)*

Choral Response No. II.

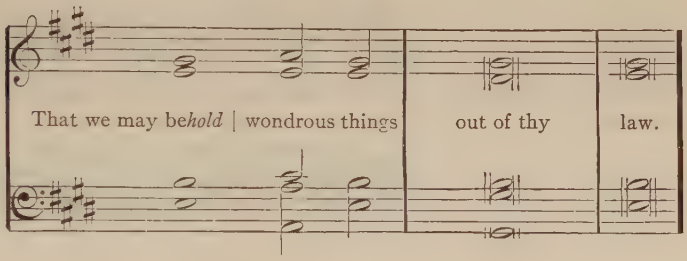
MINISTER. CHOIR. JOHN CAMIDGE. Arranged.

Lift up your hearts.

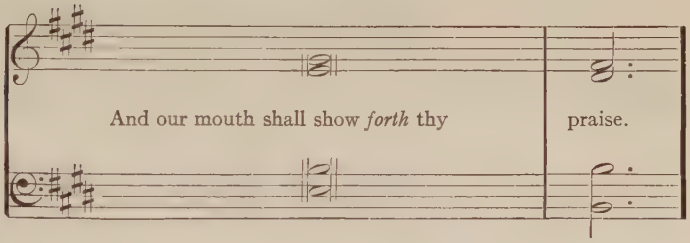


ORGAN.

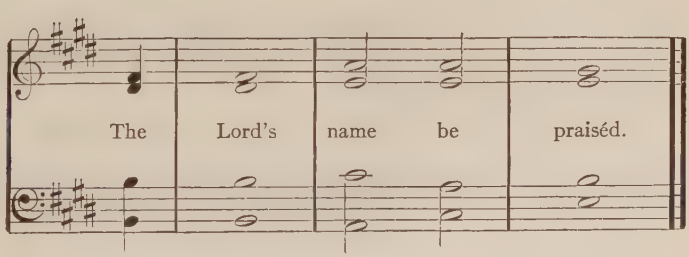
O Lord, open thou our eyes.



O Lord, open thou our lips.



Praise ye the Lord.



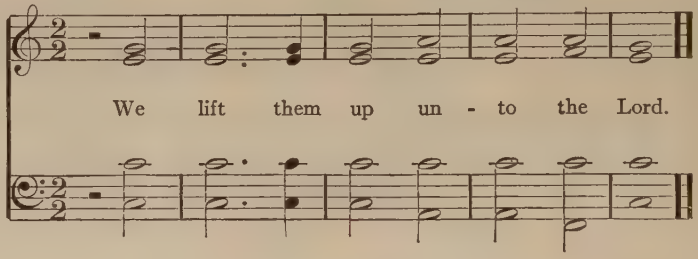
551. LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS. *(Second arrangement.)*

Choral Response No. III.

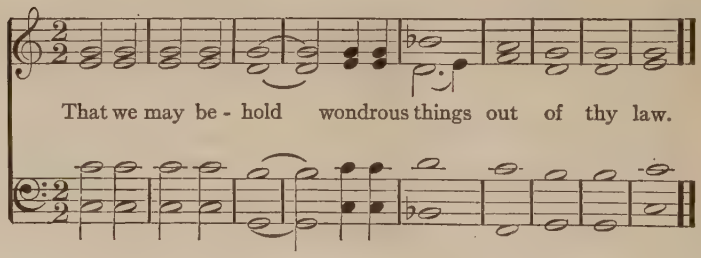
TRADITIONAL. Festal Use. Arranged.

MINISTER. CHOIR.

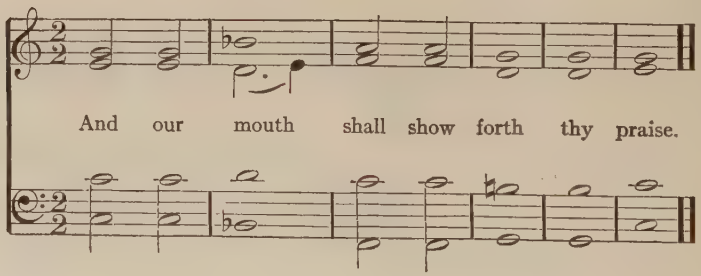
Lift up your hearts.



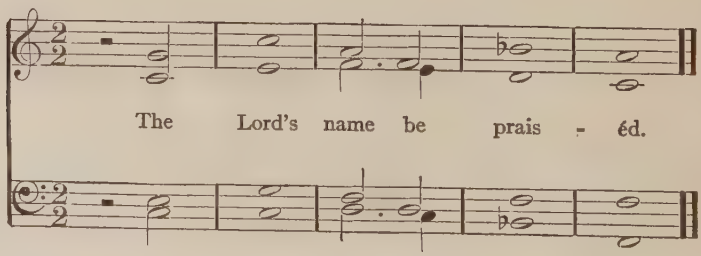
O Lord, open thou our eyes.



O Lord, open thou our lips.



Praise ye the Lord.

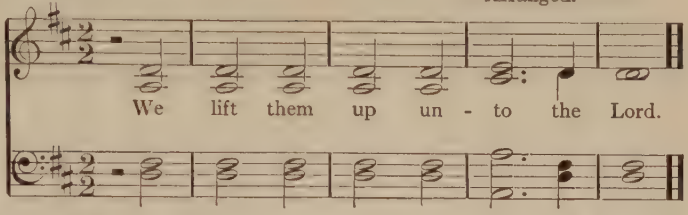


552. LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS. *(Third arrangement.)*

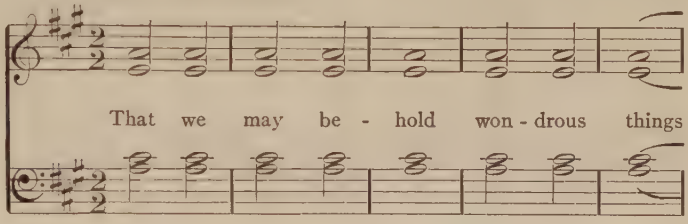
Choral Response No. IV.

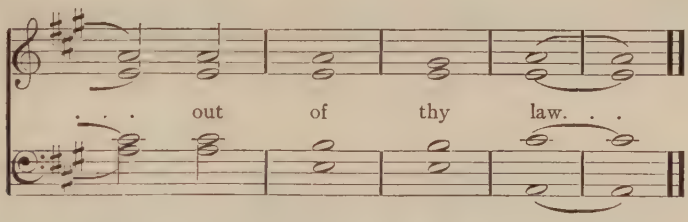
MINISTER. CHOIR. TRADITIONAL. Ferial Use. Arranged.

Lift up your hearts.

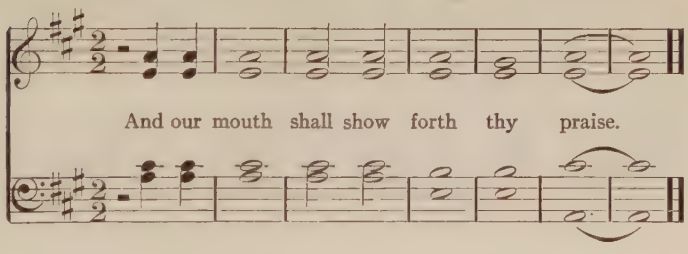


O Lord, open thou our eyes.

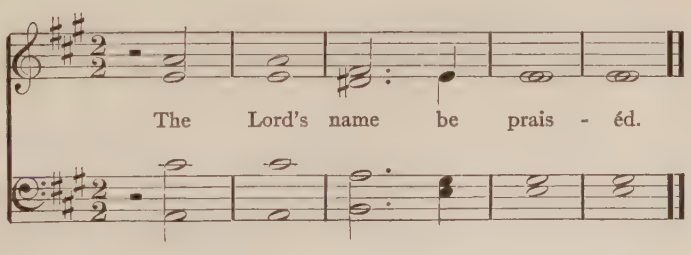




O Lord, open thou our lips.



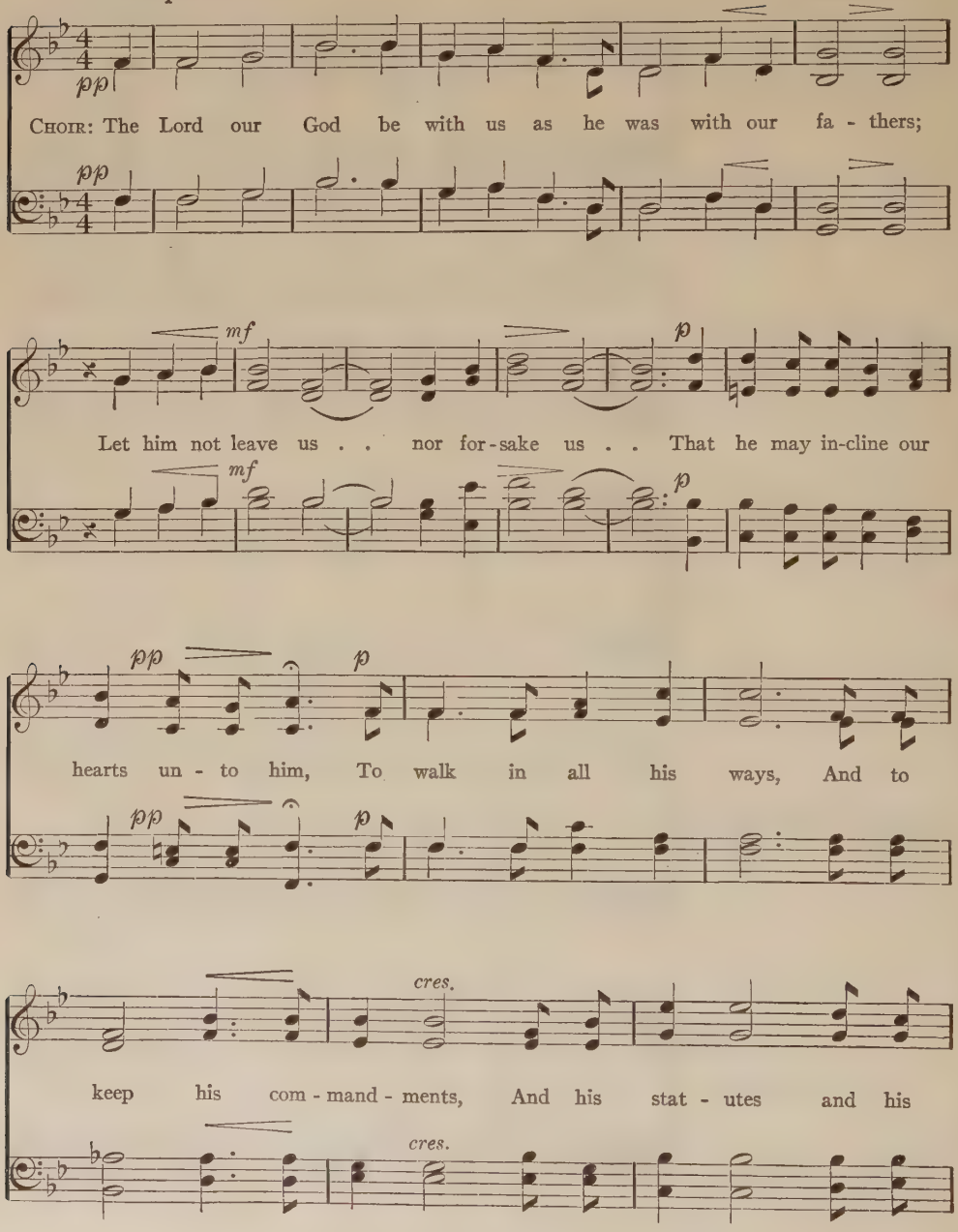
Praise ye the Lord.



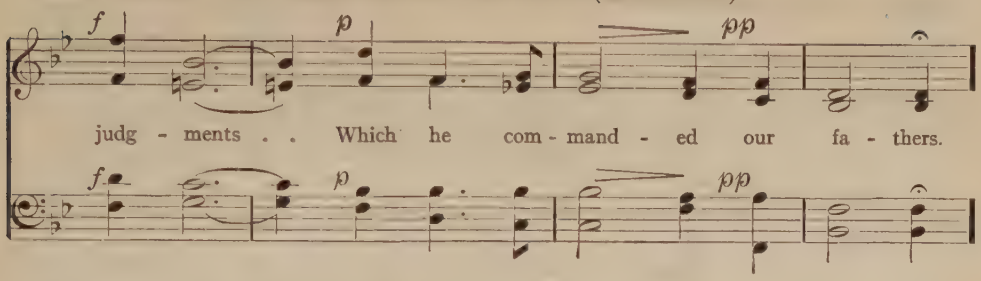
553. THE LORD OUR GOD BE WITH US.

Sicut patribus sit Deus nobis.

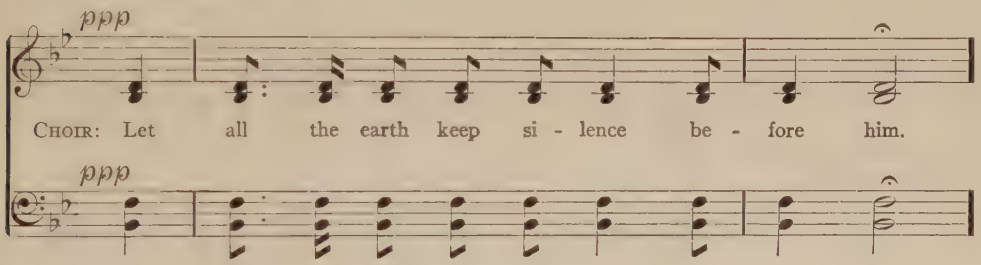
Choral Response No. V. ARTHUR FOOTE.


pp
CHOIR: The Lord our God be with us as he was with our fa - thers;
mf
p
Let him not leave us . . nor for-sake us . . That he may in-cline our
pp
p
hearts un - to him, To walk in all his ways, And to
cres.
keep his com - mand - ments, And his stat - utes and his

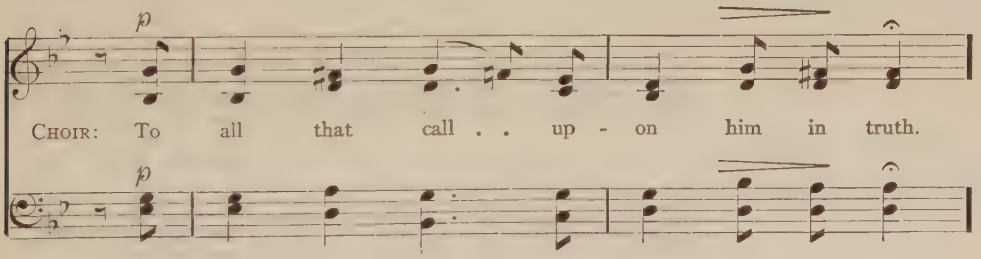
THE LORD OUR GOD BE WITH US. (*Continued.*)



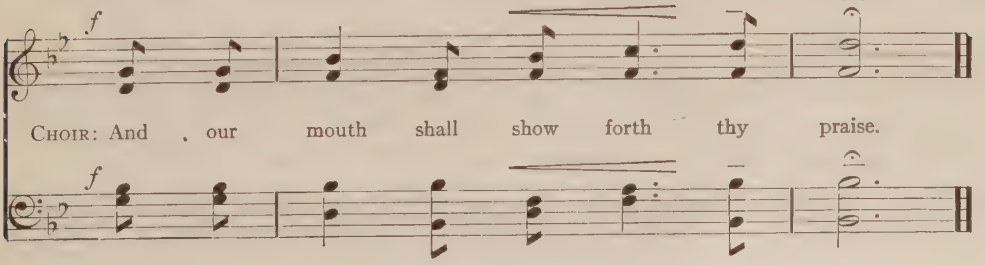
MINISTER: The Lord is in his holy temple.



MINISTER: The Lord is nigh unto all that call upon him.



MINISTER: O Lord, open thou our lips.

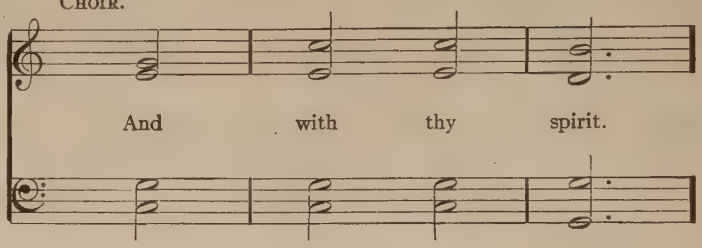


554[I]. THE LORD BE WITH YOU. *(First arrangement.)*

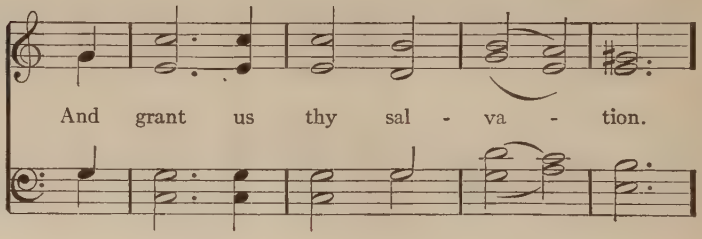
Choral Response No. VI. TRADITIONAL.

MINISTER. The Lord be with you.

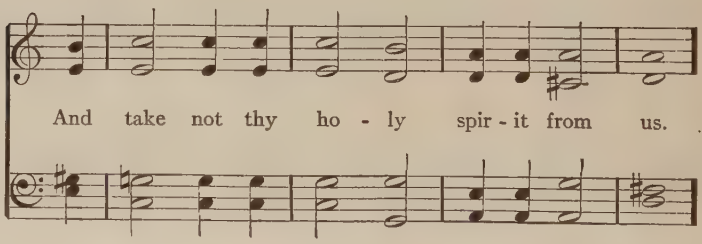
CHOIR.



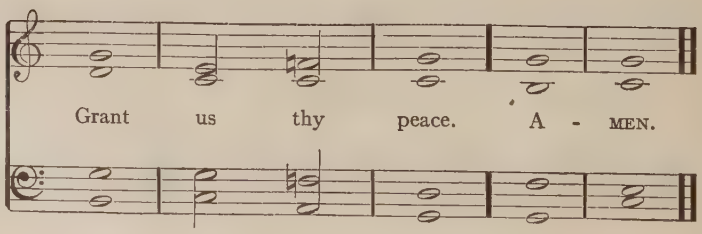
MINISTER. O Lord, show thy mercy upon us.



MINISTER. O God, make clean our hearts within us.



MINISTER. O Thou, in whom alone our hearts find rest.

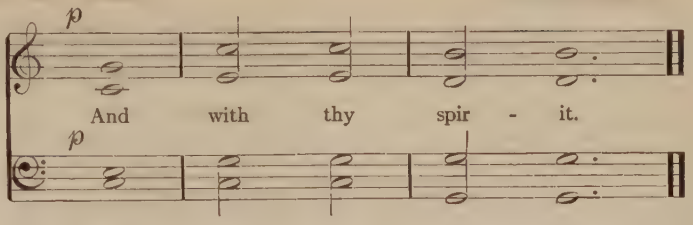


554². THE LORD BE WITH YOU. (*Second arrangement.*)

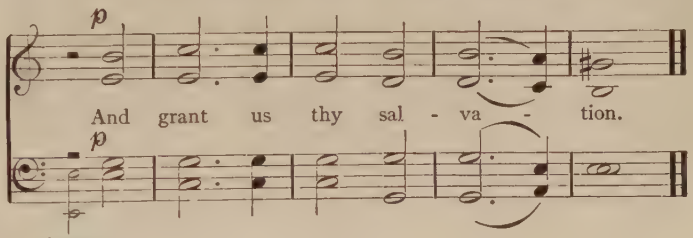
Choral Response No. VII. CHOIR. TRADITIONAL.

MINISTER.

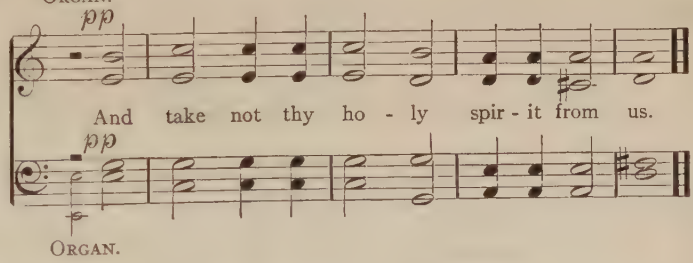
The Lord be with you.



Let us pray. O Lord, show thy mercy upon us.

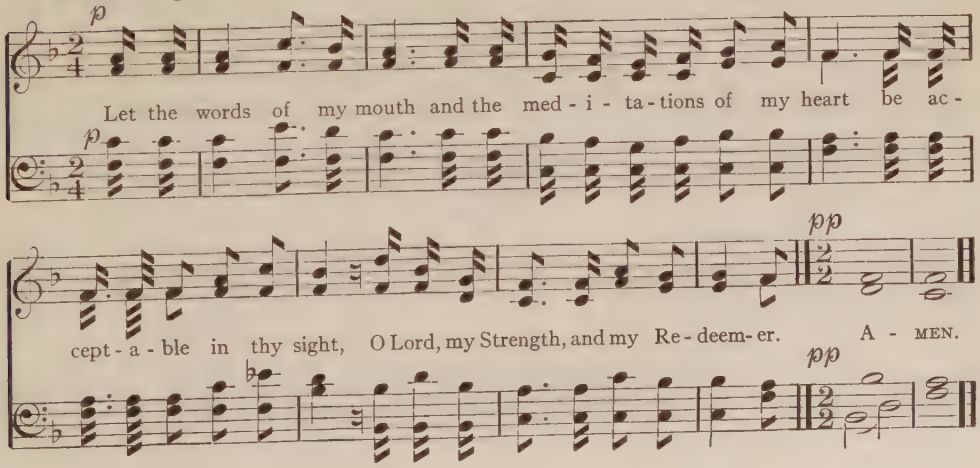


O God, make clean our hearts within us.



555. LET THE WORDS OF MY MOUTH. (*Psalm XIX*, 14.)

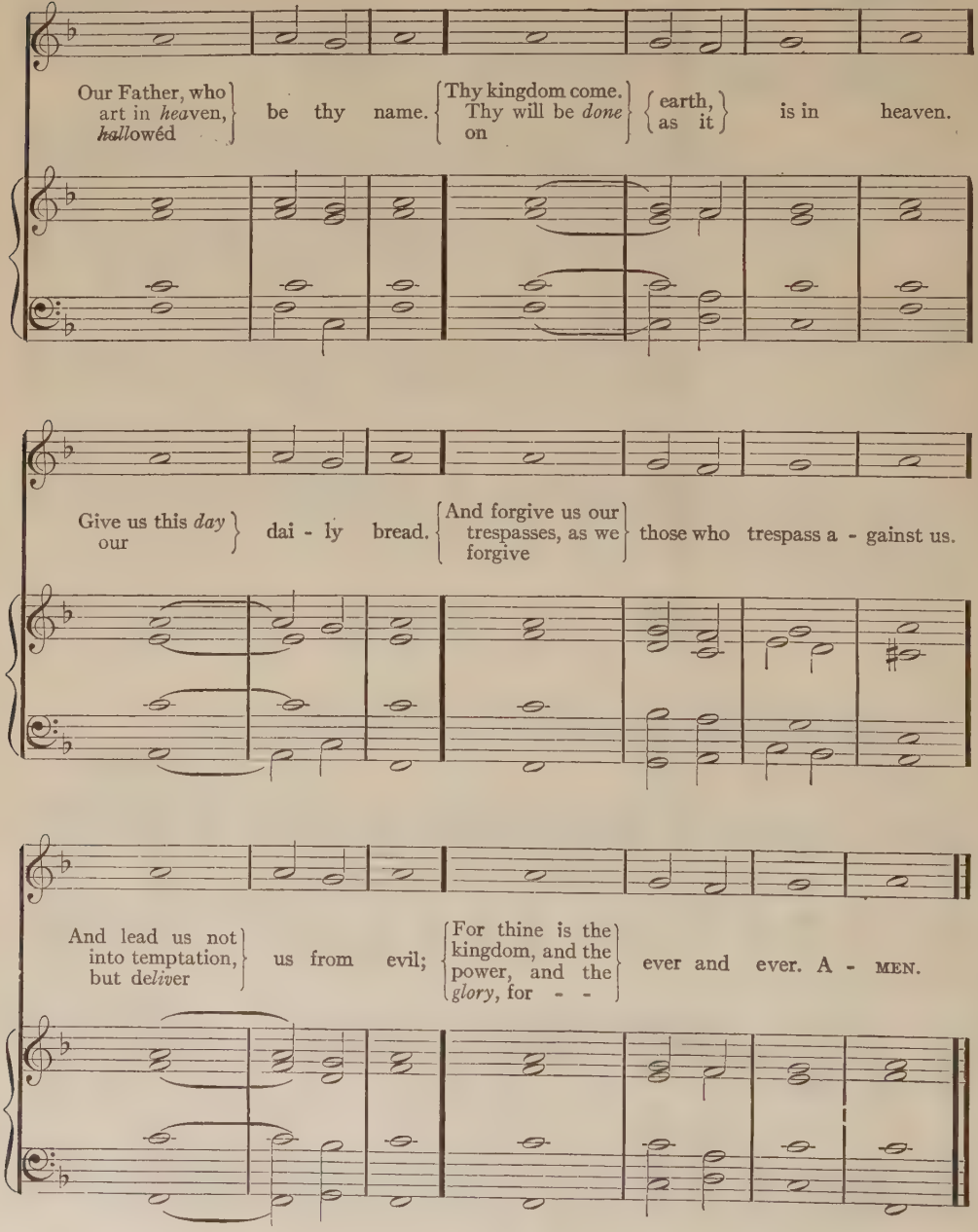
Choral Response No. VIII. ADOLPH BAUMBACH.


p
Let the words of my mouth and the med - i - ta - tions of my heart be ac -
p
pp
cept - a - ble in thy sight, O Lord, my Strength, and my Re - deem - er. A - MEN.
pp

556[1]. OUR FATHER, WHO ART IN HEAVEN.

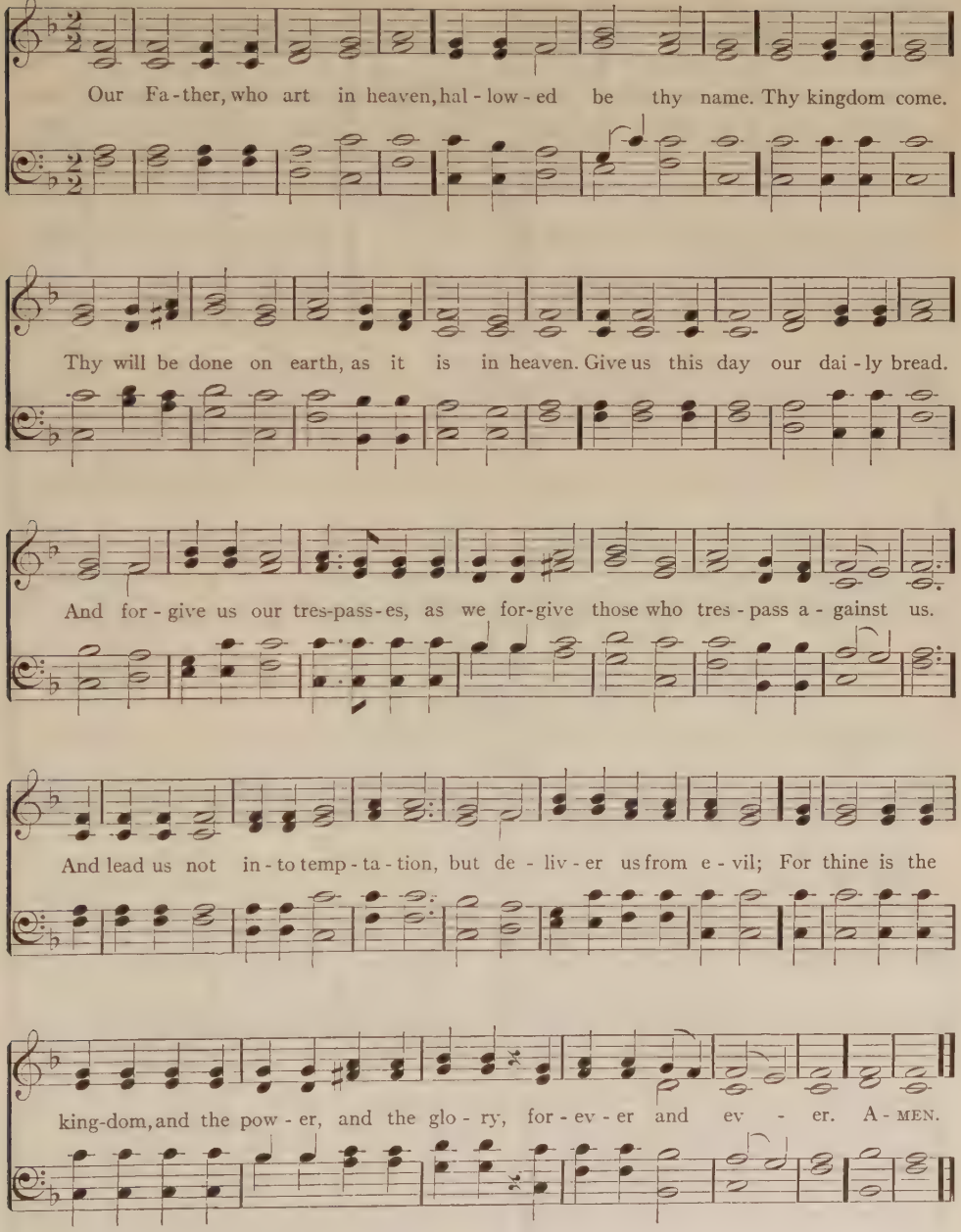
Chant No. III.

THOMAS TALLIS.
Arranged.


Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowéd
be thy name.
Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it
is in heaven.
Give us this day our
dai - ly bread.
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive
those who trespass a - gainst us.
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver
us from evil;
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for - -
ever and ever. A - MEN.

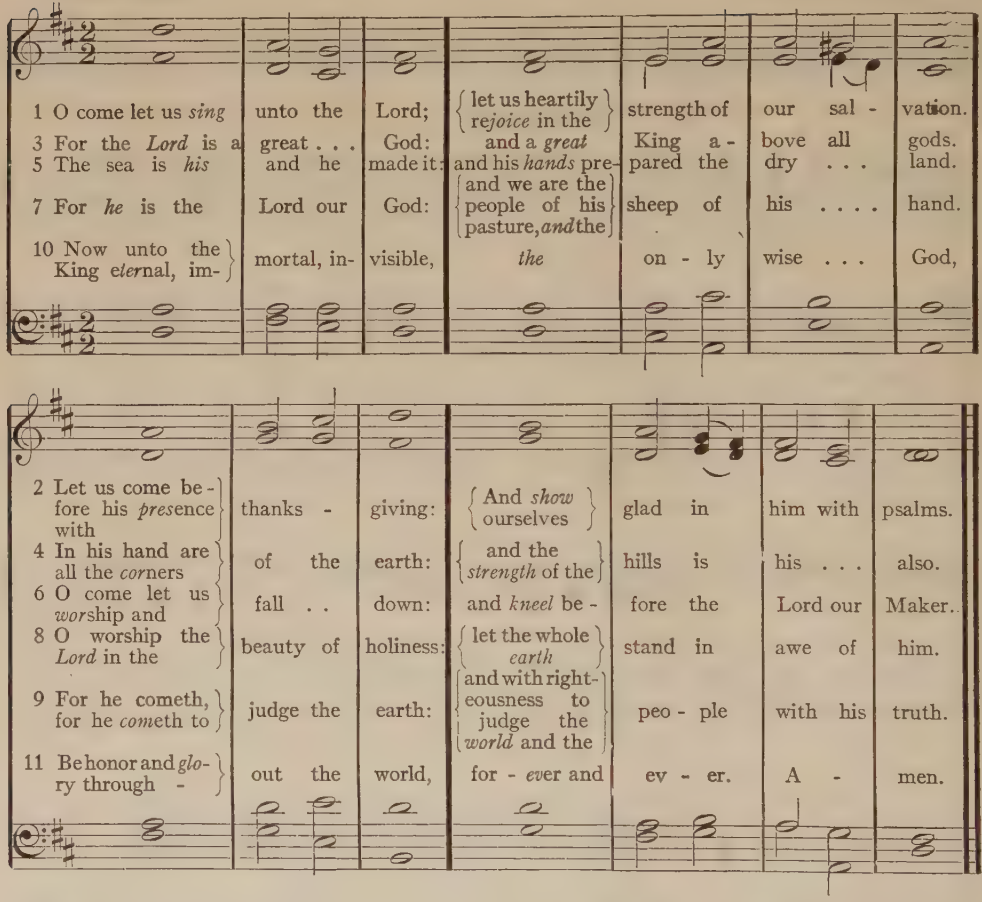
556². OUR FATHER, WHO ART IN HEAVEN.

Chant No. IV. LOWELL MASON.

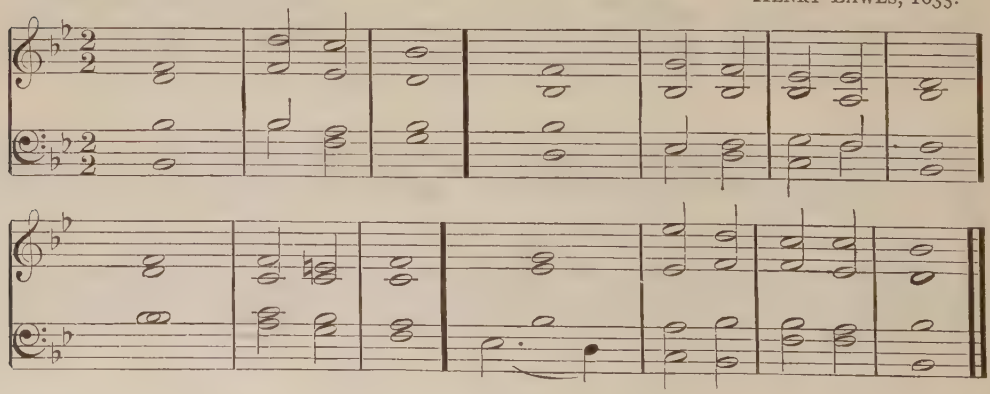

Our Fa-ther, who art in heaven, hal-low-ed be thy name. Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our dai-ly bread.
And for-give us our tres-pass-es, as we for-give those who tres-pass a-gainst us.
And lead us not in-to temp-ta-tion, but de-liv-er us from e-vil; For thine is the
king-dom, and the pow-er, and the glo-ry, for-ev-er and ev-er. A-MEN.

557. O COME LET US SING. (*Psalm XCV.*)

Chant No. V. WILLIAM BOYCE, 1740.


1 O come let us *sing* unto the Lord; {let us heartily rejoice in the} strength of our sal - vation.
3 For the *Lord* is a great . . . God: and a *great* King a - bove all gods.
5 The sea is *his* and he made it: and his *hands* pre- pared the dry . . . land.
7 For *he* is the Lord our God: {and we are the people of his pasture, *and* the} sheep of his . . . . hand.
10 Now unto the King *eternal*, im- mortal, in- visible, *the* on - ly wise . . . God,
2 Let us come be- fore his *presence* with thanks - giving: {And *show* ourselves} glad in him with psalms.
4 In his hand are all the *corners* of the earth: {and the *strength* of the} hills is his . . . also.
6 O come let us *worship* and fall . . down: and *kneel* be - fore the Lord our Maker.
8 O worship the *Lord* in the beauty of holiness: {let the whole *earth*} stand in awe of him.
9 For he cometh, for he *cometh* to judge the earth: {and with righteousness to judge the *world* and the} peo - ple with his truth.
11 Be honor and *glory* through - out the world, for - *ever* and ev - er. A - men.

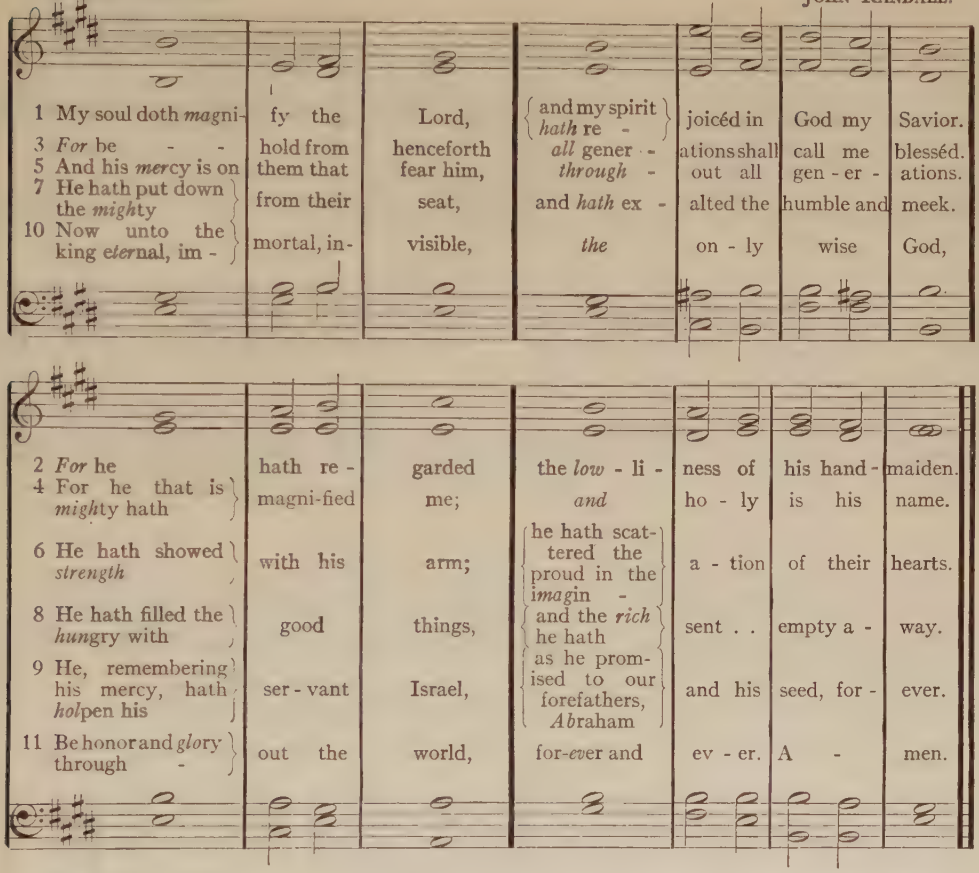
Chant No. VI. HENRY LAWES, 1635.



558. MY SOUL DOTH MAGNIFY THE LORD. (*Luke I*, 46–55.)

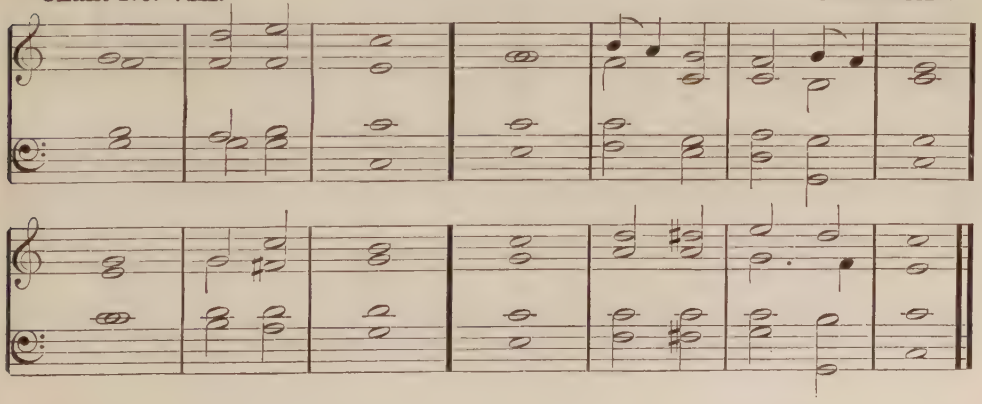
Chant No. VII.

JOHN RANDALL.


1 My soul doth *magni-* fy the Lord, and my spirit *hath* re - joicéd in God my Savior.
3 *For* be - hold from henceforth *all* gener - ations shall call me blesséd.
5 And his *mer*cy is on them that fear him, *through* - out all gen - er - ations.
7 He hath put down the *migh*ty from their seat, and *hath* ex - alted the humble and meek.
10 Now unto the king *eter*nal, im - mortal, in- visible, *the* on - ly wise God,
2 *For* he hath re - garded the *low* - li - ness of his hand - maiden.
4 For he that is *migh*ty hath magni-fied me; *and* ho - ly is his name.
6 He hath showed *strength* with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the *imagin* - a - tion of their hearts.
8 He hath filled the *hun*gry with good things, and the *rich* he hath sent . . empty a - way.
9 He, remembering his mercy, hath *hol*pen his ser - vant Israel, as he promised to our forefathers, *Abraham* and his seed, for - ever.
11 Be honor and *glo*ry through - out the world, for-*ever* and ev - er. A - men.

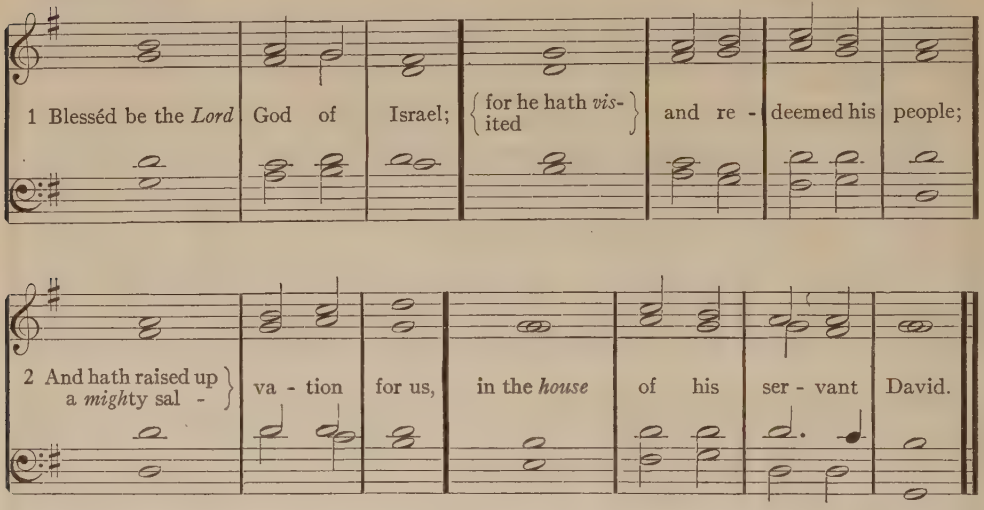
Chant No. VIII.

C. E. KETTLE.



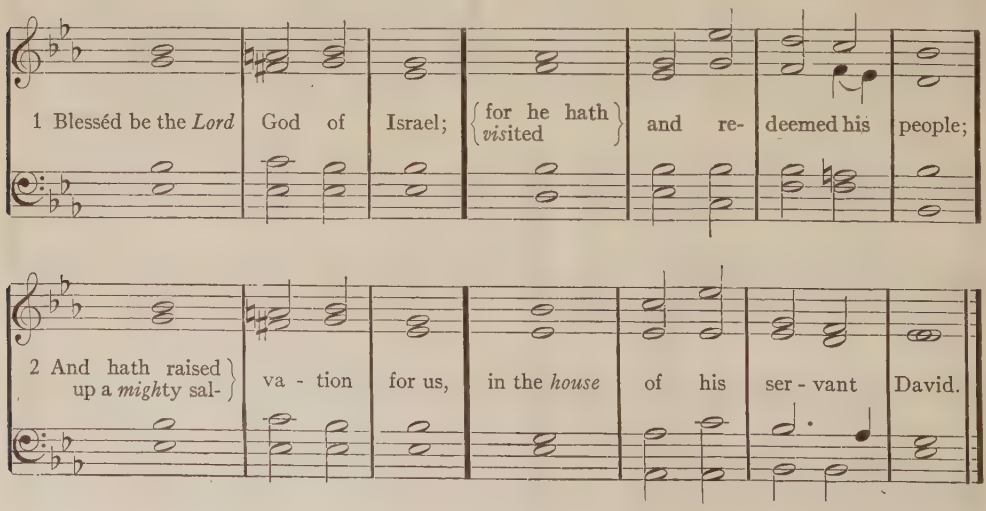
559. BLESSED BE THE LORD GOD OF ISRAEL. (*Luke I*, 68–71, 78–79.)

Chant No. IX. WILLIAM CROTCH.


1 Blesséd be the *Lord* God of Israel; for he hath *vis*- ited and re - deemed his people;
2 And hath raised up a *might*y sal - va - tion for us, in the *house* of his ser - vant David.

3 As he spake by the *mouth* of his | ho - ly | prophets, || which have *been* | since the | world be- | gan; ||
4 That we should be *savéd* | from our | enemies, || and *from* the | hand of | all that | hate us; ||
5 Through the tender *mer*cy | of our | God, || whereby the dayspring *from* on | high hath | visit - ed | us; ||
6 To give light to them that sit in darkness, and *in* the | shadow of | death, || and to guide our *feet* | into the | way of | peace. ||
7 Now unto the King e*ter*nal im - | mortal, in - | visible, || *the* | on - ly | wise | God, ||
8 Be honor and *glo*ry through - | out the | world, || forever and | ev - er. | A - men. ||

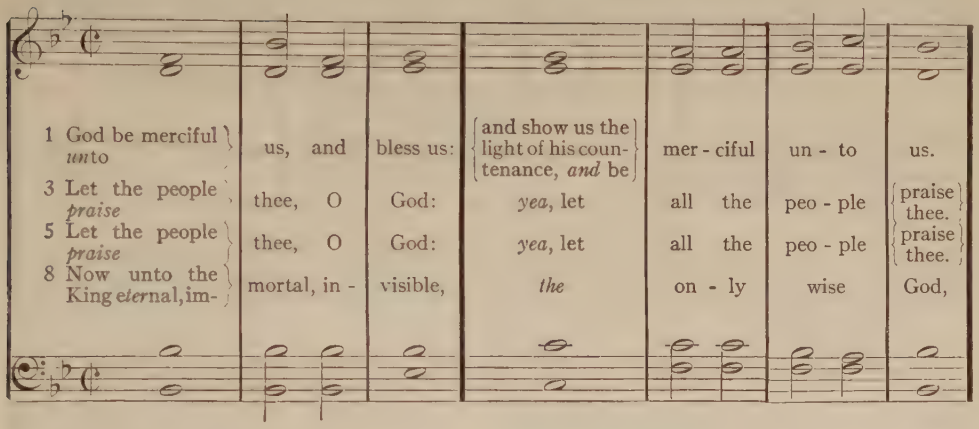
Chant No. X. ANON.

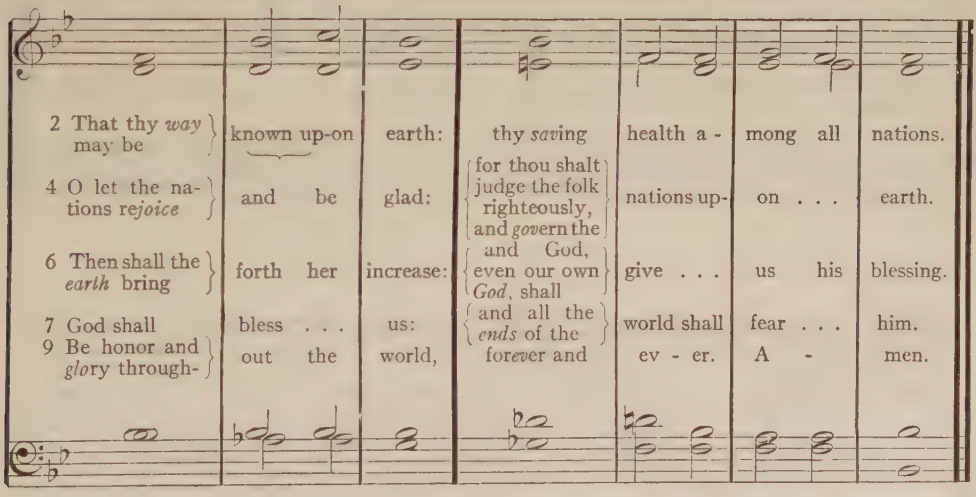

1 Blesséd be the *Lord* God of Israel; for he hath *vis*ited and re- deemed his people;
2 And hath raised up a *might*y sal- va - tion for us, in the *house* of his ser - vant David.

560. GOD BE MERCIFUL UNTO US. (*Psalm LXVII.*)

Chant No. XI.

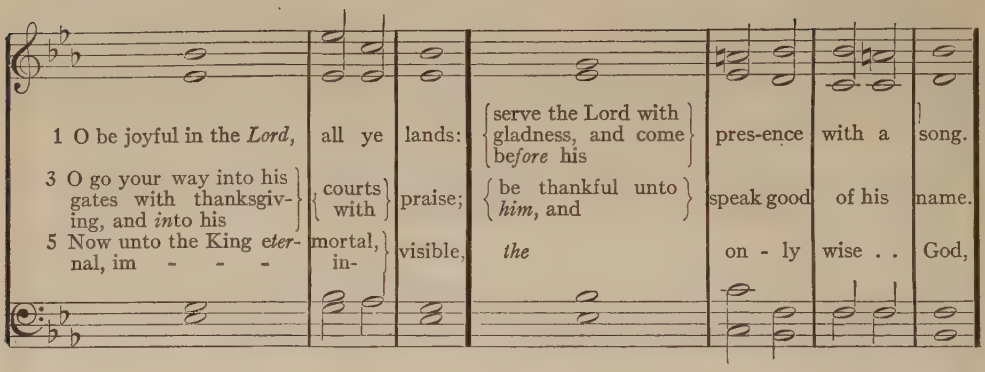
Arr. from LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

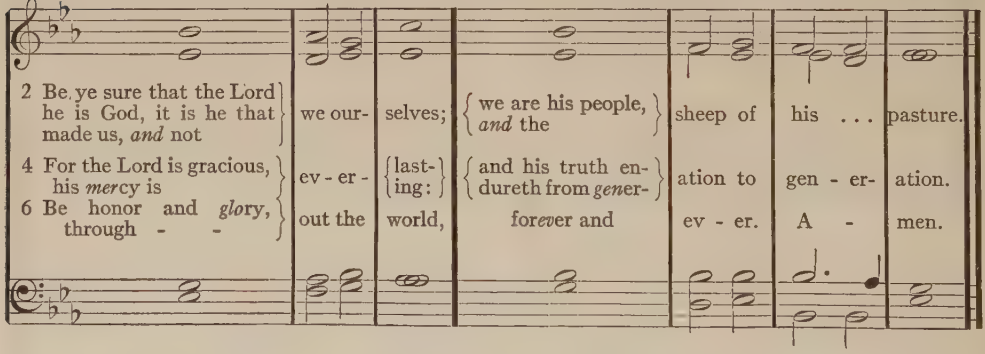

1 God be merciful unto us, and bless us: and show us the light of his countenance, and be merciful unto us.
3 Let the people praise thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise thee.
5 Let the people praise thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise thee.
8 Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God,


2 That thy way may be known upon earth: thy saving health among all nations.
4 O let the nations rejoice and be glad: for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.
6 Then shall the earth bring forth her increase: and God, even our own God, shall give us his blessing.
7 God shall bless us: and all the ends of the world shall fear him.
9 Be honor and glory throughout the world, forever and ever. Amen.

561. O BE JOYFUL IN THE LORD. (*Psalm C.*)

Chant No. XII. JOHN ROBINSON.


1 O be joyful in the *Lord*, all ye lands: serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his pres-ence with a song.
3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and *in*to his courts with praise; be thankful unto *him*, and speak good of his name.
5 Now unto the King *eter*nal, im - - - mortal, in- visible, *the* on - ly wise . . God,


2 Be ye sure that the Lord he is God, it is he that made us, *and* not we our- selves; we are his people, *and* the sheep of his . . . pasture.
4 For the Lord is gracious, his *mer*cy is ev - er - last-ing: and his truth endureth from *gener*-ation to gen - er- ation.
6 Be honor and *glo*ry, through - - out the world, forever and ev - er. A - men.

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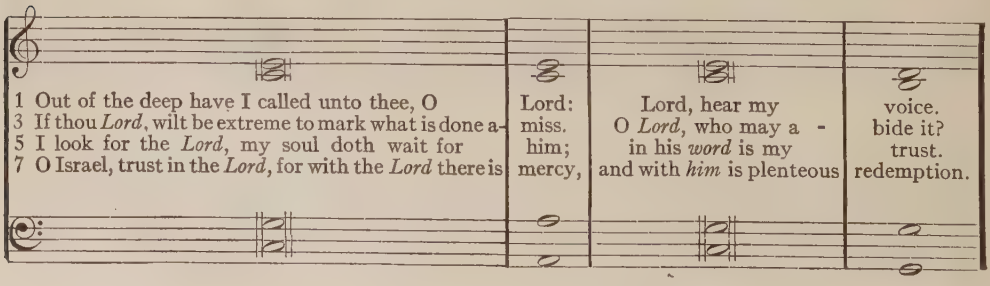
562. OUT OF THE DEEP HAVE I CALLED UNTO THEE. (*Psalm CXXX.*)

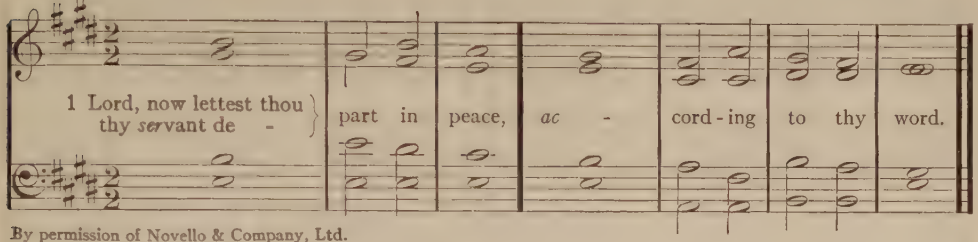
Chant No. XIII. (*After prayer, or for a funeral service.*) ANON.


1 Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice.
3 If thou *Lord*, wilt be extreme to mark what is done a- miss. O *Lord*, who may a - bide it?
5 I look for the *Lord*, my soul doth wait for him; in his *word* is my trust.
7 O Israel, trust in the *Lord*, for with the *Lord* there is mercy, and with *him* is plenteous redemption.

563. LORD, NOW LETTEST THOU THY SERVANT. (*Luke II, 29–32.*)

Chant No. XIV.

JOSEPH BARNBY.

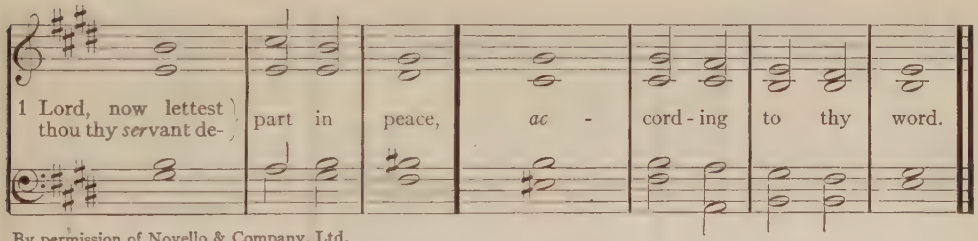


By permission of Novello & Company, Ltd.

2 *For* mine | eyes have | seen || thy | sal- | va- | tion.||
3 Which thou | hast pre - | paréd | be*fore* the | face of | all | people;||
4 To be a *light* to | lighten the | Gentiles, | and to be the *glo*ry | of thy | peo - ple | Israel.||
5 Now unto the King e*ter*nal, im - | mortal, in - | visible, || *the* | on - ly | wise | God,||
6 Be honor and *glo*ry through- | out the | world, | fore*ver* and | ev - er. | A - | men.||

Chant No. XV.

GEORGE C. MARTIN.



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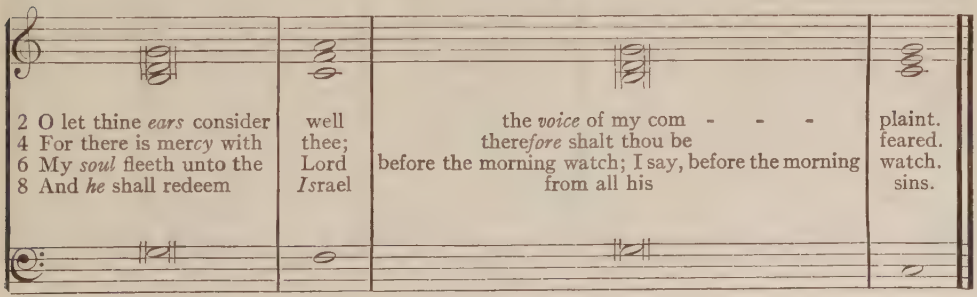
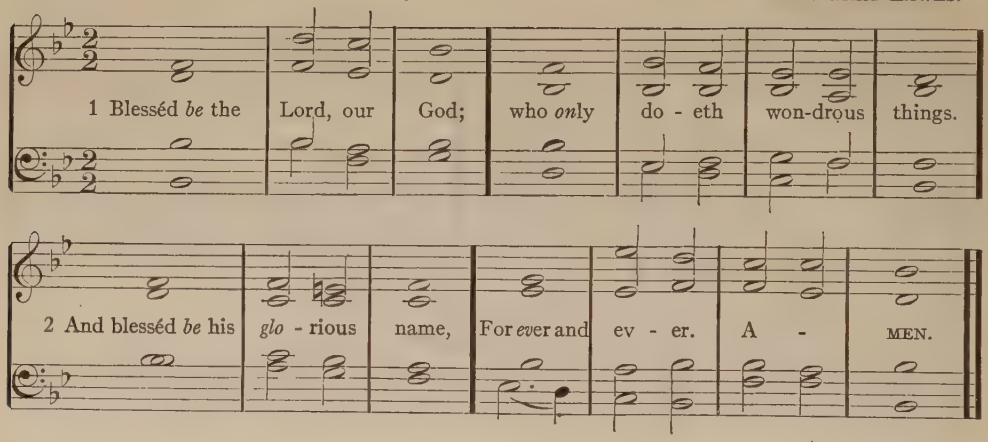
562. OUT OF THE DEEP. (*Continued.*)


2 O let thine *ears* consider well the *voice* of my com - - - plaint.
4 For there is mer*cy* with thee; there*fore* shalt thou be feared.
6 My *soul* fleeth unto the Lord before the morning watch; I say, before the morning watch.
8 And *he* shall redeem *I*srael from all his sins.

564. BLESSED BE THE LORD, OUR GOD. (*Psalm LXXII*, 19.)

Chant No. VI.

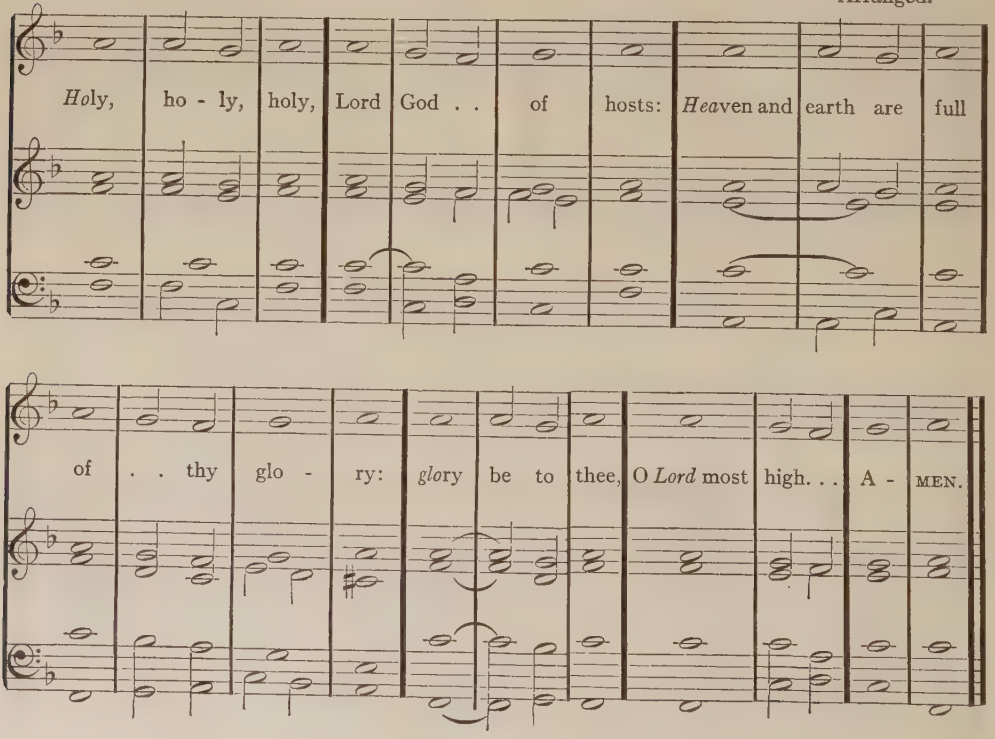
HENRY LAWES.



565. HOLY, HOLY, HOLY. (*Sanctus.*)

Chant No. III.

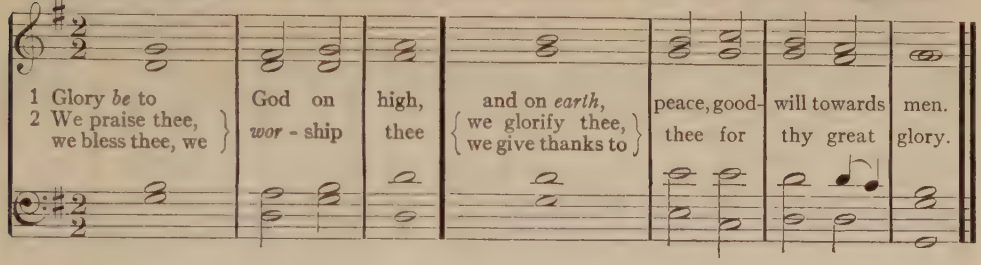
THOMAS TALLIS.
Arranged.



566. GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH. (*Gloria in Excelsis.*)

Chant No. XVI.

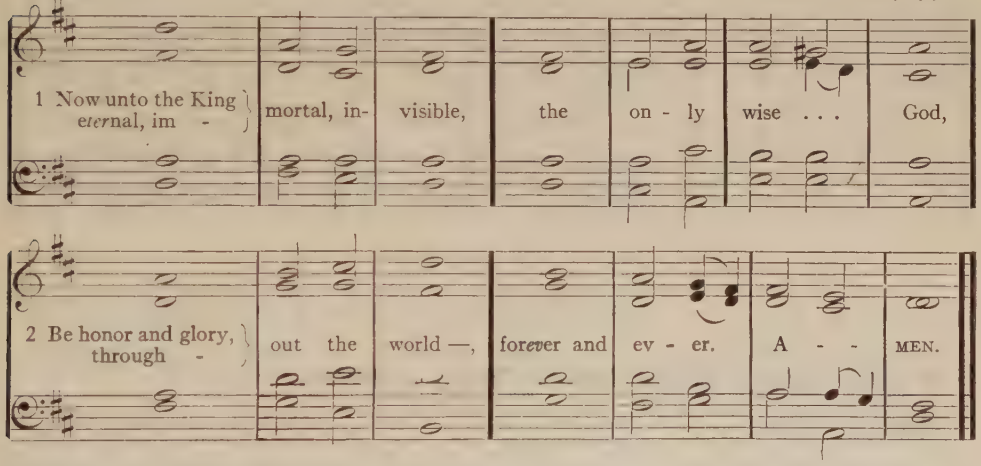
TRADITIONAL.


1 Glory *be* to God on high, and on *earth*, peace, good- will towards men.
2 We praise thee, we bless thee, we *wor* - ship thee we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great glory.

567. NOW UNTO THE KING ETERNAL.

Chant No. V.

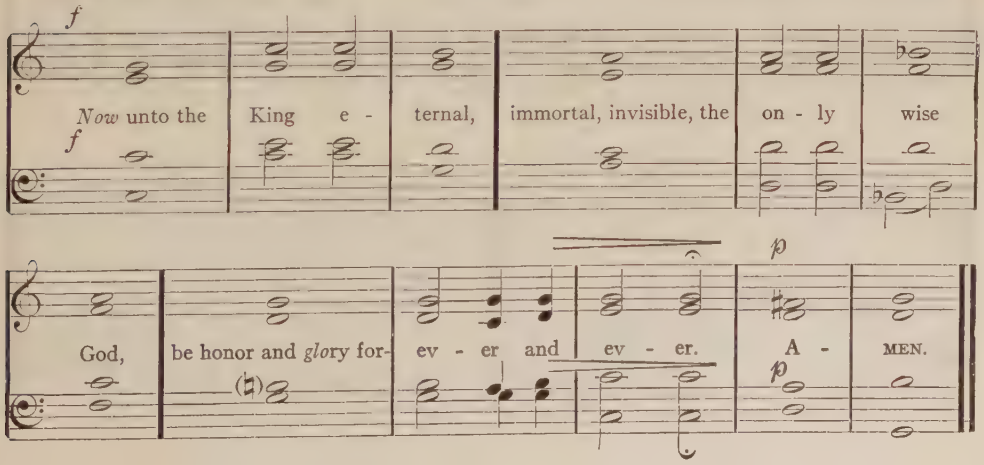
WILLIAM BOYCE, 1740.


1 Now unto the King *eternal*, im - mortal, in- visible, the on - ly wise . . . God,
2 Be honor and glory, through - out the world —, forever and ev - er. A - - MEN.

568. NOW UNTO THE KING ETERNAL.

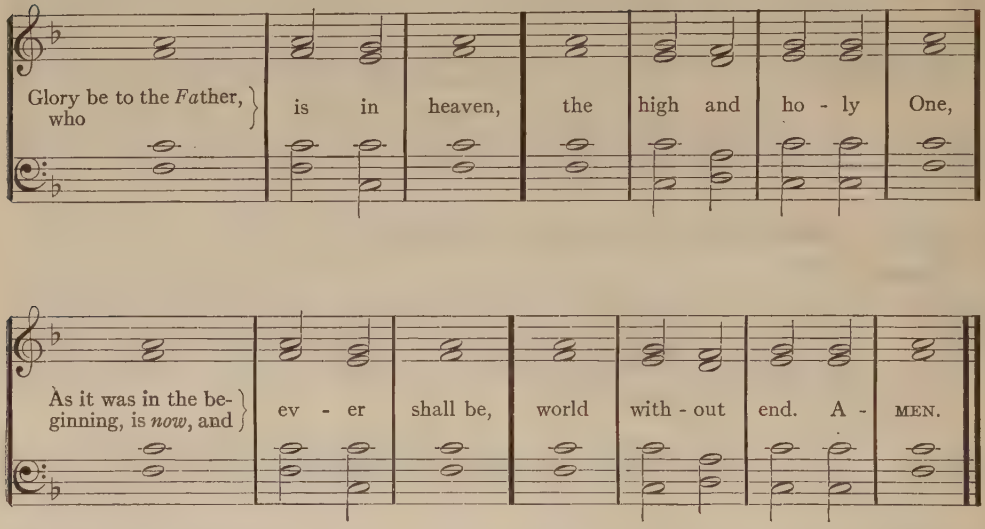
Chant No. XVII.

BENJAMIN LINCOLN WHELPLEY.



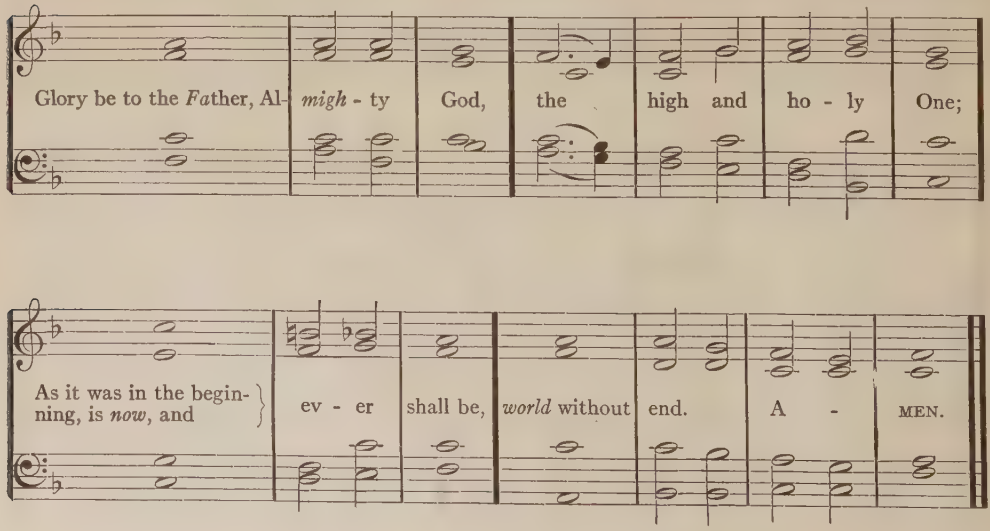
569. GLORY BE TO THE FATHER, WHO IS IN HEAVEN.

Chant No. III. THOMAS TALLIS.


Glory be to the *Fa*ther, who
is in heaven, the high and ho - ly One,
As it was in the be-ginning, is *now*, and
ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - MEN.

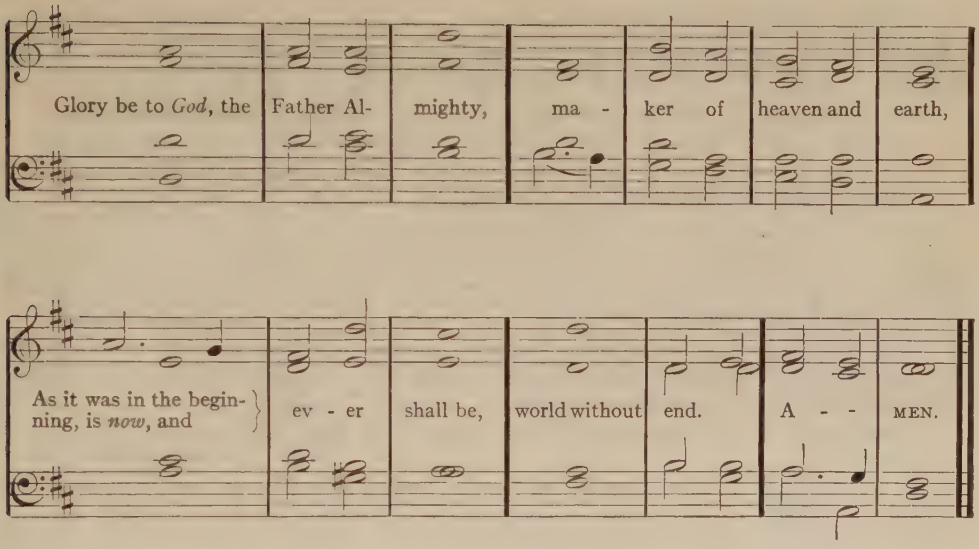
570. GLORY BE TO THE FATHER, ALMIGHTY GOD.

Chant No. XVIII. JAMES TURLE.


Glory be to the *Fa*ther, Al- *migh* - ty God, the high and ho - ly One;
As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and
ev - er shall be, *world* without end. A - MEN.

571. GLORY BE TO GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

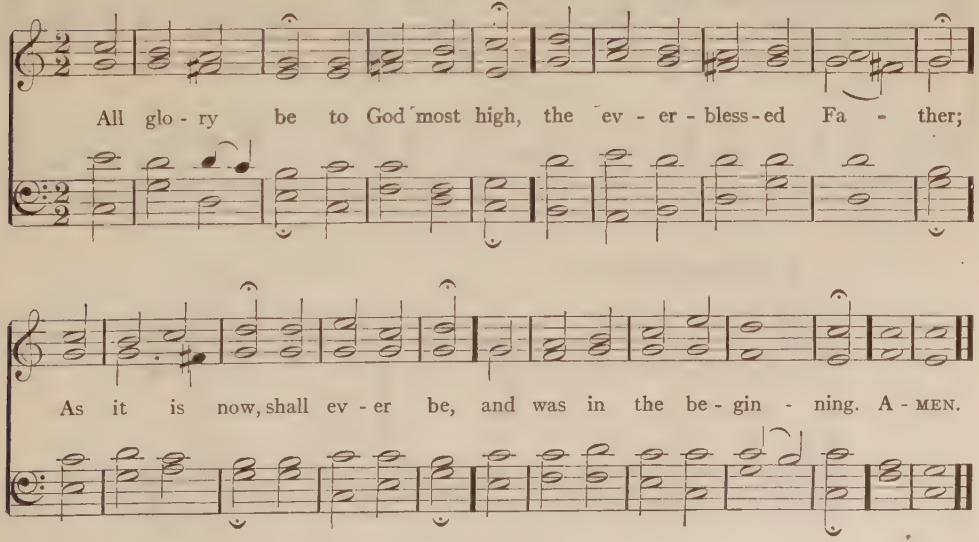
Chant No. XIX. RICHARD WOODWARD.


Glory be to *God*, the Father Al- mighty, ma - ker of heaven and earth,
As it was in the begin- ning, is *now*, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - - MEN.

572. ALL GLORY BE TO GOD MOST HIGH.

Choral Response No. IX. (*Ach Gott und Herr.*)

JOHANN HERMAN SCHEIN, 1627.
Adapted by GOTTFRIED VOPELIUS.
Harm. by AUGUST HAUPT.

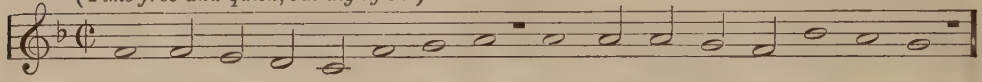


573. OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M.

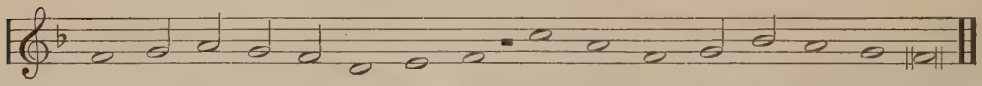
GENEVAN PSALTER, 1552.

(Original version, for opening of service, or for historical anniversaries.)

(Time free and quick, but dignified.)



1 All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, syng to the Lord with cheere-full voyce
2 The Lord ye know is God in-deede with - out our aid he did vs make;
3 O en - ter then his gates with prayse, ap - proch with ioy his courts vn - to;
4 For why? the Lord our God is good, his mer - cy is for - eu - er sure;



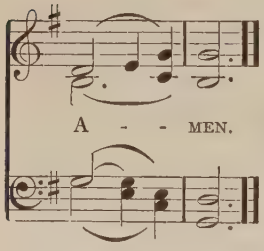
Him serue with feare his prayse forth tell; come ye be - fore him and re - ioyce.
We are his flocke, He doth vs feede, and for his sheepe he doth vs take.
Praise, laud and bless his name al - wayes, for it is seeme - ly so to doe.
His truth at all times firme - ly stood, and shall from age to age en - dure.

WILLIAM KETHE, 1561.

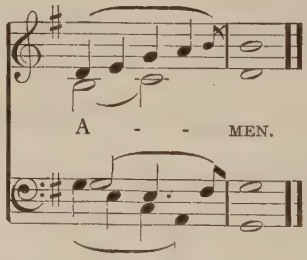
574. AMENS.

THOMAS ADAMS.

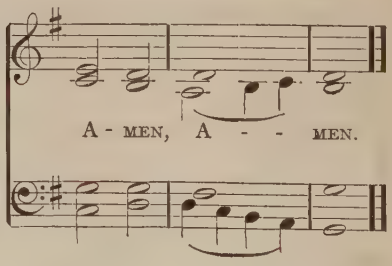
1. Single Amen.



2.

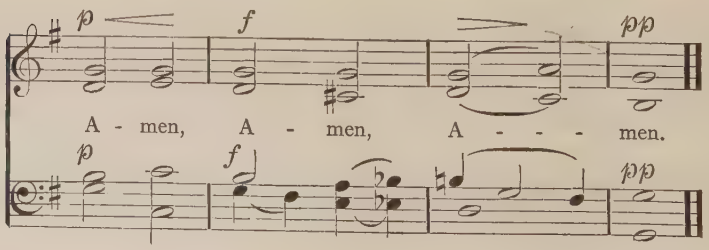


3. Double Amen.



4. Threefold Amen.

MARY L. YOUNG.



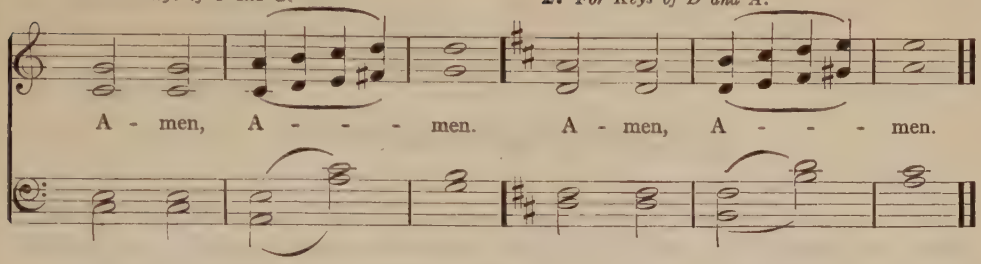
AMENS. (*Continued.*)

5. Double Amen. Dresden Form.

JOHANN GOTTLIEB NAUMANN.

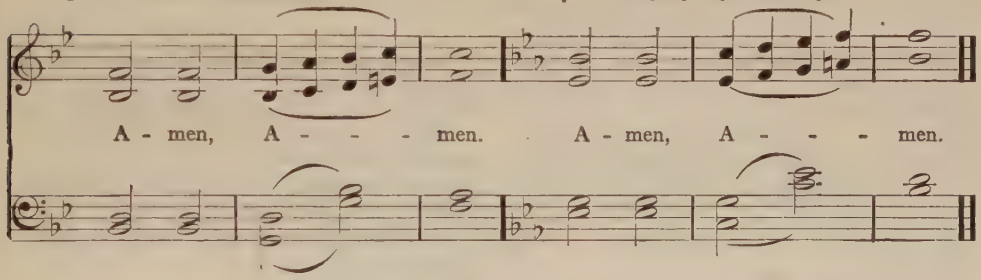
1. *For Keys of C and G.*

2. *For Keys of D and A.*



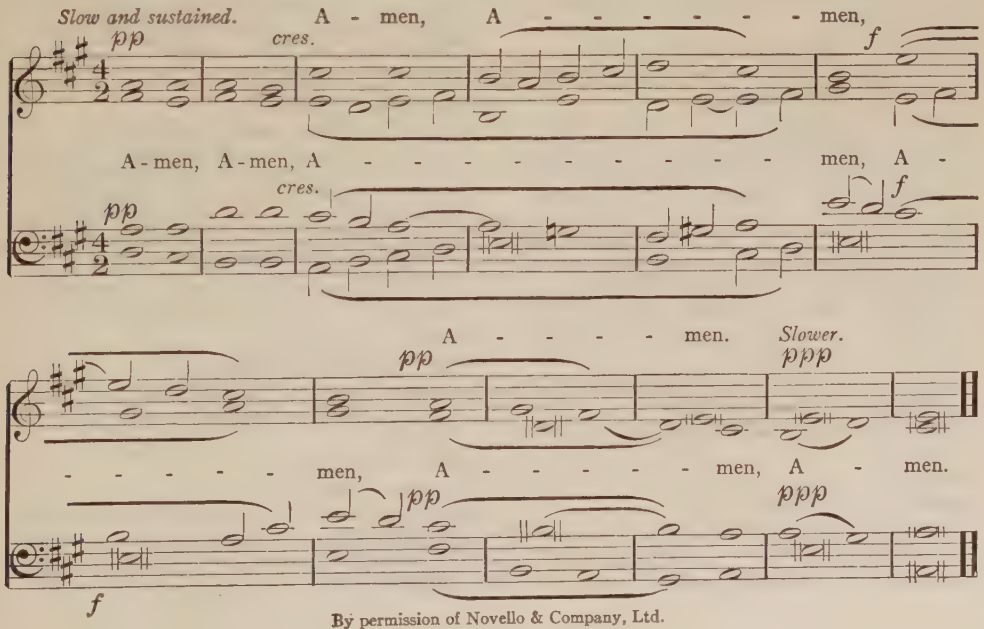
3. *For Keys of F and B flat.*

4. *For Keys of B flat and E flat.*



6. Sevenfold Amen.

JOHN STAINER, 1873.



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GRANT, SIR ROBERT Scot. Angl. (1779–1838)	10	O worship the King, all glorious above
GREG, SAMUEL Eng. Unit. (1804–1877)	254	Around my path life's mysteries
GREGORY THE GREAT, SAINT, POPE Roman. Cath. (540–604)	125	*Ecc jam noctis tenuatur umbra* (Trans. in *Hymns for the Church of Christ*) Now when the dusky shades of night
GURNEY, REV. JOHN HAMPDEN Eng. Angl. (1802–1862)	86	Our God is good; in earth and sky
HALE, REV. EDWARD EVERETT, D.D. Amer. Unit. (1822–1909)	536	From city and from prairie
HAM, REV. MARION FRANKLIN Amer. Meth.-Unit. (1867–)	269	I hear thy voice, within the silence speaking
	385	O Lord of life, thy kingdom is at hand
	482	O thou whose gracious presence shone
	270	Touch thou mine eyes,—the somber shadows
HAMILTON, REV. JAMES Scot. Angl. (1819–1896)	181	Across the sky the shades of night
HARRIS, MISS FLORENCE Amer. Unit. (1891–)	407	Like pilgrims sailing through the night
HATCH, REV. EDWIN, D.D. Eng. Angl. (1835–1889)	357	Breathe on me, Breath of God
HAVERGAL, MISS FRANCES RIDLEY Eng. Angl. (1836–1879)	183	Another year is dawning
	332	Take my life and let it be
HAWKES, REV. HENRY WARBURTON Eng. Unit. (1843–)	230	Amid the din of earthly strife
	476	'Give us each day our daily bread'
	509	Our hymns are sung, our prayers are said
	275	Peace! perfect peace! the gift of God
	389	Reveal thy truth, O Lord!
	197	Thank we now the Lord of Heaven
	267	Thou knowest, Lord! thou know'st
	386	'Thy kingdom come, O Lord,' we daily cry,
HEATH, REV. GEORGE Eng. Pres. (1750–1822)	360	My soul, be on thy guard

HEBER, RT. REV. REGINALD, BISHOP OF CALCUTTA	517	By cool Siloam's shady rill
Eng. Angl. (1783–1826) (*1st sta.*)	152	God that madest earth and heaven
	5	Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
HEDGE, REV. FREDERIC HENRY, D.D., LL.D. (Trans.)	314	A mighty fortress is our God
Amer. Unit. (1805–1890)	203	'It is finished.' Man of sorrows
	30	Sovereign and transforming Grace!
HEMANS, MRS. FELICIA DOROTHEA (BROWNE) . .	546	The breaking waves dashed high
Eng. (1793–1835)		
HENSLEY, REV. LEWIS	388	Thy kingdom come, O God!
Eng. Angl. (1824–1905)		
HERBERT, REV. GEORGE	343	Teach me, my God and King
Eng. Angl. (1593–1633)		
HERBERT, REV. PETRUS	161	*Die Nacht ist kommen drin wir ruhen sollen* (Trans. *C. Winkworth*) Now God be with us, for the night is closing
Moravian (?–1571)		
HERFORD, REV. BROOKE	521	Lead us, heavenly Father
Eng. Unit. (1830–1903)		
HICKSON, WILLIAM EDWARD	423	God bless our native land
Eng. (1803–1870)		
HIGGINSON, (REV.) COL. THOMAS WENTWORTH . .	239	No human eyes thy face may see
Amer. Unit. (1823–1911)	380	The past is dark with sin and shame
	246	To thine eternal arms, O God
HINCKS, REV. THOMAS, Eng. Unit. (1818–1899) .	341	Scorn not the slightest word or deed
HOLLAND, REV. HENRY SCOTT, CANON OF CHRIST CHURCH	381	Judge Eternal, throned in splendor
Eng. Angl. (1847–)		
HOLMES, REV. JOHN HAYNES	426	God of the nations, near and far
Amer. Unit. (1879–)	132	O Father, thou who givest all
	68	O God, whose smile is in the sky
	541	The voice of God is calling
HOLMES, DR. OLIVER WENDELL	50	Lord of all being, throned afar
Amer. Unit. (1809–1894)	243	O Love divine, that stooped to share
	212	Our Father! while our hearts unlearn
	496	Thou gracious Power, whose mercy lends
HOPPS, REV. JOHN PAGE	523	Father, lead me day by day
Eng. Unit. (1834–1911)	393	Father, let thy kingdom come
	505	God of our fathers, hear our prayer
	465	Hark, hark my soul! thy Father's voice
HORT, REV. FENTON JOHN ANTHONY	124	O Strength and Stay, upholding all creation
Eng. Angl. (1828–1892) (Trans. with *J. Ellerton.*)		
HORTON, REV. EDWARD AUGUSTUS	504	We honor those whose work began
Amer. Unit. (1843–)		
HOSMER, REV. FREDERICK LUCIAN	272	Father, to thee we look in all our sorrow
Amer. Unit. (1840–)	378	Forward through the ages
	455	From age to age how grandly rise
	409	From age to age they gather
	75	Go not, my soul, in search of him
(*2d sta.*)	152	God that madest earth and heaven
	429	Hear, hear, O ye nations, and hearing obey
	298	I came not hither of my will
	231	I cannot think of them as dead
	229	I little see, I little know
	228	Immortal by their deed and word
	206	Lo, the day of days is here
	222	Not always on the mount may we
	149	Now while the day in trailing splendor
	424	'O beautiful, my Country'
	399	O blest the souls that see and hear
	204	O day of light and gladness
	503	O Light, from age to age the same
	207	O Lord of life, where'er they be
	296	O Name, all other names above

Hosmer, Rev. Frederick Lucian (*continued*)	457	O prophet souls of all the years
	295	O Thou in all thy might so far
	439	O thou in lonely vigil led
	293	O Thou, who art of all that is
	69	O Thou, whose spirit witness bears
	211	On eyes that watch through sorrow's night
	74	One thought I have, my ample creed
	494	Through willing heart and helping hand
	387	Thy kingdom come, O Lord
	458	Thy kingdom come, — on bended knee
	190	To-day be joy in every heart
	404	Uplift the song of praise
	342	We pray no more, made lowly wise
	104	When shadows gather on our way
How, Rt. Rev. William Walsham, Bishop of Wakefield	463	For all the saints, who from their labors rest
Eng. Angl. (1823–1897)	525	Lord, this day thy children meet
	159	O Lord, it is a blessèd thing
	520	Summer suns are glowing
	173	The ever changing seasons
	413	To thee, O God, we fly
	363	We give thee but thine own
Howe, Mrs. Julia Ward	410	Mine eyes have seen the glory
Amer. Unit. (1819–1910)		
Hughes, Thomas	384	O God of truth, whose living word
Eng. Angl. (1823–1896)		
Huntington, Rev. George	422	Two empires by the sea
Amer. Cong. (1835–)		
Hyde, Rev. William DeWitt, LL.D., President of Bowdoin College	348	Creation's Lord, we give thee thanks
Amer. Cong. (1858–)		
Hymns for the Church of Christ (1853) (Trans.)	125	Now when the dusky shades of night
Hymns of the Spirit (1864)	141	As darker, darker, fall around
	9	Come, thou Almighty Will
	391	Give forth thy earnest cry
	32	God is in his holy temple
	338	In this peaceful house of prayer
Ingemann, Bernhardt Severin	446	*Igjennem Nat og Traengsel* (Trans. *S. Baring-Gould*) Through the night of doubt and sorrow
Danish (1789–1862)		
Jacobi, John Christian (Trans.)	119	Holy Spirit, source of gladness
Ger. (1670–1750)		
Jewitt, Alfred Charles	208	Past are the cross, the scourge, the thorn
Eng.		
Johns, Rev. John	392	Come, kingdom of our God
Eng. Unit. (1801–1847)		
Johnson, Samuel, D.C.L., LL.D. (Trans.)	42	O Thou, whose power o'er moving worlds
Eng. Angl. (1709–1784)		
Johnson, Rev. Samuel	451	City of God, how broad and far
Amer. Unit. (1822–1882)	268	Father, in thy mysterious presence
	344	God of the earnest heart
	256	I bless thee, Lord, for sorrows sent
	394	Life of ages, richly poured
	214	Onward, onward, though the region
	460	Thou whose glad summer yields
Keble, Rev. John	135	New every morning is the love
Eng. Angl. (1792–1866)	59	There is a book, who runs may read
	139	'T is gone, that bright and orbéd blaze

KEN, RT. REV. THOMAS, D.D., BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS		131	All praise to thee, my God, this night
Eng. Angl. (1637–1711)		129	Awake, my soul, and with the sun
KETHE, REV. WILLIAM		2, 573	All people that on earth do dwell
Scot. Angl. (16th Century)			
KIPLING, RUDYARD, LL.D.		539	Father in heaven, who lovest all
Eng. Angl. (1865–)		411	God of our fathers, known of old
LARCOM, MISS LUCY		320	I thank thee, Lord, for precious things
Amer. Cong.-Episc. (1826–1893)		522	We are children of one Father
LARNED, MISS AUGUSTA		318	In quiet hours the tranquil soul
Amer. Unit. (1835–)			
LIVERMORE, REV. ABIEL ABBOT, D.D.		480	A holy air is breathing round
Amer. Unit. (1811–1892)			
LONG, HON. JOHN DAVIS		143	The evening winds begin to blow
Amer. Unit. (1838–)			
LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH		193	I heard the bells on Christmas day
Amer. Unit. (1807–1882)			
LONGFELLOW, REV. SAMUEL		219	A voice by Jordan's shore
Amer. Unit. (1819–1892)		138	Again as evening's shadow falls
		248	Beneath the shadow of the cross
		441	Eternal One, thou living God
		513	Father, give thy benediction
		372	Go forth to life, O child of earth
		49	God of the earth, the sky, the sea
		366	God's trumpet wakes the slumbering world
	(Adapted)	98	Holy Spirit, Light divine
	(Adapted)	119	Holy Spirit, source of gladness
		284	I look to thee in every need
	(Adapted)	93	Life of all that lives below
		453	Light of ages and of nations
		210	Lo, the earth is risen again
		154	Now, on land and sea descending
	(Adapted)	137	Now with creation's morning song
	(Adapted)	475	O God unseen, but ever near
		375	O Life that maketh all things new
		490	O still in accents sweet and strong
		83	O Thou in whom we live and move
		452	One holy church of God appears
		237	Out of the dark the circling sphere
		28	Sing forth his high eternal name
	(Adapted)	77	Spirit divine, attend our prayer
		167	The summer days are come again
		255	Thou Lord of life, our saving health
		170	'T is winter now; the fallen snow
LORING, MISS LOUISA PUTNAM		148	O Thou who turnest into morning
Amer. Unit. (1854–)			
LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL, LL.D.		448	The ages one great minster seem
Amer. Unit. (1819–1891)		192	'What means this glory round our feet?'
LYNCH, REV. THOMAS TOKE		100	Where is thy God, my soul?
Eng. Cong. (1818–1871)			
LUTHER, REV. MARTIN, D.D.		314	*Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott* (Trans. *F. H. Hedge*)
Ger. R. C.-Luth. (1483–1546)			A mighty fortress is our God
LYTE, REV. HENRY FRANCIS		163	Abide with me, fast falls the eventide
Eng. Angl. (1793–1847)			
MACDONALD, REV. GEORGE, LL.D.		140	O Lord of life, thy quickening voice
Scot. Cong. (1824–1905)			
MANT, RT. REV. RICHARD, BISHOP OF DROMORE		461	For all thy saints, O Lord
Eng. Angl. (1776–1848)			

MARTINEAU, REV. JAMES, D.D.	250	Thy way is in the deep, O Lord
Eng. Unit. (1805–1900)	109	'Where is your God?' they say
MASON, MRS. CAROLINE ATHERTON (BRIGGS)	38	O God, I thank thee for each sight
Amer. Unit. (1823–1890)		
MASSEY, GERALD	368	Surrounded by unnumbered foes
Eng. (1828–1907)		
MATHESON, REV. GEORGE, D.D.	449	Gather us in, thou Love that fillest all
Scot. Pres. (1842–1906)	286	O Love that wilt not let me go
MATSON, REV. WILLIAM TIDD	88	O blesséd life! The heart at rest
Eng. Cong. (1833–1899)		
MERRICK, REV. JAMES	235	Eternal God, we look to thee
Eng. Angl. (1720–1769)		
MERRILL, REV. WILLIAM PIERSON, D.D.	415	Not alone for mighty empire
Amer. Pres. (1867–)	362	Rise up, O men of God!
MILMAN, REV. HENRY HART, D.D., DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S	199	Ride on, ride on in majesty
Eng. Angl. (1791–1868)		
MILTON, JOHN	113	How lovely are thy dwellings fair
Eng. Indep. (1608–1674)	20	Let us with a gladsome mind
	383	Rise, God! judge thou the earth in might
MOHR, REV. JOSEPH	534	*Stille Nacht! Heilige Nacht!* (Trans. *Anon.*) Silent night! peaceful night!
Austrian R. C. (1792–1848)		
MONSELL, REV. JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY	327	God is love, by him upholden
Irish Angl. (1811–1875)		
MONTGOMERY, JAMES	355	Almighty God, in humble prayer
Scot. Moravian (1771–1854)	12	Call Jehovah thy salvation
	311	Forever with the Lord
	330	God is my strong salvation
	201	Hail to the Lord's anointed
	278	One prayer I have, — all prayers in one
	276	Prayer is the soul's sincere desire
	307	Sow in the morn thy seed
	22	Stand up, and bless the Lord
	305	The Lord is my shepherd
MOORE, REV. HENRY	350	Supreme and universal Light
Eng. Pres. (Unit.) (1732–1802)		
MOORE, THOMAS	40	Thou art, O God, the life and light
Irish R. C. (1779–1852)		
NEALE, REV. JOHN MASON (Trans.)	467	Jerusalem, the golden
Eng. Angl. (1818–1866) (Trans.)	153	The day is past and over
NEANDER, JOACHIM	60	*Himmel, Erde, Luft und Meer* (Trans. *J. D. Burns*) Heaven and earth and sea and air
Ger. Ref. (1650–1680)		
NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL	263	Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling
Eng. Angl.-R. C. (1801–1891)		
NEWTON, REV. JOHN	512	As the sun's enlivening eye
Eng. Angl. (1725–1807)	454	Glorious things of thee are spoken
NORTH, REV. FRANK MASON	223	Where cross the crowded ways of life
Amer. Meth. (1850–)		
NORTON, PROF. ANDREWS	247	My God, I thank thee! may no thought
Amer. Unit. (1786–1853)	35	Where ancient forests widely spread
OAKELEY, REV. FREDERICK (Trans.)	533	O come, all ye faithful
Eng. Angl.-R. C. (1802–1880)		
OAKLEY, REV. EBENEZER SHERMAN	76	Enduring soul of all our life
Eng. Cong. (1865–)	537	In life's earnest morning
OSLER, EDWARD	475	O God, unseen but ever near
Eng. Angl. (1796–1863) (*3d sta.*)	11	Praise the Lord; ye heavens adore him
OWEN, MRS. FRANCES MARY	367	When thy soldiers take their swords
Eng. (1842–1883)		

PACKARD, MISS CHARLOTTE MELLEN . . . . . 321 For common gifts we bless thee, Lord
Amer. Cong. (1839–) 157 O Shadow in a sultry land
PALGRAVE, PROF. FRANCIS TURNER . . . . . 130 Lord God of morning and of night
Eng. Angl. (1823–1897) 220 Thou say'st, 'Take up thy cross'
PALMER, MRS. ALICE (FREEMAN), LL.D. . . . . 478 How sweet and silent is the place
Amer. Pres. (1855–1902)
PALMER, REV. RAY, D.D. . . . . 240 In thee, O God, the hosts above
Amer. Cong. (1808–1887) 238 Lord, my weak thought in vain would climb
PARKER, REV. THEODORE . . . . . 216 O thou great friend to all the sons of men
Amer. Unit. (1810–1860)
PATTINSON, MISS JANET STEEL . . . . . 142 While sinks our land to realms of night
Scot. (1848–)
PEABODY, REV. WILLIAM BOURNE OLIVER . . . 339 Who is thy neighbor? He whom thou
Amer. Unit. (1799–1847)
PEASE, REV. THEODORE CLAUDIUS . . . . . 221 Not long on Hermon's holy height
Amer. Cong. (1853–1893)
PIERPOINT, FOLLIOTT SANFORD . . . . . 13 For the beauty of the earth
Eng. Angl. (1835–)
PIERPONT, REV. JOHN . . . . . 527 Another day its course hath run
Amer. Unit. (1785–1866) 417 Gone are those great and good
526 O God, I thank thee that the night
438 O Thou to whom in ancient time
PROCTER, MISS ADELAIDE ANNE . . . . . 316 My God, I thank thee who hast made
Eng. Angl.-R. C. (1825–1864) . . . . . 156 The shadows of the evening hours
POLLOCK, THOMAS BENSON . . . . . 528 Father, from thy throne on high
Eng. Angl. (1836–1896)
PRUDENTIUS, AURELIUS CLEMENS . . . . . 137 *Lux ecce surgit aurea*
Spaniard Cath. (348–413) Trans. *E. Caswall*, adapt. *S. Longfellow*)
Now with creation's morning song
QUARLES, JOHN . . . . . 115 Fountain of light and living breath
Eng. Angl. (1624–1665)
RABANUS MAURUS, SAINT, ARCHBISHOP OF MAYENCE . . . . . (Attributed to) 72 *Veni Creator Spiritus*
Cath. (776–856) (Trans. *J. Dryden*)
Creator Spirit, by whose aid
RANDS, WILLIAM BRIGHTY . . . . . 435 One Lord there is, all lords above
Eng. Cong. (1827–1882)
RAWSON, GEORGE . . . . . 400 Who dares to bind to his dull sense
Eng. (1807–1889)
REED, REV. ANDREW, D.D. . . . . 98 Holy Spirit, Light divine
Eng. Cong. (1787–1862) 77 Spirit divine, attend our prayer
RINKART, REV. MARTIN . . . . . 187 *Nun danket alle Gott*
Ger. Luth. (1586–1649) (Trans. *C. Winkworth*)
Now thank we all our God
RIST, REV. JOHANN . . . . . 182 *Hilf, Herr Jesus, lass gelingen*
Ger. Luth. (1607–1667) (Trans. *C. Winkworth*)
Help us, O Lord, behold we enter
ROBBINS, REV. CHANDLER, D.D. . . . . 34 Lo, the day of rest declineth
Amer. Unit. (1810–1882)
RUSSELL, HON. FRANCIS ALBERT ROLLO . . . . 337 Christian, rise, and act thy creed
Eng. Unit. (1849–1914)
SADLER, REV. THOMAS . . . . . 245 The Lord hath said, 'Seek ye my face'
Eng. Unit. (1822–1891)
SANDYS, GEORGE . . . . . 21 Thou who art enthroned above
Eng. Angl. (1577–1643)
SCOTT, THOMAS . . . . . 352 The uplifted eye and bended knee
Eng. Pres. (Unit.) (1705-1775)

SCOTT, SIR WALTER, BART. Scot. (1771–1832)	36	When Israel, of the Lord beloved
SCOTTISH PSALTER, THE (1650)	303	The Lord 's my shepherd, I 'll not want
SCUDDER, MISS ELIZA	108	I cannot find thee. Still on restless pinion
Amer. Unit.-Episc. (1821–1896)	470	My God, I rather look to thee
	116	Thou Grace Divine, encircling all
	106	Thou Life within my life, than self more near
	78	Thou long disowned, reviled, oppressed
SEAGRAVE, REV. ROBERT Eng. Angl.-Meth. (1693–c. 1750)	322	Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings
SEARS, REV. EDMUND HAMILTON, D.D. Amer. Unit. (1810–1876)	189	Calm on the listening ear of night
	191	It came upon the midnight clear
SHAIRP, PROF. JOHN CAMPBELL Scot. Angl. (1819–1885)	236	'Twixt gleams of joy and clouds of doubt
SILL, EDWARD ROWLAND Amer. (1841–1887)	390	Send down thy truth, O God!
SMITH, FREDERIC Eng. Angl. (1849–)	261	O God, not only in distress
SMITH, REV. SAMUEL FRANCIS, D.D. Amer. Bapt. (1808–1895)	420	My country, 't is of thee
	329	The morning light is breaking
SMITH, REV. WALTER CHALMERS Scot. (1824–1908)	39	Immortal, invisible, God only wise
	66	Lord God Omnipotent
STANLEY, REV. ARTHUR PENRHYN, DEAN OF WESTMINSTER Eng. Angl. (1815–1881)	196	The Lord is come. On Syrian soil
	485	When the Paschal evening fell
STEELE, MISS ANNA Eng. Bapt. (1717–1778)	479	Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
	374	Now I resolve with all my heart
STERLING, REV. JOHN Eng. Angl. (1806–1844)	48	O Source divine, and Life of all
STERNHOLD, THOMAS Eng. (?–1549)	313	O God, my strength and fortitude
STOWE, MRS. HARRIET BEECHER Amer. Cong. (1812–1896)	283	Abide in me; o'ershadow by thy love
	123	Still, still, with thee, when purple morning
	265	When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean
SYMONDS, JOHN ADDINGTON Eng. (1840–1893)	408	These things shall be; a loftier race
TARRANT, REV. WILLIAM GEORGE Eng. Unit. (1853–)	365	Come let us join with faithful souls
	274	Draw nigh to God
	428	I saw the city of the Lord
	543	Marching with the heroes
	538	The fathers built this city
	205	The Light along the ages
	519	With happy voices ringing
TATE, REV. NAHUM, D.D., POET LAUREATE (*in collaboration with N. Brady*) Irish Angl. (1652–1715)	234	As pants the hart for cooling streams
	1	Be thou, O God! exalted high
	402	Give ear, ye children, to my law
	19	O 't was a joyful sound to hear
	53	With glory clad, with strength arrayed
TAYLOR, MISS EMILY Eng. Unit.-Angl. (1795–1872)	184	God of the changing year
	481	O here, if ever, God of love
TAYLOR, RT. REV. JEREMY, D.D., BISHOP OF DROMORE Eng. Angl. (1613–1667)	202	Descend to thy Jerusalem, O Lord!
TAYLOR, JOHN Eng. Unit. (1750–1826)	31	Lord, before thy presence come
	336	Lord, what offering shall we bring
	180	Like shadows gliding o'er the plain
TERSTEEGEN, GERHARD Ger. Indep. (1697–1769)	4	*Gott ist gegenwärtig* (Trans. *J. Wesley*) Lo, God is here! Let us adore

TERSTEEGEN, GERHARD (*continued*)	44	*O, Gott, O Geist, O Licht des Lebens* (Trans. *C. Winkworth*) O God, O Spirit, Light of all that live
	288	*Verborgne Gottesliebe du* (Trans. *J. Wesley*) Thou hidden love of God, whose height
THRING, REV. GODFREY	524	All that's good and great and true
Eng. Angl. (1823–1903)	105	Hail! sacred day of earthly rest
TORREY, BRADFORD	103	One gift, my God, I seek
Amer. (1843–1912)		
TRENCH, RT. REV. RICHARD CHENEVIX, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN	340	Make channels for the streams of love
Irish Angl. (1807–1886)		
VERY, JONES	45	Father thy wonders do not singly stand
Amer. Unit. (1813–1880)	297	We go not on a pilgrimage
VORIES, REV. WILLIAM MERRILL	434	Let there be light, Lord God of Hosts
Amer. Indep. (1880–)		
WARE, REV. HENRY, JR., D.D.	500	All nature's works his praise declare
Amer. Unit. (1794–1843)	25	Great God, the followers of thy Son
WARING, MISS ANNA LÆTITIA	291	Father, I know that all my life
Eng. Friend-Angl. (1823–1910)	292	I ask thee for the daily strength
	466	In heavenly love abiding
	233	My heart is resting, O my God
WATTERMAN, CATHERINE H. (See CATHERINE H. W. ESLING)		
WATSON, WILLIAM	414	Great and fair is she, our land
Eng. (1858–)		
WATTS, REV. ISAAC	134	Awake our souls! away our fears!
Eng. Indep. (1674–1748)	23	Come, sound his praise abroad
	3	From all that dwell below the skies
	(Arr.) 402	Give ear, ye children, to my law
	47	Give to our God immortal praise
	133	God of the morning, at whose voice
	64	I sing the mighty power of God
	195	Joy to the world! the Lord is come
	27	Nations, attend before his throne
	396	O God, our help in ages past
	468	There is a land of pure delight
	56	With songs and honors sounding loud
WEIR, HON. ROBERT STANLEY, D.C.L.	544	O Canada, our home
Can. Unit. (1856–)	(Adapted) 533	O come, all ye faithful
WEISSEL, REV. GEORGE	200	*Macht hoch die Thür, das Thor macht weit* (Trans. *C. Winkworth*) Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates
Ger. (1590–1635)		
WENDTE, REV. CHARLES WILLIAM	431	Not given to us from out the skies
Amer. Unit. (1844–)		
WESLEY, REV. CHARLES	484	Author of life divine
Engl. Angl. (1707–1788)	114	Come, O thou Traveller unknown
	241	Eternal Source of light divine
	93	Life of all that lives below
	118	Love divine, all loves excelling
	310	My God, my strength, my hope
	63	Open Lord, my inward ear
	33	Peace be to this congregation!
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